THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Volume 203, Number 9

AUG. 30, 1930

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Mary Roberts Rinehart—Peggy Wood—Alfred E. Smith—Nunnally Johnson
Margaret Weymouth Jackson—Ben Ames Williams—Norman Reilly Raine

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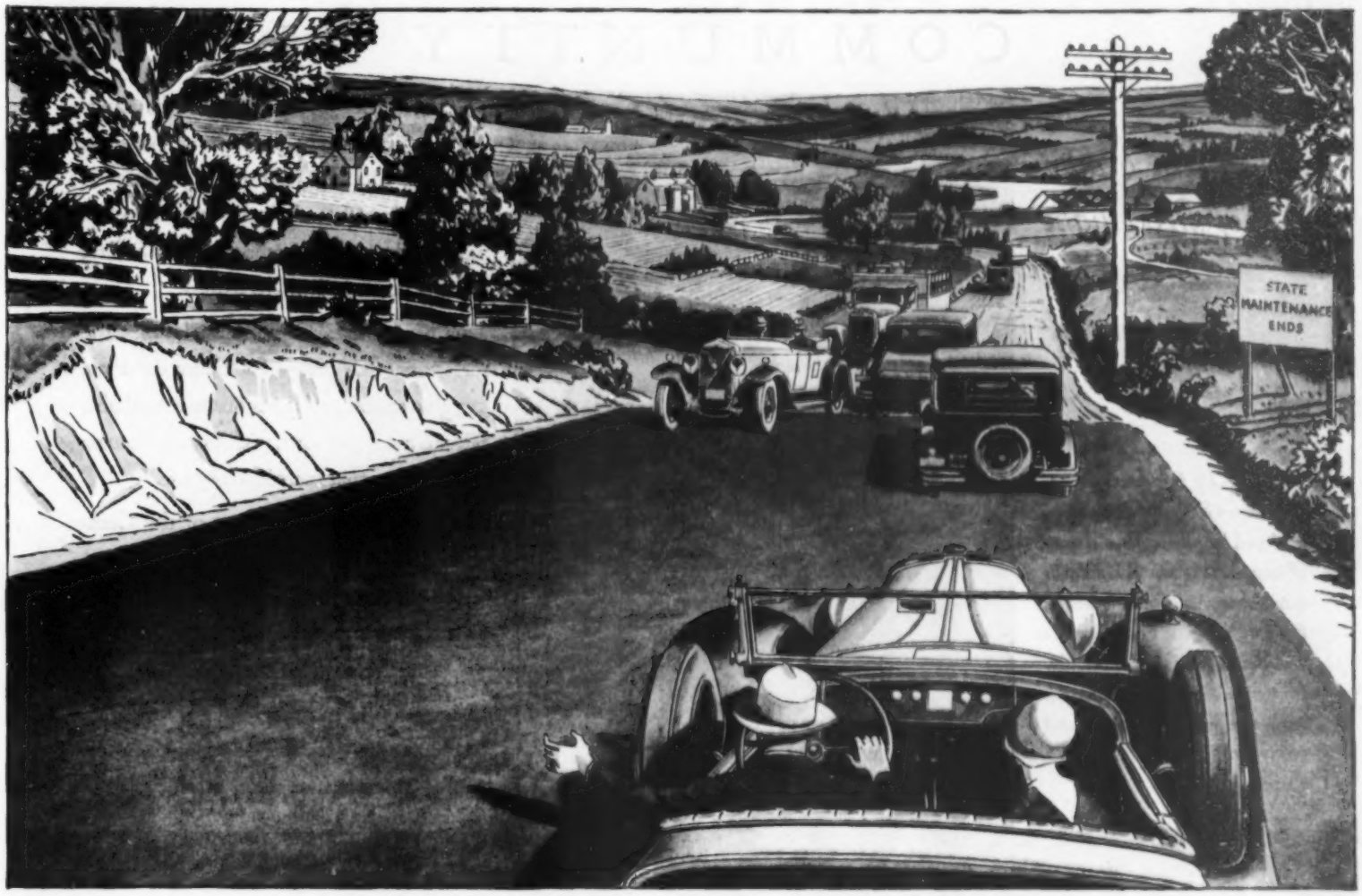

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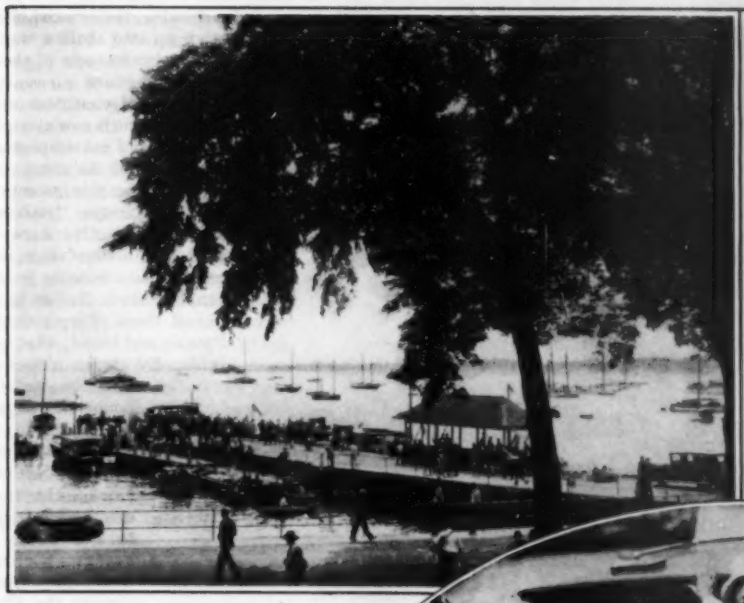
The Cruise of the Greyhound



Along the Thames River at New London

PHOTOS. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A Scene on the Peaceful Potomac

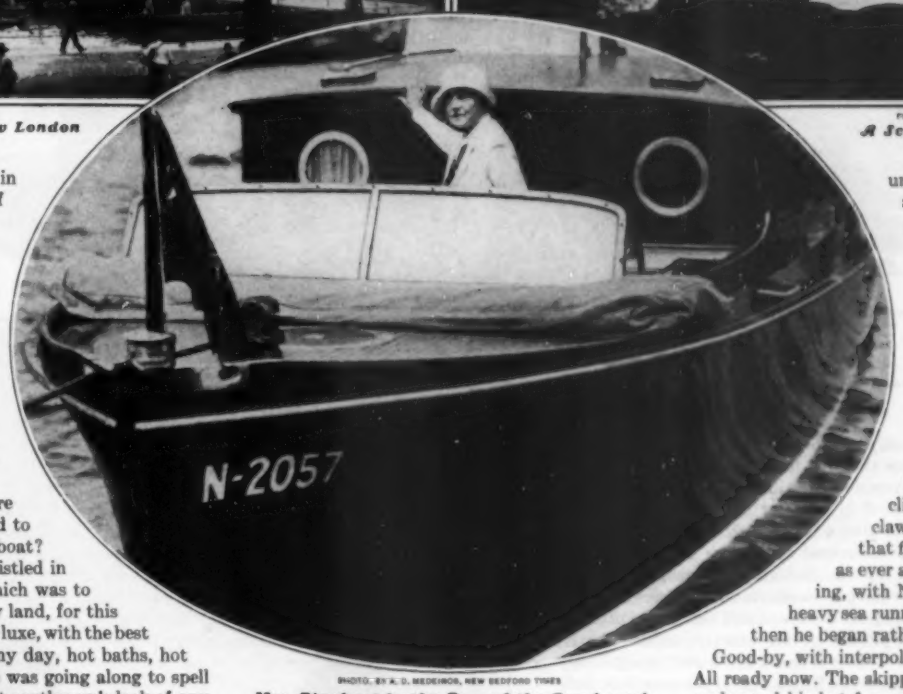


PHOTO. BY A. D. MEDEIROS, NEW BEDFORD TIMES

Mrs. Rinehart in the Bow of the Greyhound

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

I WAKENED that morning, late in June, with a childlike sense of something pleasant to happen that day. Then I knew what it was. In an hour or so we would be under way for the cruise from Washington to New Bedford. It was 6:30, and we were to start at eight. Already the Greyhound lay at the dock, every shining inch of her thirty-eight feet polished, her gas and fresh-water tanks filled, her engine tuned and adjusted to the last degree of efficiency.

And it was a fine day. True, there was a bit of wind, but what was wind to us, or to the low racing lines of the boat? The skipper drank his coffee and whistled in his shower. I closed the suitcase which was to enable me to appear decently on dry land, for this was no arduous journey, but a tour de luxe, with the best hotels in view at the end of each sunny day, hot baths, hot food, soft beds. To Mr. Glenn, who was going along to spell the skipper at the wheel—due to that gentleman's lack of any confidence whatever in me—were to be left at night our maritime lares and penates, the eggs and butter and crossword-puzzle books, and Dick. Yes, Dick was going on the boat. It would be smoother for him in his cage, this gliding over summer seas, than to be shaken about in a car. In the hall below we found waiting the basket containing the last-minute food, the fresh bread and eggs, the cream and fruit and butter. The larder on the Greyhound was already well stocked—coffee, tea, sugar, preserved things, pickles, cheese, candy, bacon in glass jars; all sorts of delectable foods. Most of them are still there, for there came a time when, as luncheon cook, I merely put some coffee and water in the percolator, got out the can opener, and more or less let the crew fend for itself. That, however, was later.

At a quarter before eight we were at the dock. The tide was very low, and for the first time it struck me that the boat looked extremely small. Also the weather was now undeniably windy. One backed down a ladder, waited for the proper wave, and hurled oneself at the gunwale. If you made it, fine; if you did not ——

Dick was handed down cautiously, but his terror was greater than his malignity. No one lost a finger, and he was stowed, cage and all, in an upper bunk with a fine view of the water, to which he at once turned his back, and which he never once faced during the six and a half days which followed. Most of that time he was clinging with a death grip by beak and claws to the roof of his cage, and even on that first day he was as undeniably seasick as ever a parrot was. Not until the last morning, with Newport five miles off to port and a heavy sea running, did he really get his sea legs, and then he began rather feebly to sing Good-by, My Lover, Good-by, with interpolations from Yankee Doodle.

All ready now. The skipper had looked over the engine and exchanged his hat for a nautical cap; I had assumed black glasses to prevent sun wrinkles and had covered my face with a preparation of oil warranted to tan the skin without burning, with the result that thereafter during the entire trip my features were swollen and my entire face turned from raw beefsteak to over-fried liver. Mr. Glenn lifted the hatch and cast an eye at our innards. The skipper took the wheel, the boys cast off our ropes, and—we were on the road to adventure.

There were four of us that first day, for Hunter was making the run to Annapolis with us, to see us well on our way. He felt a fatherly responsibility for the boat and her behavior, and although Annapolis is one hundred and seventy-four miles by water from Washington, it is only twenty-six by land. His brother-in-law, who had sold us the boat, was to meet him there at five o'clock that day to take him back, a matter worth noting only because the said brother-in-law sat on the pier at Annapolis having a fit of suppressed hysterics until almost ten that night. However, as what he was having was nothing

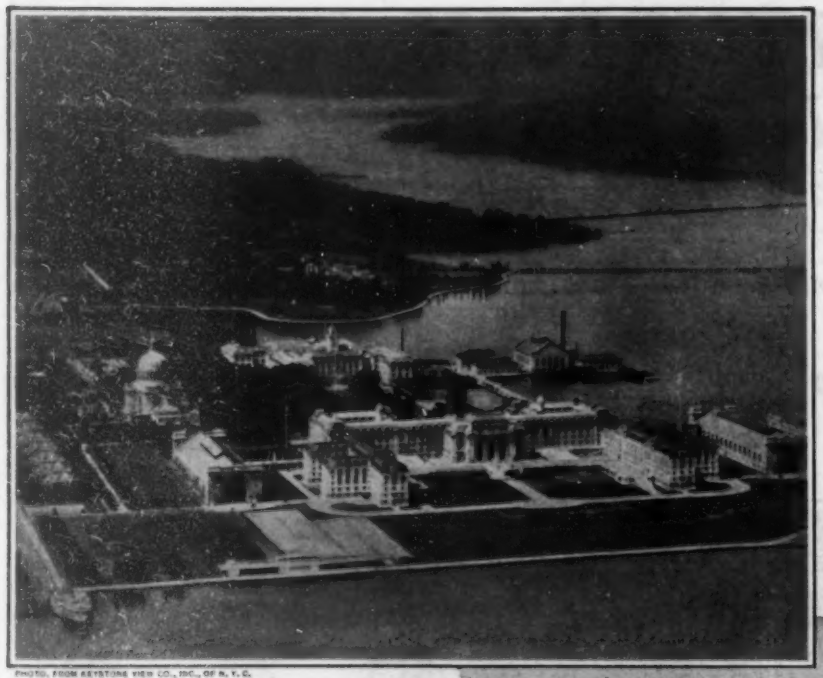


PHOTO. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., OF N. Y. C.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis is as Beautiful From the Air as From the Water

whatever to what we were having on the Chesapeake Bay, lost in the worst storm in years, I merely mention this early as a matter of suspense.

The river was empty at that hour, save for a tug or two dragging long, heavily laden barges. As the days went on, and we traveled that six hundred and fifty miles of bay, river, canal and open sea, my respect for the tug was to increase. Small, awkward and valiant, they towed their clumsy barges like children leading large and refractory dogs on leashes. They were immensely strong, immensely capable, and they were everywhere. Earth, sand, gravel, coal, wood—these they led from some mysterious limbo over the horizon to some equally mysterious destination. We passed, they waved, we waved.

PHOTO. BY A. D. MEDEIROS, NEW BEDFORD TIMES

Mrs. Rinehart at the Rail as the Greyhound Lives Up to Her Name

The Potomac was very wide, and the wind was still high. I put on my trench coat and sat in the forward cockpit, uncovered to the sun so that I might achieve the best possible result from my oil. Behind me, through the cabin and up on the deck, were the men. They had got the charts out and were studying them, for let no one make any mistake about the broad and beautiful Potomac. In its upper reaches it is filled with pitfalls for the unwary, sudden shoals, long gill nets which destroy a propeller. Yet it is one of the world's most lovely waterways. Small wonder that here came the English gentry to establish their great plantations, to build their roads to the river, and to roll down to the piers and the waiting ships their great drums of tobacco; the drums rolling, the slaves singing and shouting, and the little ships below.

Miles of American History

SOME of those piers are still there, in use, but most of them are only ruins, broken teeth showing a foot or two above the current. The wash from our engine covered them, drowned them. Sometimes a heron sat on one, staring attentively at the water. All along the Potomac are these reminders of early days, ruined manor houses, historic homes. Some have been restored, but the lavish, leisurely life of the past is gone. Instead, overhead that morning hovered an early plane from Bolling Field, and another which took a terrific nose dive and almost stopped my heart, until I saw that it was a great black buzzard.

Mount Vernon on its green hill, red-roofed and white-pillared in the morning sun; all ships salute it as they pass. Gunston Hall, with its gardens, its famous box. Fort Washington, one of the defenses of the city, its old stone walls covered with creepers. Gillers in small boats taking in their nets. A lordly tanker, its crew protected against explosion in a high steel structure astern. Here is where Powhatan had his village, and John Smith came to make friends with the Indians. All along the banks are where valiant little groups of whites built their log settlements, sowed their fields of corn. Many died of starvation, but some survived, and now we race past those forgotten graves, intent only on getting ahead.

"What speed now?"

"About twenty miles. We don't want to push her too hard."

Five miles wide, seven miles, down near the mouth eleven, the great river flowed on. To low-water mark on the Virginia side it belongs to Maryland, does the Potomac, but the fishing rights belong to both states. A Potomac fisherman is a giller. We watch the buoys. Going downstream, we go to the right of the red ones, to the left of the black. Our course is from one channel mark to the next; it is like life, this taking of a line from a mark one has passed to one just ahead.

Ships That Have Died in Their Beds

I AM watching for something, and now I see it ahead—the ships' graveyard. Sad and desolate beyond words, here lie the bones of many ships, gray skeletons of wood, of iron and steel. For four or five miles we pass them, their poor corpses open to wind and weather, their gaunt ribs showing, their rusted keels resting on the mud and ooze. They have been drawn up into shallow water and there abandoned—great iron freighters, tankers, and even some of those valiant little vessels hastily constructed during the war to guard our coasts. Hundreds of them. Already the ghouls have stripped them of what flesh once clothed their bones, and one is now at work, a fussy little tug, alive and contemptuous.

Better far to have sunk in some cool depth, better anything than this ignominy. The chart says "reserved anchorage," but it is a graveyard. Hundreds of ships, not resting and dreaming in the sun, but dead. But we have passed them. Forget them. Pass on and forget; that too is life. By eleven o'clock I had begun to doubt the oil on my face, and to watch the chronometer. Not the clock; the moment a clock enters a ship it becomes a chronometer, even though the ship is merely thirty-eight feet long and draws only three feet of water. At twelve

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PHOTO. FROM EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

A Pleasant Part of the Greyhound's Course. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Not Far Out of Washington

QUEUES AND CUES—By Peggy Wood

A FOURTH OF JULY matinée and then London" used to be the usual prediction of cast and crew the day after the opening of a smash hit in New York, say in September. Both of those prophecies I have become abnormally sensitive about, for the more emphatically they are pronounced, the surer I am neither of them will ever come off; the very mention of either is a certain hoodoo. But that they are consistently indulged in indicates that deep hope of every actor: A run long enough to last into the summer, and then—London.

Both those hopes are a little old-fashioned nowadays, remnants of a healthy theater and of the legend of London; for that one-time center of the business of the world was also once the center of the literary and acting world. So the actor might play in New York, but Broadway was not the ultima Thule; he had always an oblique eye on London. Tales of the returned actor enhanced the legend until any actor who had never been farther east than Boston could tell you all the clichés—there was where actors were people, were knighted and addressed by their servants as "Your Lordship," where actresses met dukes, and what's more, married some of them, where the public never forgot you no matter how many failures you had, and where you could live for practically nothing. It had a sound of safety somehow, as well as glamour, and who knew what might not happen there where the shades of Garrick and Mrs. Siddons and the living presence of Shaw and Barrie walked abroad? One might be uplifted in one's art there as well as in one's social status.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY PETER NORTH

Miss Wood and a Small Model of Herself as She Appears in "Bitter Sweet"

The London Legend

EVEN today, when London has lost some of her prestige as the dramatic center of the world, that legend still has power to entice the American actor to England for half his American salary, although now it is more in the spirit of adventure than as a permanent departure. If he stays in England, as some of our actors and actresses—such as Joe Coyne, Peggy O'Neil and Tallulah Bankhead—have done, it is because the English public won't let him return, and their adulation has become too sweet to resist. But in the main, playing in London is an expensive luxury these days, what with a 20 per cent flat income tax, plus surtax, smaller wages in general, and the high price of living for the alien. However, in spite of all that, the American invasion of plays and players has caused great consternation among the 100 per cent Britishers, and there has been a great to-do in the papers for a year or so about having British plays and British productions. This strange, peppy language of such plays as Broadway and Is Zat So, whose excellent productions rather took the wind out of the general run of English plays—this evident relish of the public for something a little snappier than the cabbage-and-Brussels-sprouts fare they had been receiving from the managers in London—disturbed the drama from the lethargy into which it had dropped since the days of the old actor-managers and the early explosions of Mr. Shaw, but too late to stem the change of an England-to-America tide to one from America to England, and the American play, the American actor—and now, in floods, the American talkie—were upon them.

Indeed, so accustomed has the British public become to American speech now, that they are constantly venturing to America for their holidays, instead of the Continent, feeling quite safe in that outlandish country since they know the language. Oh, they have long since got over the idea that west of New York the bisons destroy the garden patches. But fundamentally they still think we are a little outlandish. And their returned travelers are full of tales of what a really cultured people we are.

The American actor, then, who has come to London in this invasion finds himself constantly called upon for tact in this business of being a foreigner, and sooner or later realizes he must discover a formula for answering what is apparently the recognized conversational gambit in addressing alien artists. We Americans are prone to open our small talk with some trivial or inconsequential thing about the weather when first meeting strangers, but no Britisher considers the weather a minor topic; it is, in fact, one of the most major of all topics, and must have full scope somewhere about the middle of the conversation, the headline spot, for it has been my observation that to every Briton the weather is a national insult. Therefore light remarks about the rain or the cold or the heat are not to be thought of as greetings; and by some trick of group telepathy the Englishman, or woman, always asks, "And how do you like playing in London?"

What is probably meant is "Don't you find it all very different here?" Naturally, the Englishman implies that it is a change for the better to play in London, for the centuries of tradition in the theater are part of his history, and the eagerness of the alien to come to London to play assists his belief; so he may be forgiven if there is the implication that one has come at last into civilization.

It is civilized, it is different, and we do like playing in London. The fact that the audience goes into the theater at the level of the gallery and descends to the stalls—our orchestra—in many theaters, that one pays sixpence for a program, that tea is served at matinées on little trays if you wish it, that there is a bar in the theater, that there is a housekeeper at every theater who sees that tea is served in your dressing room for sixpence at matinées, that the stage manager who rings the curtain up and down wears a dinner coat every night, that a call boy comes to your door to let you know it is nearing your next cue, and that queues stand for hours waiting to get into the first-come-first-served galleries and pits, all go to make it new and strange and exciting.

One comes to London prepared to be a tourist as well as a worker, to be awed by Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament and St. Paul's, but one feels that after all we speak a common language, and things can't be so very strange, after the business of getting over the fright at seeing traffic go to the left instead of the right is accomplished. But it is astonishing how different the customs not only of the land but of so apparently international a thing as the theater can be.

Voice From the Gallery

ONE of the traditional differences between the English and American theater is the active, shall we say vocal, part the European audience takes in the presentation of a play. Part of the London legend also contains comic references to the outspoken members of the gallery or pit—the pit is those seats at the back of the ground floor for which you pay as much in America as for the seats in the front rows, while in England you stand in a queue for them and pay two shillings fourpence; it is divided from the stalls by a rail, and the seats are benches or forms—and we've all heard tales of how they shout to speak up. There is one yarn about a production of Sir Herbert Tree's where every actor made his entrances in the first act through great gates which clashed to with a real iron clang, which presentation never finished at all, for after these gates had clashed the sixth time a voice from the gallery called, "Next station Marble Arch!"—a station on the Underground. The audience and actors were so weak with laughter there was no going on.

Then there is another terrifying sound not known in American theaters—"the bird." That may be a long-drawn-out "Boo!" or what the Englishman calls "a rude noise," impossible to transcribe into syllables. These are not confined to the gallery, but come from all parts of the house. I don't believe they hiss here—that is more Continental—but the bird is devastating enough. On the other hand, they are given to shouting their delight by bravos and much yelling, and the American ear is a little terrified by either, fearing the worst. Even British ears are mistaken sometimes, as happened on the terrible opening night of Noel Coward's play, Sirocco. The London audience thought Sirocco was a frightful play; and besides, some of them felt Mr. Coward was too young to be so consistently successful, and it was high time he was spanked and sent to bed supperless. The storm of disapproval rose to C in alt at the end of the play, but the stage manager took the noise to be applause and rang the curtain merrily up and down on a shuddering cast who didn't dare to leave the stage. Mr. Coward was in a box, but dashed backstage, not wishing to abandon them completely, and to try to stop the stage manager's insane interpretation of the row. He flung a word or two at him as he went on to grip the icy hands of the actors, when up went the curtain once more. The audience saw Coward and the frenzy redoubled, whereupon the idiotic manager left the curtain up, expecting a speech. Mr. Coward was helpless, but kissed the hand of the leading lady, who tottered forward and in her emotional stress said what she had planned to say if the play had been a success—"This is the happiest moment of my life!"—at

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THE GLASGOW KEELIE

By Norman Reilly Raine

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

READY for sea, the tramp ship Bhutan lay idle, alongside her South Street wharf. Her cargo of general merchandise for the Tyne was below hatches, mooring lines were singled up and a jet of steam hissed softly from the funnel valve. Her master paced the bridge, alternating between talking to the waiting pilot and glancing impatiently at his watch. Captain Hardy was a tall, powerfully built man with square-set shoulders, erect back and hard, gray, gimlet eyes set in a solid mahogany block of a face. Presently he strode to the top of the bridge ladder.

"Mr. Anderson!"

The mate, who had been talking to the bos'n at the head of the gangway, looked up.

"Sir?"

"Mr. McKinnon not on board yet?"

"No, sir."

"Give him five more minutes. If he's not here then, we'll sail without him."

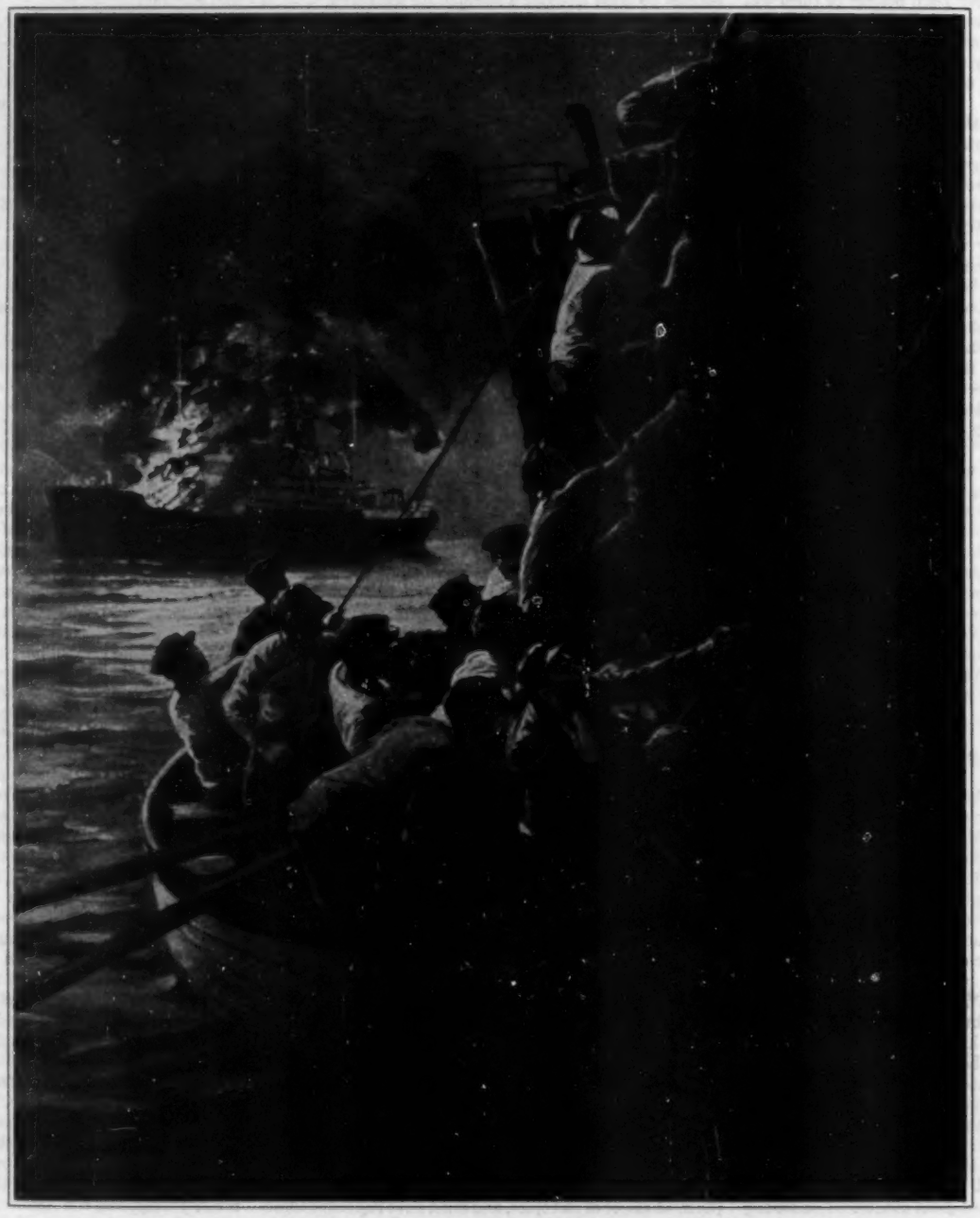
"Very good, sir."

Captain Hardy resumed his pacing. The mate watched him for a few moments. He remarked to the bos'n:

"The old man's fair twitching wi' rage inside, though you'd not guess it to look at him. We should have sailed fifteen minutes ago, and the second mate isn't back yet."

"Who is this new second mate, sir?"

"His name's McKinnon, but he calls himself the Glasgow keelie. That means Clydeside tough, as ye probably know, and he's a rabid Red. The old man don't seem to have tumbled to that, or he wouldn't have shipped him in such a hurry when Taylor went sick and stopped ashore. I can smell fireworks, bos'n, with him and Captain Hardy on the same ship. I hope he misses the sailin'!"



The Bos'n Threw Over a Pilot Ladder From the Forward Well Deck, and Amid Confused Chatter and Wild, Excited Gestures, the Occupants of the Lifeboat Scrambled Aboard

"Dear, dear!" said the bos'n, who was a bottle-nosed Welshman from Cardiff. "And the old man's a stiff-set martinet of the old school; born at sea, they tell me, at the tail end of the East Indies trade. They're little gods afloat, them old sailing-ship masters."

"Captain Hardy's all that and more," the mate agreed. "But he's a good skipper in spite o' his iron ways."

He broke off abruptly and listened. A wild, singing voice rode over the busy clatter of the water front:

"The worker's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded oft our martyred dead ——"

"Oh, Lord!" the mate groaned. He talked fast, out of the corner of his mouth. "Mind your eye, bos'n; here comes the crazy burgoo eater. Get along and tell the hands to keep out of his road. Look sharp!" He walked to the ship's side and looked over.

The Glasgow keelie was drunk, and all South Street knew it. He tacked laboriously around the corner to the wharves, a squat five-feet-five of whalebone and marline, topped by a shock of sandy hair and mad blue eyes. His tattooed, rope-hooky hands—infallible mark of the old wind-ship man—hung from shoulders that seemed almost as wide as his height, and nobody needed telling to give him a clear berth. At the end of the wharf, swaying a bit on his bowed, sea-toughened legs, he looked about him.

He bawled earnestly: "Where's the polis? Where's them enemies o' the workingman, the polis?"

The excellent dockside police were nowhere in sight. They had accepted the Glasgow keelie's invitations before. Denied opportunity to exchange pleasantries, he set a course for his vessel, singing, with wide, humorous mouth:

"Raise the scarlet standard high;
Beneath its folds we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors ——"

Making heavy weather of it, he drew abeam of the Bhutan's poop. The after end was deserted, except for a trimmer spreading a wet boiler suit over the sunny side of the scuttle. But as the Glasgow keelie passed the line of ports that marked the firemen's forecastle, he stopped and his head went up. He glared at the blank ports.

"Who's a Scotch scut?" he demanded. There was no reply. "What?" Still no reply. "Very well," said he. "Bide there a minute!"

The mate met him as he stepped upon the deck. The keelie was burning with virtuous rage.

"Did ye hear that? Here's me, minding me own business, and one o' them forsaken firemen aft there calls me a Scotch scut! That's a fine fashion for a comrade to greet his fellow slave! Scut, eh? I'll scut him!"

The mate spoke sharply: "Don't be a fool, Mac! There's nobody spoke to you. And don't go kicking up a row. You're new on the ship, and the old man's a driver. Ye don't want to start the voyage by getting in his black books. You've held up the sailing as it is."

The Glasgow keelie spat. "A driver, is he? He's a traitor, betrayin' his fellow workers for a lousy twenty-five quid a month! And so I'll tell him!"

Captain Hardy had descended from the bridge, unnoticed. He cut in, in his cold, emotionless voice: "What do you mean by stopping ashore and holding up the sailing? What kind of example is that to the men?"

The Glasgow keelie turned and regarded him with owlish reproval.

"Traitor!" he said. "Tramplin' on your fellow ——"

The master interrupted him crisply: "That's enough of your jaw. You're drunk. I'll speak to you further about it tomorrow. If you're able, get away aft and tend to them stern lines, as you're paid to do. If not, go away to your bunk. Call yourself a sailor! Mr. Anderson, see that the gangway's hoisted, and we'll get under way."

He turned his square back and climbed stiffly to the bridge again.

After staring at him uncertainly for a moment or two, the Glasgow keelie made a wavering course aft to the poop deck. Drunk or sober, he knew his job. The mooring lines were cast off and the vessel moved out into the stream and, with a hoarse blast of her whistle, surged down the harbor. The smoke haze and busy ferry traffic of the Battery dissolved. Governor's Island drew astern and the Statue of Liberty bulked black against the sunset on the starboard quarter, as the Bhutan's head swung with the turn of the channel and met the first clean salt breath of the sea. The Glasgow keelie, leaning against the after rail, raised his hand in ironical salute and entertained the grinning crew with a spirited oration on the meaning of freedom.

"Ye are wage slaves, cooped up in a vessel with a sprat of a man what thinks he is a king. Well, he's not; he's no better than Barney's bull. You'll find none o' that nonsense about me. I'm plain Andrew McKinnon, the Glasgow keelie. Andrew—that's me. No 'mister,' and no 'sir'! I was raised and served me time in sail, but I've served in real ships—Arcos vessels out o' London, run according to the bleased lights o' Soviet Russia. There a man is as good as his master and all men is equal. Ye won't find chicken in the saloon and lobscouse in the foc'sle there. That's the style for me, and that's the kind o' vessel this will be before we get to Newcastle, if you're willing. It's in your hands, and ye'll hear more about it from me before the voyage is done!"

The smiles dropped from the faces of the men. This was something new to them. They were interested, now, rather than amused, for the earnestness of the keelie's words was deeper than his intoxication, and with the seaman's childlike love of novelty and defiance of authority, they liked it and were curious to hear more. As the keelie prepared to leave the poop, a great liner steamed past, bound for quarantine. McKinnon faced it and bellowed his cherished song:

"Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here!"

"Look out, sir," one of the men warned. "The old man's watching ye."

The Glasgow keelie stared forward at the sturdy, militant figure of the captain steadfastly regarding him from the bridge. He cupped his hands.

"Go boil your face!" he roared.

The men laughed, admiring his daring. "That's the stuff to give 'im, Andrew!" one of them approved. "You're the lad for us!"

Next morning the Bhutan was well to sea and plowing purposefully over a long, crestless, blue swell, riffled with cat's-paws. It was ideal Western Ocean weather—a steady barometer, warm sunshine, no fog and a clear sky. Light streamed through the forward ports of the saloon and cast tiny rainbow arcs on the rough white breakfast cloth. Captain Hardy was already at table, with the mate; Biondo, the radio operator; and Mr. Honour, the chief engineer. The others were mildly anticipatory of what the master would say, when the Glasgow keelie came in, about his conduct leaving port, but the master gave no sign.

Captain Hardy was an unpretentious, silent man who adhered tenaciously to the accepted deep-water creed that a vessel's master is omnipotent and his word is law. He used the authority and exacted the respect that centuries of tradition have given a shipmaster, because it was a natural mark of caste in the hard school in which he was trained. Having encountered challenge in so direct a way, he was prepared directly to meet it. But there was no hurry and no need to spoil a breakfast. The voyage would not be over in a day.

The Glasgow keelie entered the saloon. Sober, his face had strength and purpose of a dogged type, in sharp contrast with his recklessness of the night before. The master surveyed him bleakly and went on eating. The keelie took his place, apparently in the best of spirits.

He greeted, "Good morning, everybody. This is the sort o' weather we signed on for, eh?"

The master regarded him from under his brows. "What you signed on for and what you'll get if ye don't mend your ways is two different things, mister."

"So's a cat and its tail, but they're the same animal," the keelie replied. "Chief, will ye give the butter a fair wind?"

"If your arm was as long as your tongue, you could reach it yourself," the chief told him dourly.

The Glasgow keelie grinned. "That's pretty good for a pig-iron polisher. Why don't ye use your wit to scour your brightwork? It could stand it."

Calmly he reached across and snatched the butter from under the nose of the indignant chief.

The old man said, "I want to see you in my cabin after the third mate has had his breakfast."

The keelie did not reply. He relieved the bridge, and when the third mate resumed his watch, he went below to his room. Presently he was visited by an apprentice.

"The old man wants you at once, Mr. McKinnon."

"Present my compliments and tell the old man that I am now off watch, and don't go on duty again till it's time to shoot the noon sights."

The lad was startled. "I can't deliver a message like that, sir. He'd throw me in the ditch."

The keelie clapped him on the shoulder and laughed. "Do as I tell you, son. I'll bear the responsibility. And don't 'sir' me. Andrew McKinnon's my name. Now go along and deliver my reply."

He removed shoes and socks, and settled himself comfortably in his bunk with a needle and thread and a bit of mending. In a few minutes he heard the quick, heavy tread of the master in the alleyway outside, so he commenced a verse of his song:

"The brutalizing tyranny endured before the mast,
By rebel toilers o' the sea throughout the ages past ——"

Captain Hardy entered without ceremony, his mouth a white hyphen of anger.

"How dare you send me a message the like o' that? I've a mind to relieve ye of your duties!"

"Ye can't do it, captain," the keelie reminded him coolly. "Ye can only relieve me o' my duties when I fall in 'em, and I haven't done so yet."

"You refused to come when I sent for you."

"Which was within me rights. I came off watch at four o'clock this morning, and I don't go on again till noon, except to wind the chronometer at eight o'clock and relieve the third mate for his breakfast, both of which I have done."

"It is the custom on this ship for the second mate to scull around for an hour or two in the morning after breakfast, doing little field-day jobs."

"It may be this ship's custom, but it isn't law."

The master looked at the other for a minute, his heavy face again impassive.

"I can see that we're going to have differences, mister, so we might as well start now. What your game is, I don't pretend to guess, but I tell you flat, you try bucking me and I'll break your heart or get your ticket, or both."

The Glasgow keelie sat up in his bunk, his big fists closed. "Are you threatening me?"

"Yes!"

The reply was unexpected. The keelie said slowly: "I'm not the type o' man ye can frighten, Captain Hardy.

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"If the Old Man'll Give Me Some o' the Black Gang Off the Bhutan, I Believe She'll Make Port Under Her Own Steam"

PROFESSIONAL

"I'm Sorry I'm Crazy Ab-bout You! I Wish I Could Despise Y-ou!"

By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

RICHARD stood looking at Mr. McLaughlin's broad back uncertainly. The foyer of the new Llamarada Motion Picture Theater was filled with scantlings, paint cans in groups, and a number of workmen finishing the last details. Richard looked back over his shoulder to measure his retreat, and found the eye of old Tobias, Hilltown's master carpenter, on him with what he thought was grim amusement. Richard straightened his shoulders. He hated what he was doing. His whole being was filled with revolt, but there was no use letting the town know it.

He coughed a little and said firmly, "Mr. McLaughlin, please ——"

Mr. McLaughlin lifted his great head in a leisurely manner, took off the glasses he wore for reading and writing, and peered back at his young visitor. His eyes were blue and keen, the top of his head was bald and pink, and the thick soft hair that grew in tufts above his ears and around the edge of his head was as fine and white as cotton.

"Come in! Come in and sit down. I didn't know you were there."

The voice, old and rich, was deep with innate kindness. It was a strong voice, full of the major tones of simplicity. Richard's quick ears picked up its fine quality in some surprise, for he was not bent on admiration. He came forward and let himself down in one of the comfortable chairs that stood on either side of the shiny oak desk. The wall opposite him was covered with signed, framed pictures of the great people of the movies, dating back to the time when Flora Finch and John Bunny formed an immortal alliance. The steel files and cabinets, the trade papers in neat stacks, the comfortable businesslike interior of the office was as neat and small as a ship's cabin, and not unlike a skipper was the huge, definite, deep-voiced man in his chair before Richard.

"Put your hat right over there on that file and make yourself comfortable."

"If you're busy ——" said Richard.

"No. It can wait. It's just a letter," said Mr. McLaughlin, with a twinkle in his eyes, and he laughed richly. "Letters can generally always wait," he added. He studied Richard. "Oughtn't I know you?" he asked. "I get the young people mixed up. They're coming along too fast for me. It seems that one night a boy is sitting down in front, whistling and stamping for the Westerns, and the next night he's in the back row with his arm around some girl's neck; and about a week later, here he comes with two or three little ones. You can't imagine how fast that happens!"

"I'm Richard Hardy."

"H'm-m, Blossom Hardy's boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How's your mother these days?"

"She's about the same, Mr. McLaughlin."

"That means she's no better?"

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid so."

"I'm sorry. I mind the night she fell. It was raining a regular torrent. She thought she'd be all right in a day or two. Let's see, Richard; you're the boy that my wife took so much interest in, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am. Mrs. McLaughlin was kind to me."

"She was kind to everyone, but it seems there was something special about you. Aren't you the boy that won the music prize and went away to take piano lessons?"

"Yes, I won the Underwood Prize. It gave me a year's study in Boston. But I couldn't have gone without Mrs. McLaughlin. She got the Woman's Club to help my mother and me. The prize only provided the lessons. I had to have my keep and a piano for practicing. I was fifteen when I went East."

"That must have been about six years ago. I remember all about you now. You've been there all this time, haven't you?"

"Yes, practically. It's an expensive journey home."

"You've been taking lessons six years?"

"Really only five. And the first two of those were pretty much waste. After I got there I gradually learned how to live cheaply, and how to help support myself. I wanted to study under Kempf, and he was willing to take me for a pupil. I studied with him the last three years. Then I accompanied Madame Simco on her American tour. I hoped she would take me back to Europe with her, but she didn't. I left her in New York, and returned to Boston. Then I had to come home."

The story seemed oddly full of holes.

"What are you going to do now?" Mr. McLaughlin asked.

"That's what I came to see you about. I heard—that is, Mrs. West told mother that the organist you had employed had disappointed you. I thought—I can play the pipe organ quite well. I just picked it up, but I played for two years in a big Boston church to help pay for my piano lessons. If I could get the job here, I could take care of my mother and stay with her. Otherwise, I'll have to go to Stone City or somewhere away from here. For that's all I'm trained for."

"Do you want to play our organ?"

"Of course I want to. I like the piano better than the organ, but I—I would certainly like the work."

"I don't mean that. I'd like to give you the chance. You're a local boy, and your mother needs you. If you can play the organ, you should have the job. But we think a lot of this new theater, Richard. You know how many years I had the old motion-picture house—more years than you have lived. It was the oldest movie operated in the same place by the same man in the country. When I pulled it down and put up this fine modern theater, I took a chance. I've got to prove now that Hilltown will support this good a show. I've got a different problem here entirely, with the talkies and all. And I want only people on the staff who will pull full weight. It's going to take some doing to make the Llamarada pay. Every back must be a willing one. More than that—eager."

"Yes, sir," said Richard. He lied steadily. "I would be very proud to have the job." He did not blink an eye.

"Well, that's more like it! Have you seen the theater?"

"No, I haven't."

"Come and look at it."

Richard, following him, found that the place, though small, was beautiful, perfect and finished in every small detail. Mr. McLaughlin called up to an invisible person above to turn on and off the various sets of lights, including the stars in the blue ceiling, designed to accompany the organ solo. He also had the two sets of curtains—blue silk and heavy red velvet—raised and lowered, and the aluminum screen exposed.

"Come up and see the projection room. It's one of the most perfect of its kind in this part of the state. Everything is up to the minute—the finest machines ——"

The stairs led to a concrete cubicle in the center of the balcony floor. Jobe Avery, dark, deft, masculine, was polishing a bit of glass and metal between the folds of a chamois cloth.

"You boys probably know each other," said Mr. McLaughlin.

They did indeed. Jobe had been the clever boy in school, making a telegraph set that really worked, coaxing stubborn doorbells to ring, tinkering with the first radio. This fireproof vault, with its intricate machines, its steel racks for spools of film, its cans and shutters and charts, was his world. He had come into his own. He and Richard shook hands with indifference, each bored by the other's enthusiasm.

Mr. McLaughlin was going on, apparently indefinitely, with a very technical description of the difference between these new high-powered projection machines and the ones he had used in the old show house, "while mamma took in the tickets downstairs." He could not run these new machines, and he had more wit than to try.

"Jobe can tell you all about synchronization, about records and sound films; he knows it all. Now we'll go downstairs and you can show Richard how to turn on the electric motor for the organ, and we'll let him try it out and see how it goes."

Instinctively Richard flexed his big hands. A tarpaulin protected the organ console from the workmen. Under this was a green baize cover, and then the gold-and-white organ console came into view. Mr. McLaughlin satisfied his childish pleasure in the fact that the console could be raised into plain view of the audience for the solo and lowered away again for the rest of the program. Jobe and Mr. McLaughlin went on about their own affairs and Richard studied the organ. It was a regular cinematograph organ, with not only the full five manuals and an extra solo stop, but it had a xylophone attachment, bells and chimes, and even a drum rumble. Richard's hands were dry and then suddenly wet with perspiration. If he should fumble now! He played a few scales and chords, tried the stops and the different claviers; then put his hands down on the choir manual and played Tschaikowsky's Song Without Words.

At once he forgot Mr. McLaughlin, on whose favor he must depend for the job, which he considered a terrible humiliation. He forgot his mother, whose helplessness hurt him with such poignant regret. He forgot Boston, for which he had been homesick—Boston and the companions on old Gainsborough Street, the Pop concerts, the little restaurant near the Fenway where they sat at night for the price of a cup of coffee and argued long and heatedly over classical and modern music, over the virtues of their various teachers, the supremacy of the violin or the piano, condemned, with one accord, the ambitions of women in the world of music, save as singers, and voiced a wholesale and unmitigated disapproval of those who forsook the pure path of single-mindedness as musicians, for the money to be found in jazz and movies and vaudeville, and all that—a world of which they were as innocent as babes.

He forgot his heartache and disappointment. The sounds came sweetly to life under his skill. He had not touched a musical instrument for weeks. He played the selection a second time, exploring the full capacity of the organ.

Satisfied, thrilled and happy, he began to transfer to the organ an arrangement of The Roman Holiday which he knew as he knew his alphabet. He went ahead without faltering. He liked the organ, he found, after these weeks of silence. Of course it did not have the pure, mathematical exactness, the restrained perfection of sound, that the piano alone afforded. The organ was too big, too noisy. There was too much of it. But if he had to play an organ in a movie, he was glad it was a good one.

It was a full two hours later before he slid from the bench and went to find Mr. McLaughlin. The owner of the Llamarada was sitting in the back row, and with him was Jobe, and Miss Pitcain, and Bill Finney, the janitor, and Tobias, the carpenter, and a girl who was so lovely that Richard stared.

"Well, Richard, you're hired! Come and see me tomorrow and we'll talk about it. And tell your mother that you kept us all after we should have been home to our suppers. I'm glad you came in to see me, and glad you want the job!"

"Thanks," Richard was stammering when Mr. McLaughlin went out. Jobe came to Richard and held out his hand again. It was a different greeting, warm with admiration.

Miss Pitcain said, "Richard, you certainly have learned a lot while you were gone. That was wonderful and I'm so glad you're going to be one of us. I'm on the staff of the new theater, selling tickets in Mrs. McLaughlin's old place. I quit teaching last year. And this is Virginia Myers, one of the ushers. She comes from Sugar Ridge, and is living with me. Her mother's my cousin. I'm going on home now, Virginia."

The lights went out and Virginia and Richard moved into the foyer and turned to look at each other. She was as lovely as Marguerite in the second act of Faust. He was tall and thin and stooped, with somber eyes and an unhappy mouth.

"And your name is Richard?" she said in a bright, clear voice, a little reedy yet with youth. "I never heard anyone really play an organ before. Oh, I've heard the pipe organ played, but not as you did it. We've all been sitting there, almost since you opened the organ. I'm proud of you."

The lights in the foyer went out above their heads and they moved mechanically into the street and stopped again. "Thank you," said Richard—"I mean, I'm glad you stayed."

"I couldn't have gone if I'd wanted to! It was like an enchantment. I'm so glad I have a job in the theater. I can hear you playing the organ every evening. Mr. McLaughlin was so pleased. You know, Richard, he's awfully proud of the house. Every nail in the floor is his own personal nail. He's a wonderful man. I like him more than anyone in Hilltown. He's so real! Ruth Crim and I are the usherettes, as he calls us. . . . Well, I have to go on to Miss Pitcain's now. She'll have our evening meal ready."

"I live in that direction," he said. "Let me go with you."

She was so different from the girls he had known in Boston. All the women music students were queer, it seemed to him now. Many of them were unattractive, and those that were young and pretty were filled with ambitions of their own and not interested in his.

Virginia chattered. Her admiration and praise were unstinted. She seemed to think highly of Miss Pitcain, of Jobe, of Ruth Crim. He sensed that the world was full of wonderful people, doing wonderful things to her generous heart, and he was glad to warm himself at this fire.

They came, all too soon, to Miss Pitcain's gate. There was a light in the small house and they could see Miss Pitcain moving about behind the unblinded windows. The yard was separated from those on either side by a white picket fence. Virginia went into the yard and turned and closed the gate behind her, and leaned on it to talk to Richard.

And then he was telling her all about it in the timeless, pleasant summer darkness. He told her how he had expected to be, by now, a great concert pianist. He could play the piano as well, at sixteen, as many concert pianists ever could—better, perhaps, than he himself could perform now. But he hadn't had the right teacher—the one who could

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"I Must Go In, Richard. You're the Sweetest Boy in the World, and the Best"

Electioneering, Old and New

PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL, N. Y. C.

A Philadelphia Crowd Cheering the Democratic Nominee

At Left—Waving Good-by to the South at Asheville

By ALFRED E. SMITH

WHILE there may appear to be twentieth-century progress in electioneering and electioneering methods made possible by the introduction of the radio, the automobile, the aeroplane or whatever other modern invention may be brought into use, there is one thing about elections that remains pretty much the same and probably will continue to remain the same, and that is the human side. There will never come a time when the candidate for office will be able to avoid the handshaking, or the writer of long letters who explains by an already prepared formula which he has devised how to get elected, or the large number of people who become interested in the man rather than in the party or the platform, or the various theories supplied by an army of admirers, and other amusing and interesting incidents that help to relieve the strain of campaigning.

Unless there were an extremely humorous side to political life, I could think of nothing more grinding, and no more grilling or more exciting life than the living in an atmosphere of constant publicity, constant association with large groups of people, and the necessity for being extremely patient, which are the everyday experiences of campaigning for office. The business man not trained to the rigors of a campaign would probably last only a short time; and while there may appear on the surface to be some relief from the personal equation by comparison with former times, it exists nevertheless, and the man who goes out to campaign for any office must arm himself from the beginning with the knowledge that he has to deal with individuals as such, as well as with groups massed together.

No man escapes the fellow who knew his father and who takes advantage, upon meeting him during the campaign, to explain how intimate that relationship was and couples with it the expression of his strong desire to see the son of his old friend politically successful. If all the men who claim they went to school with me really did so, no five schoolhouses in New York would be capable of containing the number.

Private Problems for a Public Official

ELECTION TIME is the harvest for givers of political advice who never themselves held any political position. They undoubtedly proceed upon the theory that in as much as you are looking for votes you have to listen to them. They go to great lengths to secure an audience with the candidate. Special-delivery letters, telegrams, contacts through the most far-fetched friendships are resorted to, to persuade the candidate to give up as much time as possible to hear the particular ideas or theory or advices on political strategy the person desires to impart. The candidate caught in one of these nets must listen. It is a curious thing how little of this volunteered suggestion proves useful, but every now and then a golden grain is found and because of this outside chance many an audience is granted.

In my early campaigns, being confined to a strongly Democratic district, electioneering was not so necessary; but what was indispensable was that one be available all the year round for the voters of the district. The most peculiar problems affecting human relationships that have nothing at all to do with the government of a city or a state are brought to a candidate in whom the people have confidence. In my early days, as representative of the second assembly district of New York County, I acted as referee in a number of family disputes. I was called upon once to determine for a constituent whether or not he should pay his dentist's bill, after he had set up to me as a defense against payment that his wife's teeth did not fit. Numbers of people without knowledge of pending public questions form their estimate of their representative solely upon the basis of what personal service he can render to them and to their relatives in the complexity of questions that arise in a large family in the course of a year. Speaking in a general way, this attitude toward legislative representatives is both state and nation wide. A great many legislators in New York State have been continued in office solely upon their ability to secure appropriations of public money for improvements in their particular districts, and without regard to their legislative records taken as a whole.

A Buffer for the Candidate

A MAN gets his first idea of real campaigning when he begins to spread from a locality where he is well and personally known to a search for votes in a new region. My first nomination outside of my immediate neighborhood was for sheriff of New York County. New York County is conterminous with Manhattan Borough, so I was campaigning from Harlem to the Battery and from the North River to the East River. It was for this campaign that my first campaign committee outside my own district was organized to act as a buffer between my eager supporters and myself.

A candidate for office is always a popular target for requests to buy tickets for every ball, political picnic and what not that occurs during or around the campaign season. Advertising in all sorts of souvenir programs and newspapers and journals never before heard of and frequently only printed for such occasions is another form of request that takes time and careful scrutiny. Here the campaign committee shines, because they have a stock letter and can pass the tickets over to the stenographer to be returned to the senders, and the operation is ended. This for the very simple reason of the oath of office taken by candidates when elected. They must swear that they have not "directly or indirectly paid . . . contributed or offered or promised to contribute any money . . . as a consideration or reward for the giving or withholding a vote . . ." at the election.

All sorts of devices are resorted to in attempts to get a slice of campaign funds. Years ago the leader of the Democratic organization sent word to the leaders of the assembly districts composing a certain senate district, that a new resident of their neighborhood was to receive the nomination. The boys got together at the district clubhouse and decided that this offered a rare opportunity to get a good-sized contribution for the local campaign chest from the new candidate. They constituted themselves

a committee of three and went around to call on the candidate. With much detail the committee went into a long explanation of the difficulty they were experiencing in raising money to finance the local campaign. In the midst of the story the candidate, himself an old and experienced campaigner, but new in this district, said abruptly:

"That's all right, gentlemen. Don't worry about it. I would not think of taking a dollar from any of you—I will finance my own campaign."

Whereupon the leaders had nothing to do but bow themselves out and stand on a street corner looking at one another, somewhat crestfallen, but willing, none the less, to battle for the cause.

Another trial of the patience of a candidate is the number of invitations to make speeches and the committees who insist upon delivering these invitations in person. Hours and days are wasted meeting groups for such purposes. Every political leader believes the particular meeting which he has arranged to have held in his district to be the important one of the campaign, and invariably insists that if the candidate is not present at that meeting, there is no possibility of success.

Political meetings in New York City are held in each borough in accordance with a schedule determined upon by the leader of the borough. He informs the candidates where and when it is planned for them to speak. It gave me and my campaign managers many weary hours explaining this to persistent committees and individuals who had in hand this or that event just coinciding with the campaign. They are always certain that each one of these meetings will furnish just the audience to whom the candidate needs to appeal. When the candidate is to visit a given district they cannot understand why he cannot take on just one other meeting, or "just look in for a minute and say howdy." I have always known that I couldn't be that kind of candidate.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Two Texas Girl Hitch-Hikers Bring a $5 Bill From Houston to Add to the Governor's Campaign Fund

No Comfort From the Blue-Ribbon Winner

DURING a campaign, organizations of all kinds, not necessarily strictly political in nature, are anxious to have a candidate appear at their functions. In my early campaigning days I spoke at dinners and private functions prior to election, and in glancing over the audiences came to the conclusion that if I did not get every vote in those gatherings, there was no use in my running for office. In other words, I became convinced that at such gatherings candidates are making political appeals to their personal friends only.

Following my campaign for sheriff, I had an opportunity to introduce myself to the city of New York as the candidate for president of the board of aldermen. This meant I was running city-wide. I made my opening speech of the campaign in Brooklyn. It was, in fact, my first political speech delivered in that borough. There I found a sympathetic and responsive audience because I happened to go to a neighborhood populated almost entirely by people who formerly lived on the lower East Side of New York. I saw little difference between that audience and one that might be assembled on Park Row.

The Borough of the Bronx was fertile ground for me because there sentiment greatly sways voters in all elections, and I was in popular favor in that northern county because it happened that my marriage took place up there, although Mrs. Smith was born in my old district and I simply went up there to bring her home.

The first real campaign that introduced me to absolutely virgin territory as far as I was concerned was my first nomination for the governorship, in 1918, when I campaigned throughout the state. I ran at a period when the World War was at its height, and the daily list of casualties among the American Expeditionary Forces contained the names of young men from all parts of our state. Before the campaign was under way one week I discovered that public interest was in the war more than it was in the campaign. That presented an exceedingly difficult problem.

As always, though, the human side of campaigning soon made itself apparent when I started in to make the rounds of the various county fairs. In Delaware County I was introduced by the Democratic county chairman to the winner of the blue-ribbon for the best cattle exhibit. Arrayed in a new suit of striped blue jeans, he stood off ten feet from me, after he shook hands, and remarked, "Well, you look pretty good, but you can't get no comfort from me."

The Chief Exhibit

IT SOON came home to me that I was regarded as somewhat of a curiosity throughout the state. From the time I entered the grounds at any of the fairs, all other exhibits were neglected; the country folk of that section of the state were anxious to get a look at the Democratic candidate for the governorship who, as they said themselves, "came from the Bowery." Newspaper accounts of my activities at Albany during my long legislative career had made my name familiar to countless thousands of people who had never seen me.

It is always interesting, in meeting people for the first time, to ascertain from their own expressions what their opinion of you has been from newspaper accounts. In 1906, when a legislative committee of which I was a member was investigating insurance companies, Congressman Daniel J. Riordan, then a member of the state senate and also a member of the investigating committee, invited members of the committee and their wives to a dinner in a private dining room in one of the large restaurants in Chinatown. I appeared that evening in a dark cutaway suit, with a white shirt and a white wing collar and a black necktie. Seated beside me was the wife of an upstate senator, who had never seen me before, and in fact did not know who I was until

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WIDE WORLD PHOTO

A Moment's Stop in the Chicago Yards En Route to Omaha

GUESSWORK

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

The Chief Smiled. "That's David Bichel," He Explained. "Curious Old Coot, Eh?"

INSPECTOR TOPE was the least conventional of men. This round, apple-cheeked, white-haired, blue-eyed old gentleman did not wear the aspect of a rebel, yet, for all that, he went his own way, calmly unconcerned with the things that to his fellows might seem important. He had a strict common sense and a curiously level mind, not easily distracted by unessentials, and it was these qualities which had made him successful during his long years in the homicide bureau.

They manifested themselves just as truly after his retirement, when he sought ways to divert his later years. Thus when he began to be a fisherman, he acquired a steel rod, a braided silk line and a moderate supply of snelled hooks. If he went fishing, he wanted fish; if fish were most simply caught on worms, he used worms. No arguments could shake him from this practice. He did not rebut argument with argument; his rebuttal was a creel full of trout. The man who delivers the goods has always the better of the theorist, and the inspector had always the habit of delivering the goods.

Lee Procter had known the inspector years ago, when Tope's hair was still rather gray than white, and Procter was a patrolman and later a sergeant on the Boston police force. Their acquaintance lapsed for a while when Procter resigned and came back to his father's old farm to live, but later, chance brought them together again. The Procter farm was just outside the sleepy little village of Maddison, and Maddison suddenly woke up to find itself a summer resort. A trunk highway was built through the town; the police force became important. And Procter, in the course of time, became the local chief of police. Subsequently, some official matter took him to Boston, and he met the old inspector; and when Tope finally retired, Procter invited him to come up for the spring trout fishing in the streams around Maddison. Tope promptly came.

They were going fishing today. There were pools on the upper reaches of the Cascadia River where large trout dwelt in the deep security of the dark waters. The Cascadia came tumbling down out of the mountains north of Maddison and passed through the village. Tope and the chief could hear its cheerful tumult from where they sat just now on the stone steps of the little courthouse. But Procter must wait here till the Tuesday-morning session of traffic court was done, and Tope stayed with him, sleepily comfortable in the warm spring sunshine. His steel rod in a cloth case lay at his side and there were worms in a baked-bean can on the steps at his feet.

They watched the cars that drew up before the courthouse here. The traffic officers had gathered into their net every variety of fish. The culprits, indignant, shamefaced or defiant, drove up and parked in front of the courthouse or across the street; and they trooped indoors as the hour for court to open did approach.

Tope and the chief discussed them, and the old inspector said this whole procedure was folly.

"When you bring a man to court, it ought to amount to something," he remarked. "If you call it a crime to drive a car too fast, then every man on the voting list is a criminal, only some don't get caught. We used to figure that if you gave a boy a court record he was done, but nowadays nearly everybody that drives a car gets a record sooner or later. It gets to be a joke. No wonder some of them go on and add a few more crimes to their catalogue!"

"You've got to handle traffic some way," the local chief argued.

"The reason you handle traffic is to prevent accidents," the inspector pointed out. "That's all right, but go at it the other way. You don't prosecute a man for carrying a hod of bricks up a scaffold, just because he might drop a brick on someone's head. The only time you prosecute a man just because he might have an accident is when he's driving an automobile. Wait till he has his accident and then go after him. Come down on him hard—after he's done it. Then he'll be careful, and so will the others, without your watching them all the time."

Procter chuckled. "That sounds all right," he confessed. "But how'll you get convictions?"

"Why, I never had any trouble convicting a man if he was guilty," Tope declared.

The younger man grinned. "I know. But some of the stunts you pulled make my hair gray to think of them. You went on guesswork, half the time, and got away with it. But the rest of us have to have facts before we go ahead."

"It always looked to me like a good guess was better than a bad fact," Tope insisted.

The other chuckled, abandoned the argument. "Well, forget it," he urged cheerfully. "You're retired, and I'm taking today off to go fishing. It's vacation, old man."

The inspector smiled. "I've been trying to take a vacation for five years," he confessed. "But seems like I can't get away from working. Trouble with me is, I'm always noticing things."

There was something fixed in his glance at the moment; and the chief followed the old man's eyes and saw, just stopping at the curb a few yards away, an ancient automobile of an almost prehistoric design, with brass side lights and brass piping on hood and cowl and body. At the wheel sat a precise man somewhere in his sixties, with crisp whiskers in front of his ears. He stopped the car and descended, and there was a bristling indignation in his every move.

The chief smiled. "That's David Bichel," he explained. "Curious old coot, eh?"

"Haven't seen a car like that in twenty years," the inspector commented.

"They've had that one that long," Procter agreed. "It was the first automobile in Maddison. Before I went to Boston." He chuckled again. "There's the sort of thing you were talking about. David Bichel has been driving ever since I was a boy, and never been in court before, but

he'll have a record after today, just the same. He doesn't look like a member of the criminal class, does he?"

The driver of the ancient car had stalked up the steps into the courthouse, and Inspector Tope, without replying, rose and walked toward the vehicle to look at it more closely. The chief followed him.

"It runs better right now than a new car," he told the old man. "Mr. Bichel himself keeps the engine tuned up. He's an engineer—a mechanical genius, I guess. He doesn't work at it, of course. He and his brother are loaded down with money, but he's got a machine shop in their house up the river, and he's always tinkering with this engine. Then, old Torrence keeps it polished." He pointed. "Look there! That brasswork is worn through where he's polished it so long."

Tope nodded, and he leaned down to pick off something caught in a fissure in the brass casing of the radiator. It was a piece of enameled trout line, six or eight feet long, the free end of it trailing on the road between the front wheels. The chief looked at it over Tope's shoulder.

"Bichel's a fisherman," he commented. "That's tapered line. See!"

The inspector seemed to sigh. "The trouble with me," he remarked, "I'm always noticing things. Now, they keep the car so clean, you wouldn't look to see a piece of string hanging on it. He must have picked it up on the way down this morning." He looked toward the courthouse. "How'd it happen you brought him to court today, if he'd never been before?"

Procter said regretfully: "I'm sorry about that. But he was driving sixty-five, Sunday a week ago, through heavy traffic; and he was cutting in and out; and when Dale stopped him, Mr. Bichel gave him an argument. I have to back up my men."

Tope moved toward the steps. "Let's go in," he suggested. "I'd like to hear what he's got to say."

"Oh, it will be the usual thing," Procter urged. "Stay out here in the sun."

But Tope insisted. "It's a habit I can't break," he confessed. "When a man as old as he is does something he never did before, I always wonder why."

David Bichel, summoned to answer to the charge of reckless driving, fought the case ferociously. He cross-examined the traffic officer; he argued the case with the judge on the bench; he became more and more angry and vehement.

His was not the first case called; and when he was called and pleaded not guilty, the judge directed him to wait till the wiser criminals who threw themselves on the mercy of the court could enter their pleas and pay their fines and go. Bichel waited, fretting, and Inspector Tope and Chief Procter stood by the bailiff's desk till the old man's turn should come. They had to wait half an hour or so; they watched thereafter in a strict attention for another long half hour. They were still watching, and the old man was still fighting, when someone called Chief Procter to the telephone.

He returned to touch the inspector's arm. "Want to come along?" he asked. "There's a fire up the river somewhere. Looks like a big one, by the smoke. I'll have to go see what it is."

Tope hesitated, almost reluctantly, looking backward at the old man on the witness stand, but in the end he followed the chief. The town's single fire engine roared by as they emerged from the courthouse; they took the chief's car to pursue.

"Might as well bring your rod," Procter suggested. "We can go fishing afterward."

So they started up the highroad, and the chief, as he drove, tried to guess where the fire might be. "There are big summer places up that way," he explained. "All along the river. It's in a deep gorge, you know, with a lot of falls and cascades. A handsome stream!"

And later, when they had covered two miles or so, he exclaimed: "By gravy, inspector, I believe it's the Bichel place!"

Tope looked at him. "That man in court back there?"

"His and his brother's," Procter assented. "A big stone house on a rocky point. Their father built it. The brother is an invalid; got a broken spine, can't move his legs. He and David live there, and old Torrence takes care of them. David's not bad, himself, but Ernest—that's the brother—is mean. I don't suppose you can blame him, though; he's been on his back or in a wheel chair for ten years." And he added: "That's where it is, all right." And a moment later: "I wonder if they got the old man out in time. He couldn't help himself any."

Inspector Tope asked a surprising question. "When did the one back there in court get his summons?" he inquired.

"A week ago," Procter explained. "Why?"

Tope wagged his head. "I've got in the habit of wondering," he explained.

They turned off the main road to follow a winding way through the woods that descended steeply toward the river. The fire engine, ahead of them, had left a trail of hot embers, and the chief stopped now and then to extinguish these brands, so that they might not start a fire in the woods along the road.

"This is all their land," he explained. "They've got seven hundred acres, all woods. David likes hunting, fishing."

They emerged presently on the approach to a bridge which crossed high above the narrow roaring river. This bridge was of steel, a modern construction, but the floor was planked, and there was a live coal smoldering on the

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"What are You Talking About? Catch What?" "Catch a Murderer," Said the Old Inspector Equably

IT'S IN THE BLOOD

"Well, Permit Me to Shake Your Hand Again!" He Beamed

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE following is an excerpt from a news account printed in a Los Angeles paper some months ago:

—— at the Santa Fe Station, where a large crowd had gathered to witness the arrival of Hartman and his guard of deputy sheriffs.

An amusing incident occurred here when the confessed murderer stepped from the train. Crossing the tracks between Deputies Gross and Flaherty, Hartman's right garter, becoming unfastened, dropped and trailed on the floor behind him. The party's first news of this little accident was when about a dozen souvenir hunters, breaking through the cordon of police, dived for the recalcitrant sock suspender, almost knocking the prisoner and the surrounding deputies from their feet. After a brief flurry a dapper little man emerged from the heap, disheveled and bruised, but happy, and dodging reporters who sought his name, disappeared through the crowd with the trophy held high above his head. Hartman was taken straight to headquarters where ——

It happened that I was not on the spot at the moment, but I immediately got in touch with my operatives on the West Coast—a group of alert and accurate investigators who are aiding me in the compilation of material for my forthcoming twelve-volume work, Why America is a Most Amusing Country—and instructed them to drop everything else and go after the facts in this case.

The result is a most curious story. It needed months to get it all, and in the end I was myself impelled to journey to California to check up on the data and to have a personal interview with the dapper little man who was so enviably fortunate as to acquire what was admittedly the most coveted souvenir of the year.

His name I found to be Joseph Moak, and, as I had suspected, this achievement was no flash in the pan, no single, solitary lucky stroke for him. Such feats are rarely the work of tyros or amateurs. A good many years of practice and a surprisingly impressive record had led up to this latest and greatest coup, but his fame, naturally, was still local. He was not yet one of the really big shots.

Delving back into his past, we fetched up several odd and interesting things about the man; one being that in his youth little had been expected of him by his parents. As a baby he had been particularly backward. A friend of the family reported that hope had virtually been abandoned that he would ever be able to talk when, finally, at the age of three, he managed to master a few simple one-syllable words. These same words, moreover, were all he had for several years thereafter, and then, when at last he did come into possession of a roughly intelligible vocabulary, what he had to say was so stupid that almost everyone avoided him.

So it was he grew up, a generally misunderstood youth. Nor did young manhood improve matters. At twenty-one, according to one story, he was called for jury duty, and the news filled his old parents' hearts with joy, for they had never heard of anyone of Joe's general mental stature being rejected for jury duty, and they felt that as long as he was being confined to the courtroom he could scarcely run around, falling into open manholes or being run down by pushcarts and baby buggies, as was his wont.

Picture for yourself their discouragement when, after three questions of examination as a talesman, he was not only rejected for duty but also his name was scratched from all future jury lists, on the grounds—suggested by everyone connected with the case, including the judge—that it seemed highly unlikely that he would ever be able to understand anything said in a trial—grounds without precedent in that state, and probably any other, in fifty years.

It was shortly after this that he went to work. His parents were obviously unable to muster up any further interest in his career, so there seemed no alternative. He obtained employment after a characteristic fashion. In the personnel bureau of a chic delicatessen store he underwent a written examination devised by an efficiency expert. It was a kind of I. Q. test given to all applicants to determine where their talents, when any, might best be employed—whether in the difficult hors d'œuvres department, in the sturdy sliced-meat bureau, or at the honest but lowly cheese counter. The result of this examination showed conclusively that Joe Moak was a man for the cheese, and there he was stationed, wrapping the less expensive kinds.

For a Few Seconds the Herring Man Stared at Him Incredulously. "Is This the Truth?" He Demanded Then

As it turned out, this was the very best thing that could have happened to him, for a few weeks after going to work he was demoted. The whole history of Moak shows that he was never a man to stand still in a position; he was either demoted with great promptness or cashiered altogether. In this instance he was demoted from regular cheap-cheese man to substitute cheap-cheese man, which gave him ample opportunity, on off days, to wander aimlessly about the streets, helping to create traffic problems, impeding the progress of people bound upon genuine business, and making a general all-round nuisance of himself; and it was there—in the streets—that he found himself, as the saying goes, and began to lay the foundation for his future success.

"How well I remember my first trick," Moak chuckled to me once when in a reminiscent mood. "It doesn't seem so much to me now, of course, but did it make me happy then!"

It was at the aviation field, the morning the transcontinental flyers landed with a new record. Moak had no more business there than anywhere else, but for the moment he was bored with staring into building excavations and up at safes being lowered from high windows, and there were no parades or funerals of strangers for him to follow that day, so he had traveled out from the city.

"I had hardly got on the field when it came to me like a flash," he said, "that if I tore a piece of canvas off the wing when the plane landed, I would have a very interesting souvenir of the occasion.

"Well, the cops held the best they could, but they couldn't hold me. I got through, the first one on the field as the ship came down, and I ran directly at it as it taxied up the field. Everybody yelled for me to look out, but they couldn't bluff me. I knew the fellow wouldn't dare run over me. And he didn't. He swerved when he saw I wasn't going to stop, and the right wing hit a fence and the whole caboodle turned head over heels in one of the funniest crack-ups you ever saw!"

The memory of the ridiculous spectacle that the plane made as it nosed over made him laugh loud and long.

"Very funny indeed," he concluded with a quiet smile of satisfaction, "but I got my piece of the wing."

"Anyone killed?"

"I didn't notice," he said.

That was five years ago—five years before his spectacular capture of the murderer Hartman's right garter—and it is not too much to say that those years were crowded with ever-growing success. Four times his picture was in the papers: Once, peering under the arm of the mayor during the welcome reception to a visiting prince; again, being struck at by a policeman for rushing up to shake hands with a movie actress who had just been informed of the death of her husband; and twice, standing in the foreground of crowds collected around automobile accidents.

Quietly, with no fuss, no flurry, he was building toward the future, preparing himself, perfecting his gifts, waiting for the day he knew would come, for the day when he

To the Horror and Terror of the Bishop, He Gave a Fast Rake Over the Bishop's Face

would overshadow everything else he had done—in short, for the day when he burst through the cordon at the Santa Fe Station, and, alone, against a dozen rival souvenir hunters, bore off the most coveted souvenir of the year.

It was this day also that begins the curious story which my operatives and I traced. Moak, or Joe, as I came to know him, was at this time a striking figure, a man likely to draw more than a single glance from men as he passed, and less from women.

About five feet six in height, his face was rather dingy-looking, his eyes dull, his loose lips twisted in a vacuous, meaningless smile. His dank hair was generally oiled—he combed it hastily on important occasions with a pocket comb—while the suit he wore was flashy, but uncared for, and his shirt was downright soiled. Of ornaments he wore none but a simple, inconspicuous button in his lapel; it carried the brief legend: "Kiss me, girls; nothing makes me sick."

If nobody was needed to tell him that day, as he wove his triumphant way out of the crowd, the garter clutched in a hand in his pocket, that he had capped his entire career, no more did the city itself need to be told that something well out of the ordinary had been done. Wherever men gathered there were admiring comments, and envious, too; the word had spread, and at dinner that night little else was discussed.

"What a fellow he must be!"

"They say he worked like lightning!"

"Yes, and you'll hear more of that man in the future. Mark my words, Abercrombie!"

"Certainly no other souvenir hunter has come anywhere near this feat in my time!"

The mystery of his identity added no little fuel to the fire; there was something romantic in the way he plunged out of the nowhere, vanquished all with one sure, swift stroke, and then disappeared once more into the void whence he had sprung. There were wild conjectures and guesses—all unanswered, because the man whose achievement was on everyone's lips sat alone in his furnished room that night, living again his moment of glory, feeling again the thrill of victory.

The disclosure came the next morning at the store, and came so swiftly, so overwhelmingly, that Joe was dazed. Like all genuine dyed-in-the-wool collectors, he lived much within himself. It was the game that gave him pleasure, not the kudos. But the vastness of this feat was more than he could stand; with pardonable pride he whispered his secret to the herring wrapper, who worked at his elbow.

For a few seconds the herring man stared at him incredulously. "Is this the truth?" he demanded then.

"Yes," Joe replied, "but don't tell anyone."

This was, of course, a ridiculous request, for news of a thing like that could no more be kept quiet than Christmas could. Within ten minutes a wildfire of whisper was sweeping the store, from clerk to clerk, clerk to customer, customer to customer, and presently the cheese department milled with excited people, ostensibly there to buy cheese, but actually to catch a glimpse of the oblivious little wrapper who with one giant stride had leaped to the top of souvenir hunters in the country. And unconscious of this attention, Joe stood there, wrapping, wrapping, wrapping; always doing it badly, but still doing it.

His first notice of the excitement, he told me, was when a fine, prosperous looking man with a silk hat on his head and a gold-topped walking stick pushed brusquely through the crowd and leaned against the counter.

"Where is Mr. Moak?" he asked in a voice of authority.

"I am Mr. Moak," Joe replied.

"Mr. Moak," he said, extending his hand, "I am Mr. Briskett." It was, indeed, Hiram Briskett himself, owner of the store and one of the richest and most influential men in the aristocratic delicatessen set, whose beautiful daughter, Estelle, was reputed to be the catch of the season. "Is this true, Mr. Moak," he said, "about the Hartman garter?"

"Yes, sir," Joe replied simply.

"Well, permit me to shake your hand again!" He beamed. "I don't know how I can ever apologize enough for your being here among the cheeses, especially the cheaper ones, but I shall certainly try." He turned to the customers that had gathered around him. "The joke is surely on the store this time." He laughed good-humoredly. "Imagine having a man among the cheeses, especially the cheaper ones, whose achievements better befitted space in the executive offices!" He turned back to Joe. "But better late than never," he said waggishly. "Would you be so good as to accompany me to the executive offices, Mr. Moak? There are some people there who would like to meet you."

"But my cheeses ——"

"Here, François!" Mr. Briskett called to the head of the cheese counter. "Relieve Mr. Moak of his cheeses at once!"

Half dazed, Joe went with Mr. Briskett through the store, a mob of admiring customers trailing them to the door of the executive offices. Inside were three prosperous-looking men in silk hats and the most beautiful girl Joe had ever seen; a girl who carried her head high, a girl whose every movement suggested the thoroughbred blueblood that she was. They all rose to their feet as he entered.

"Gentlemen," Mr. Briskett stated proudly, "it is true. The young man who has pulled off the most daring and spectacular souvenir deal of the year has been employed here in, of all places, the cheap-cheese department. Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Moak." They all bowed, but Joe's eyes were on the beautiful girl, and hers on him, as though fascinated. "Mr. Moak, this is Mr. Van Kent, Mr. Gray and Mr. Goddard." Joe recognized the names of the three richest men in the city. "And this"—taking the girl by the arm—"is my daughter Estelle." He paused and looked piercingly at Joe. "I hope that you two will like each other."

"Oh, father!" she protested, and all the gentlemen laughed understandingly, Mr. Briskett loudest of any.

"I am pleased to meet you," Joe said with a simple dignity that won them all over to him immediately.

"And now," Mr. Briskett said, "you must tell us the whole story, straight from the beginning, without leaving out a thing."

With a quick step Joe drew a chair for Miss Briskett, who rewarded him with a dazzling smile; and turning then, he found Mr. Van Kent holding a chair, Mr. Gray offering him a cigar from a solid-gold, diamond-studded case, and Mr. Goddard striking a match. He sat down, thanking them all with quiet modesty.

Then he told them the story without affectation; how he'd always loved souvenir snatching, how he'd begun, how he'd planned the seizure of a souvenir of some kind from the notorious Hartman—a project which he admitted had made him blench when first it occurred to him. Through it all the four men and the girl sat almost breathless, fearing to miss a single syllable, and none more fascinated than Estelle Briskett.

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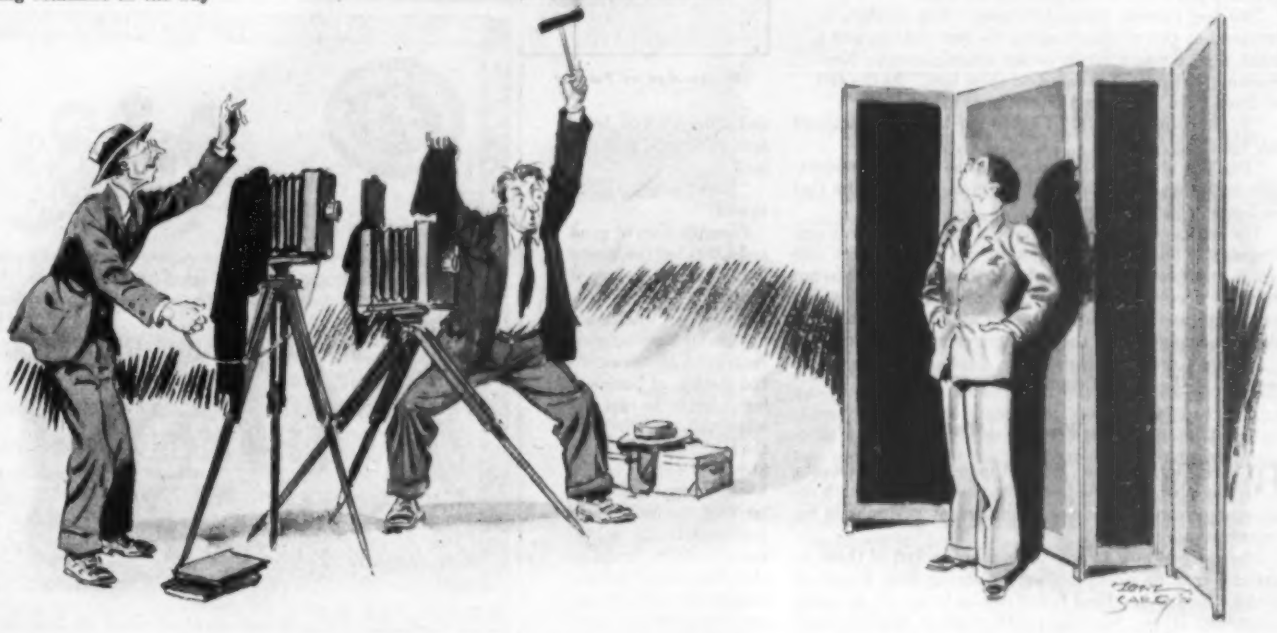


They Insisted Finally on His Posing for Photographs. The Papers That Afternoon Were Full of Him

Leaves From the Lipton Logs

By Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart.

In Association With William Blackwood

Sir Thomas in His Middle Years

IT STANDS to the credit of my parents that from the first day of my going to Stobcross Street they never interfered with me in any way, not even with suggestions. "You're doin' fine, Tom," was all my mother would say, "but don't be after killin' yersel' workin' too hard!"

In six weeks' time the business had made such progress that I had to hire a boy to help me. He ran the messages and did the odd jobs about the premises. But he was very shabbily dressed. As a matter of fact, his suit was so threadbare and patched that he did not fit in with my scheme of things at all. A ragged boy in my beautiful shop was so completely out of place that one day I put my hand in the till and took out a bright, golden sovereign.

"There, Jim," I said, "go and buy yourself a decent suit and put it on during your dinner hour."

The boy literally jumped for glee. Sure enough, he returned at two o'clock wearing his new clothes, and I must say he was a credit to the establishment. Next morning, however, Jim failed to show face. At the end of three days I went and interviewed his mother.

"Is your son not well?" I asked her when she answered my knock at the door.

"Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, "but he looked so respectable in the new suit you were kind enough to give him that he has now got a better job."

My second assistant also made a short stay in my employment. Four days after joining my service I sent him out to buy five shillings' worth of halfpenny stamps to put on some circulars I had printed—my first attempt at advertising—and when he returned I asked him for the five shillings change out of the half sovereign I had given him.

"There's no ony change, Mr. Lipton," he coolly remarked; "the price of stamps has riz."

Help Wanted—Male

BY AND by, however, I found more reliable assistants, some of whom were destined to be associated with me for many years and to rise to important positions in my organization.

The story of how I came to engage the first of these assistants may be worth telling. Walking over Stockwell Bridge one day, my head full of castles in the air, as usual, I noticed a strong, vigorous youth of about eighteen pushing a barrow, full to overflowing of ironmongery, tools and other merchandise, up the incline of the bridge. The lad was making heavy weather of his task, for it was an enormous load that he had on his barrow, yet he was putting his shoulder to the wheel with right good will.

I liked the look of the boy and promptly went to his assistance. Together we managed to trundle the barrow over the bridge.

Naturally we fell a-talking. He told me that he was employed by a firm in Crown Street, that the work was hard, but that he enjoyed it. And he kept smiling all the time. An idea suddenly struck me.

"What wages do you get?" I asked him.

"Seven shillings a week," was his reply.

I gave him another look up and down. "Come and work for me and I'll give you fourteen shillings a week," I said.

"Right you are!" he agreed.

Soon the help of good assistants left me free to indulge in my dreams of expansion. I did not abate one jot or tittle of my enthusiasm or concentration on the essential details of business, but I began to cast my mind out and beyond the confines of Stobcross Street. In other words, I was beginning to realize that the first aim in business is to secure more business, and also that the more business you can do the less profit you can work on. Simplified down to the elemental truths, I began to see that it was far better to make a small profit on a turnover of, say, a thousand pounds, rather than a slightly larger proportionate profit on a turnover of half that amount.

At the Age of Twelve

My first important deal on these lines came to a head when I secured the contract to supply provisions for the staff of one of the largest drapery firms in Glasgow. When my assistant heard that I was intent on tendering for such a contract, he was astounded at my presumption.

"They'll never give it to a wee shop like ours, Mr. Lipton," he said. "You'll just get a disappointment. Don't try to run before you can walk."

"Just see how fast I am going to run on this contract," was all I said. "The other firms won't see my feet for dust."

Advertising in the 70's

SO I SAT down and drew up quotations for first-class goods at prices which left me only the barest margin of profit. I was determined not to be undercut by any other shop. And along with my tender I sent daintily packed samples of the quality of ham, butter, eggs, and so on, I was prepared to supply. Confronted by such enterprise, the directors of the drapery establishment at once gave me the contract. Naturally, I did not hide my light under a bushel, and I made as much capital as possible out of the fact that Lipton's were supplying the famous firm of So-and-So with their household provisions. Other similar contracts we secured in due time. All the goods came through the little shop in Stobcross Street, and you may imagine how hard I and my one assistant had to work to keep step with the increased trading.

But although hard work was, undoubtedly, a big factor in the building up of my business, I realize that it would have counted for little if, even at this very early stage of my career, I had not been quick to grasp how great can be the power of advertising. The trouble in the 70's was that few people could be induced to take advertising seriously. It has frequently been said that I was one of the earliest pioneers in the movement which brought about the stupendous change whereby advertising now ranks as one of the most highly specialized and essential branches of British and American business. However that may be, it is certainly true that I was one of the first Britishers to see the immense possibilities and advantages in novel and judicious advertising.

Even in these early days I found myself toying with the idea of advertising my shop and its wares. I have told

The Lipton One-Pound Note

you that of the original hundred pounds' capital, I only used about half in starting the shop, the rest remaining on deposit receipt at the bank until such time as I could hit upon some suitable method of employing it. Well, after much serious thought I determined to use a portion of the money in advertising. During my travels in America I had observed that the firms that were advancing were all regular advertisers. One couplet I remembered having seen in New York was to the effect that:

The man who on his trade relies
Must either bust or advertise.

And these two lines of simple but effective doggerel kept constantly recurring to my mind.

My first essay in the art of advertising was a very simple handbill urging all housewives who wanted "superb value at the lowest possible prices" to patronize Lipton's Market in Stobcross Street. Later I posted a circular setting out my prices, and asking for a comparison with those of other traders, to a few hundred specially selected addresses in my vicinity. Later I sent a small ad to a Glasgow evening newspaper, drawing attention to a line of extra fine bacon to be had at my shop at a price which defied competition.

This advertisement cost me seven shillings and sixpence—the forerunner of many hundreds of thousands of pounds spent by the Lipton firm in the newspaper press of the Old and New Worlds.

These Little Pigs Went to Market

BUT how to discover something really novel in the shape of an advertisement without expending much money? This was my next problem. Handbills, smartly worded window cards, newspaper inches or larger spaces, were all very well so far as they went, but I was not satisfied that these efforts were sufficient. If I could invent something that would make people talk, or, better still, make them laugh, I would, it seemed to my mind, be much nearer solving the problem of effective advertising. In the opening weeks of my trading I had noticed that a smile and a joke were generally well received by my customers, and I also noted this human characteristic—that people in a good humor will always spend more freely than those with frowns on their faces. Therefore, I kept telling myself, the best ideas behind successful advertising must be those with a smile in them. But it was difficult to hit upon just the right notion to begin with; once started, I knew very well that other suggestions would follow automatically.

Suddenly one morning the bright idea struck me that it might be a good thing to have a large wooden ham, painted as realistically as possible, hung from a pole outside the shop door. Nobody passing up or down the street could miss the insignia of the shop's principal contents. I had the idea carried out forthwith. The swinging ham attracted quite a lot of attention immediately. Indeed, it was far more successful than I had ever imagined, for it was put up on a very hot day, the sun promptly melted the paint on the ham and, lo and behold, the latter became an almost perfect example of a large luscious ham straight from the boiling! It caused endless amusement among the passers-by and soon people came from all over the district to see "Lipton's greasy ham."

From a single ham to a whole pig was, obviously, an easy step. In fact, two pigs—the largest, fattest, finest porkers I could buy at Glasgow livestock market. These I had removed to a private yard and scrubbed and polished until they looked the most respectable pair of hogs ever seen out of Smithfield Show. I put pink and blue ribbons round their necks, and tassels on their tails to match, and had them driven through the streets with a large banner, carried by two men, suspended over them and bearing the words: "Lipton's Orphans." Long before they had arrived opposite the shop in Stobcross Street, the pigs had collected a vast crowd. The scheme had been a triumphant success. Everybody asked everybody else what the joke was, who the pigs belonged to, and the entire crowd was kept in constant merriment by the antics of the pigs.

This new method of driving the traditional pigs to market was too good to drop. I employed the same pigs over and over again, but always took care to see that they followed a different route to Stobcross Street. A variation of the stunt was to have a typical Irishman, knee breeches, cutaway coat, billycock hat, shillalah an' all an' all, steering an enormous porker through the most crowded thoroughfares of the city. On the pig's sides were painted the words: "I'm going to Lipton's. The best shop in town for Irish bacon!"

As often as not, the Lipton pigs, being the largest and fattest I could find, took it into their heads to lie down in the middle of the street and refuse to budge an inch. At Glasgow Cross on one occasion a procession of Lipton's Orphans all decided to have a siesta together on the tram lines, and traffic was entirely suspended for quite a long time.

There are many people still alive in Glasgow who will tell you that these "orphan" pigs laid the foundation of my fortune. In any case, I cannot deny that my idea of advertising by means of live pigs created a first-class sensation all over the city. The novelty of the whole thing appealed to people and made them laugh. My name was on everybody's lips. And that was all I wanted. Customers came to the shop in ever-increasing numbers, and in less than six months after I had taken down the shutters for the first time I had to extend my premises.

My next novelty in advertising was to secure the services of Willie Lockhart, a cartoonist with a very comical "line." Willie was a good-natured fellow, but a bohemian with an artistic temperament who knew nothing of business. The fact that he, of all people, should now join my staff looked sheer madness to old trade rivals, and they made it the target for many a joke. What in the wide world had cartoons to do with groceries? they asked. They had not to wait long to see.

The first cartoon Lockhart drew for me reduced to paper the same idea of Lipton's Orphans as had been used a few days before in the street processions. It took the form of a large, humorous poster which, prominently displayed in the window, drew crowds to the shop. The scene depicted in the cartoon was that of a solitary pig, its eyes streaming

BY COURTESY OF THE EDITOR OF PHIL MAY'S ANNUAL

Old Lady From the Country: "Oh! Is That 'Im? No Wonder 'E Ain't Married!" Sir Thomas Lipton is a Bachelor. The Late Phil May Utilized This Point in the Above Amusing Drawing

with tears, perched on the back of an Irish drover, while near by stood an old lady, full of concern for the animal's grief. And underneath was this letterpress:

OLD LADY: Why, my good man, what ails your pig?
THE IRISHMAN: Sure, ma'am, it's an orphan; the rest of the family have gone to Lipton's.

This simple cartoon drew thousands of people to my window, and regularly thereafter a fresh cartoon was pasted up every Monday morning. People came from all over the town to look at them, and they always went away with a smile on their faces. One very successful cartoon, I remember, was inspired by the fall of one of the Gladstone ministries. One-half of the picture was devoted to the defeated cabinet in terribly woebegone plight, while the other half showed the same statesmen, headed by the illustrious William Ewart Gladstone himself, emerging joyfully from my shop and each brandishing a sturdy ham by its shank. The smile on Mr. Gladstone's face as he gazed delightedly at his ham made all Glasgow laugh uproariously. I never saw such a comic laugh on any human face; I chuckled myself every time I looked at the cartoon.

(Continued on Page 59)

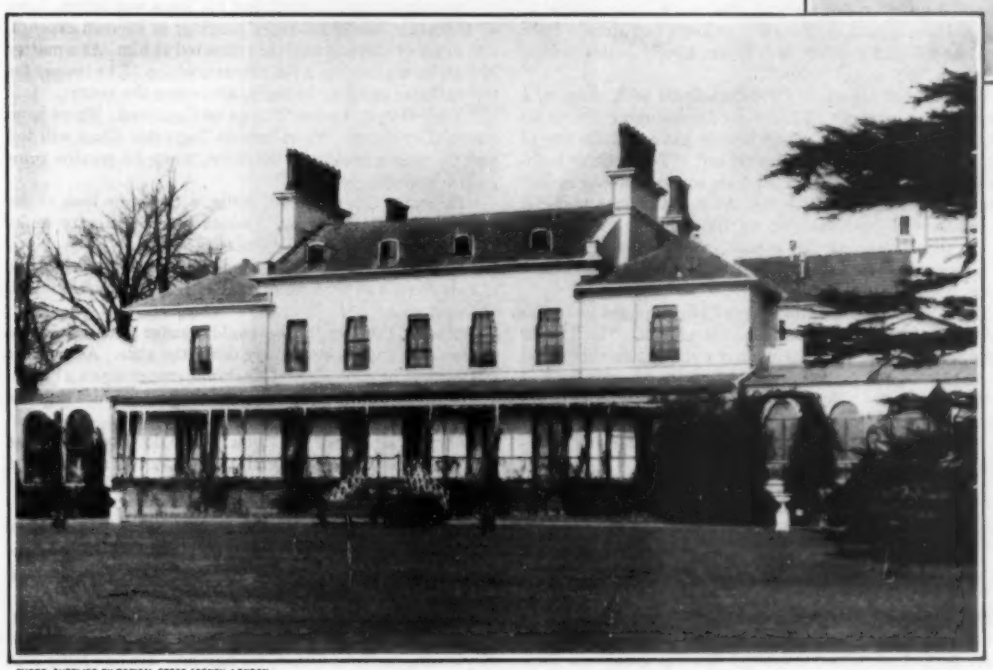


PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL PRESS AGENCY, LONDON

Osidge, Sir Thomas Lipton's Home on the Outskirts of London

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

He Passed With a Nod and a Smile, and Disappeared Around the Corner

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIII

A FEW mornings later, in the police court on the second floor of Halekaua Hale, at the foot of Bethel Street in Honolulu, three men were on trial—a Portuguese, a Korean and a Filipino. They were charged with gambling in the street, and on the witness stand at the moment sat a placid and serene Chinese. The East, we are told, has a deep respect for obesity; in China, as a mandarin increases in weight he gains in prestige; in Japan the wrestlers, heroes of the crowd, are enormous. The Oriental in the witness box was equipped, on this count, for high standing among his own.

"All right, Inspector Chan," said the judge. "Let us have your story, please."

The witness sat immobile as a stone Buddha. He opened his narrow black eyes a trifle wider and spoke.

"I am walking down Pawaa Alley," he remarked. "With me is my fellow detective, Mr. Kashimo. Before us, at the door of Timo's fish shop, we perceive extensive crowd has gathered. We accelerate our speed. As we approach, crowd melts gradually away, and next moment we come upon these three men, now prisoners in the dock. They are bent onto knees and they disport themselves with dice. Endearing remarks toward these same dice issue from their lips in three languages."

"Come, come, Charlie," said the prosecuting attorney, a red-haired, aggressive man. "I beg your pardon—Inspector Chan. Your language is, as usual, a little flowery for an American court. These men on trial here were shooting craps. That's what you are trying to tell us, isn't it?"

"I am very much afraid it is," Chan replied.

"You are familiar with the game? You know it when you see it?"

"As a child knows its mother's face."

"And you identify these men absolutely? They are the crap shooters?"

"No question whatever," Charlie nodded. "They are—unfortunately for them—the three."

The lawyer for the defense, a slick little Japanese, was instantly on his feet. "Now I object," he cried. "Your Honor, I question propriety of that word 'unfortunately.' The witness speaks as though my clients had already been tried and found guilty. Mr. Chan, kindly restrain such comment, if you will do so."

Chan bowed his head. "Overwhelmed with chagrin, I am sure," he replied. "Pardon me for assuming inevitable has already occurred." The lawyer gave a little cry of rebuke, but Charlie went blandly on: "To continue testimony, next moment the three look up and behold myself and the redoubtable Kashimo. At simultaneous moment expressions of faces take on startling change. They leap up to feet to accomplish escape. Down the alley they race, myself after them. Before end of alley occurs, I have them."

The lawyer for the defense gave Charlie a hard look. He pointed to the three lean men, his clients. "Is it your purpose to tell the court that your avoirdupois conquered those thin legs?" he demanded.

Chan smiled. "He who runs with a light conscience makes the most speed," he answered gently.

"Meantime, how does Kashimo occupy himself?" inquired the lawyer.

"Kashimo knows his duty and performs it. He remains behind to gather up abandoned dice. Such was the proper move." Chan nodded with grave approval.

"Yes, yes," broke in the judge, a bald-headed man with an air of infinite boredom. "And where are the dice?"

"Your Honor," Charlie answered, "unless I am much mistaken, the dice have only this moment entered the courtroom in pocket of the active Mr. Kashimo."

Kashimo had indeed come in. He was a nervous little Japanese, and at sight of the bleak look on his face Charlie's heart sank. Stepping hastily inside the inclosure, the Japanese whispered excitedly into Charlie's ear. Presently Chan looked up.

"I *was* much mistaken, Your Honor," he said. "Mr. Kashimo has lost the dice."

A roar of laughter swept through the room, while the judge idly hammered on his desk. Charlie sat motionless and seemingly undisturbed, but his heart was bitter. Like all Orientals, he did not relish laughter at his own expense, and much of this was no doubt directed at him. As a matter of fact, he was now in a ridiculous position. The lawyer for the defense, grinning broadly, addressed the court:

"Your Honor, I move charge be dismissed. There is no material evidence. Even famous Inspector Chan will tell you there is no material evidence, when he regains composure and speaks again."

"Inspector Chan," said Charlie, with a grim look at the slant-eyed little attorney, "would much prefer to make oration on efficiency of Japanese race."

"That will do," cut in the judge. "Once more the time of this court has been wasted. Charge is dismissed. Call the next case."

With all the dignity he could muster Chan left the witness box and moved slowly down the aisle. At the rear of the room he encountered Kashimo, crouching on a bench. He took him gently by one brown ear and led him into the hall.

"Again," he remarked, "you let me down with terrible tumble. Where do I obtain all this patience I squander on you? I astound myself."

"So sorry," hissed Kashimo.

"So sorry, so sorry," repeated Charlie. "Those words fall from your lips in never-ending stream. Can good intentions atone for so many blunders? Can the morning dew fill a well? Where were dice lost?"

The contrite Kashimo tried to explain. This morning, on his way to court, he had stopped at the barber shop of Kryimota, on Hotel Street, for haircut. He had hung coat on rack.

"After first showing dice to entire shop, no doubt?" Chan suggested.

No, he had shown them only to Kryimota, an honorable man. While he submitted to the cut of the hair various customers had come in and gone out of the shop. The operation finished, he had again donned his coat and hastened to the courtroom. On his way up the stairs he had made the unhappy discovery that he was bereft.

Charlie regarded him sadly. "You began work as supreme fumbler," he remarked, "but I think you improve as you go forward. What laughter there must have been among the gods when you were made detective."

"So sorry," Kashimo said again.

"Be sorry out of my sight," sighed Chan. "While you are in it my vision blurs and I feel my self-control under big strain." He shrugged his broad shoulders and turned away down the stairs.

The police station was on the ground floor, just beneath the court room, and at the rear was a small private office that was Chan's pride and joy. It had been turned over to him by his chief after he had brought to a successful conclusion the case of Shelah Fane, more than a year ago. He went inside now, closed the door and stood looking through the open window into the alleyway that ran along behind the building.

He was still smarting from the incident upstairs, but that was merely a climax to a year of frustration. "Oriental knows," he had written to Duff in the letter the Britisher had read aloud in the Vine Street Station, "that there is a time to fish and a time to dry the nets." But, as he had confessed farther along in the same epistle, this eternal drying of the nets was beginning to distress him.

He had for some months past been troubled by a restlessness such as the Chinese are not supposed to know. He was troubled by it now as he stared out into the peaceful alley. More than a year since his last big case, and nothing of note had happened. Chasing slightly annoyed gamblers down obscure by-paths, invading odorous kitchens in search of stills, even sent to tag cars along King Street—was this the career for a Charlie Chan? Honolulu—he loved it—but what was Honolulu doing for him? A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. Honolulu did not take him seriously—it had laughed at him only this morning. Like that alley out there, it was narrow—narrow as was his life.

With a ponderous sigh he sat down at his roll-top desk. It was swept clean—clean as the desk of an old man who has retired from business. He swung slowly about in his chair, which creaked in alarm. Getting older every day—well, his children would carry on. Rose, for instance. A brilliant girl, Rose; making a grand record at that mainland university.

There was a knock on Charlie's door. He frowned. Kashimo, perhaps, with more of his apologies? Or the chief, to learn what had happened upstairs?

"Come!" Chan called.

The door opened, and there on the threshold stood his good friend, Inspector Duff, of Scotland Yard.

XIV

A CHINESE does not, as a rule, register surprise, and a good detective learns early in his career the wisdom of keeping his emotions to himself. When you get the two in one package, as in the case of Charlie Chan, you are likely to have something pretty imperturbable. Yet now his eyes widened amazingly and for a moment his mouth stood open. One would have said that he was, at the least, slightly taken aback. In another moment he had leaped nimbly to his feet and was moving swiftly toward the door.

"My celebrated friend!" he cried. "For an instant I question the reliability of my sight."

Smiling, Duff held out his hand. "Inspector Chan!"

Charlie took it. "Inspector Duff!"

Duff tossed a brief case down on the desk. "Here I am at last, Charlie. Did I surprise you? I meant to."

"For a brief space the breath left me," grinned Charlie. "Putting it more forcefully, I might say I gasped." He held ready a chair for his visitor and inserted himself again into the one behind the desk. "I had so long desired this tremendous honor and happiness that I feared I endured hallucination. First question is now in order: What is your opinion of Honolulu, as far as you have got with it?"

Duff considered. "Well, it seems to be a nice clean town," he admitted.

Chan was shaking with silent mirth. "Almost I am drowned in the flood of your enthusiasm," he remarked. "But with you it is deeds, not words, I know. Busy man like yourself has no time for tourist nonsense. I make the wager you are here on case."

The other nodded. "I certainly am."

"I wish you no bad luck, but I am hoping you must remain for a lengthy visit."

"Only a few hours," Duff replied. "I'm here to meet the President Arthur at this port tomorrow morning, and I expect to go out on her when she sails for San Francisco tomorrow night."

Chan waved a hand. "Too brief, my friend. I am desolate to hear it. But I, too, know call of duty. You have, no doubt, a suspect on the ship?"

"Seven or eight of them," Duff answered. "Charlie, I've had suspects on boats and trains and at railway stations and hotels until I feel like a tourist agent. I'm on the strangest case; as soon as your work permits I want to tell you about it."

Charlie sighed. "Even if story requires one week to relate," he replied, "I possess plenty time to listen."

"Not much happening in your line, you wrote me?"

"The Indian philosopher who sat under one tree for twenty years was offensive busybody compared with me," Chan admitted.

Duff smiled. "I'm sorry. But perhaps in that event you can think about my troubles a bit, and it may be you can make a few suggestions."

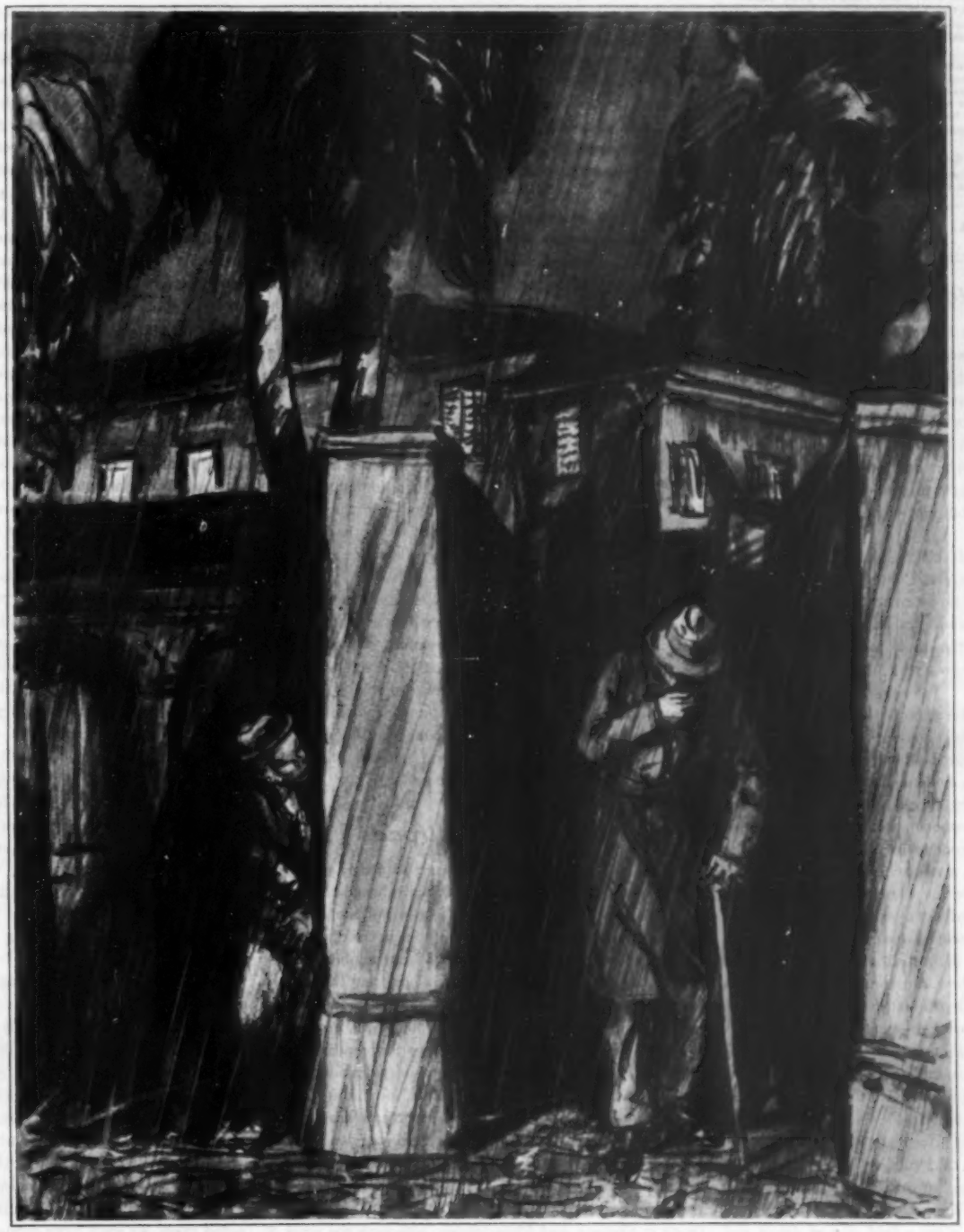
The Chinese shrugged. "Does the mosquito advise the lion?" he inquired. "But I burn to hear what brings you to this somnolent paradise."

"A murder, of course," Duff answered. "A murder in Broome's Hotel, in the city of London, on the morning of February seventh. Other murders, too, along the way, but only the first concerns me." And he launched into his story.

Chan listened, paying the rare tribute of silence as he did so. A casual observer might have supposed his interest slight, for he sat like a statue, seemingly as somnolent as the paradise he had mentioned. The little black eyes, however, never left Duff's face. Though the hands of the British detective busied themselves from time to time with his brief case, though he took out letters and notes and read from them, still Charlie's gaze remained riveted where it had been when the long tale began.

"And now it's Welby," Duff finished at last. "Poor little

(Continued on Page 34)



"I Behold Man Coming Out of Alley Into Lighted Street. He is Tall Man Wrapped in Big Coat"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 30, 1930

The Pension Question

THE enactment early in July of legislation providing for increased compensation to certain classes of veterans of the World War was not so important in itself, despite a substantial increase in government expense, but it takes on very real significance in view of the discussion which went with it. Readers will recall that the first bill which passed Congress was vetoed by the President on the ground that it departed from accepted principles of veterans' relief and compensation, and a bill more in accordance with his views finally became law.

It is not the details of this legislation, or even the dispute between President and Congress, with which we are at present concerned, or which primarily concern the people. What should interest the taxpayers, the voters and the public at large is the broad issue of general pensions for World War veterans which was raised or suggested at that time.

Anyone who can remember as far back as 1917 or who has read the history of those days is aware that the deliberate national policy was to avoid the dangers and burdens of a general or blanket pension system. In the first place, the Army was largely raised by a selective draft rather than by volunteering. In the second place, war-risk insurance at favorable rates was provided for all who entered the service. In the third place, a vast scheme or system of hospitalization and other care for those veterans who were injured or became diseased as a result of the war was adopted. In the fourth place, no one questioned the financial obligation of the nation to these disabled men, and under the law which existed before the recent additions some 374,500 veterans or their dependents were being compensated at an annual expense of $206,000,000 In the fifth place, Congress some years ago passed over the veto of President Coolidge the so-called bonus or adjusted-compensation law, and as a result of all these measures the total annual sum expended for World War veterans, before the recent additions, was well over half a billion dollars.

To declare categorically that full justice is being done, that the Government cannot afford to spend any more or that what is being done is the wisest possible expenditure of the money would be to enter a field of vast detail and specialized technicality. This is not necessary, and one does not need to be an expert on veteran relief and legislation to take a stand on a few general principles. In the first place, it is a grave question whether the taxpayers of the country are prepared to depart from the principle of paying compensation for injury and disease resulting from war service and to assume responsibility for disabilities which originate as ordinary incidents of life among the four and a half million veterans. It is true that after previous wars we always have cared for those who reached a period of life when they were too old to earn a living. But the average age of the four and a half million is now only thirty-eight, and if payments for disabilities not incurred in the war are to begin at this time, there should be full realization of the colossal nature of the ultimate burden.

To start on this road means, furthermore, that a general blanket pension system will in all probability develop, a system which means the same rates for men who actually suffered because of the war as for those who did not. It is plain that legislators who honestly favor such a course base their argument on the idea that the payment made to veterans is a reward or emolument on the part of a grateful country. They regard it as a testimonial of gratitude. This viewpoint may be logical where a few men volunteer, but where the entire male population within certain age limits is drafted, to reward them for responding becomes a logical absurdity. Military authorities suggest that in the next war all males, and perhaps even females, above a certain minimum or childhood age limit, be drafted and put into the work for which they are most fitted, regardless of the upper age limits. This would mean at least 50,000,000 people. Will it be suggested after the next war that all these men and women should be given a pension by a grateful country?

Nor can we see any sound or logical reason for making payments to veterans who are in no financial need of them. For the advocates of unlimited blanket pensions to deride such a wholly sensible provision as being a "pauper" clause is merely to beg the question. If the Government had the right to draft men, if these men suffered in no way from their service and if they are now financially self-supporting, it is the height of incongruity to say that the Government owes them a pension out of gratitude.

To be generous with the United States Treasury is a wonderful way to strengthen one's political fences. But the agencies of the Government affecting war veterans are now spending $800,000,000 a year; there is a limit somewhere. If payments to all veterans are extended in the way the politicians want, there will be nothing left in the Treasury with which to relieve those who really did suffer as a result of the war.

General Hines, director of the Veterans Bureau, says that to drive toward such stupendous expenditures as Congress desired, would have the effect of "eventually reacting against the interests of the disabled veterans themselves." It is the business of Congress to stick to a sound national policy in regard to the veteran problem and not turn it into a vast system of gifts, and it is the job of the people to see that its members do not use this whole question as a mere vehicle for vote getting.

Changing Railroads

SINCE the automobile has become so nearly universal the loss of passenger traffic by the railroads has been large, and its extent is to be measured not alone in the figures of railroad passenger earnings but in the disposition of many people to travel in their own automobiles rather than by train. Yet the railroads are adapting themselves to new conditions, and the progressive way in which they are meeting at least part of their problem is an impressive lesson to all. The new union passenger terminal in Cleveland is indicative of the prevailing modernization and of the fact, as President Crowley of the New York Central said at the recent opening, "that we who are charged with the duty of operating the railroads have confidence in the future."

This great improvement is but one of many. Among the more ambitious and elaborate terminal projects are those in Chicago and Philadelphia, although the scale of expenditure is scarcely less in numerous other cities. In addition, the electrification of a number of railroads in the more dense traffic territory is at last to become a reality. With this change in motive power, with the elimination of grade crossings and the straightening of curves, higher rates of speed are almost certain to come. It is perhaps premature to speak of railroad trains as the future competitors of airplanes in respect to speed, yet in the more thickly settled areas of the country the railroad should gradually develop into a sort of high-speed rapid-transit proposition, more like an elevated or subway than the feeble, curving, wandering streak that all railroads were at one time and that some are even yet. No one has sufficient gift of prophecy to say just what relation the railroad, automobile and airplane will bear to one another a generation hence. But it is a fairly safe guess that all will be needed on a scale far beyond the present.

The Civic Paradox

A SUCCESSION of indictments, removals, trials, and the like, of officials suggests a riddle that concerns everyone who is interested in the integrity of social institutions. How can this situation exist alongside of so much which is splendid and noble? Chicago, for example, is a city notorious for its gunmen and gangsters, for the warfare of organized crime. Yet nowhere else have the conceptions of city planning been carried out so consistently or on such a magnificent scale, and it is proposed to pay another tribute to good order and beauty with a world's fair there that is expected to excel all similar displays.

It matters not whether we consider New York, Chicago or any other great city; the open sores of political venality and organized crime are offset and, it is to be feared, too often conveniently ignored by looking the other way, in the direction of civic achievements in which all can take pride. At the very time when several public officials in New York were being revealed in all their lack of ethical standards, Mayor Walker was driving through the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and the Board of Aldermen a finely conceived idea for a city-planning commission.

In all these cities we find thousands of good citizens intensely interested in and devoted to hundreds of civic movements—churches, charities, schools, hospitals, clinics, community centers and institutes, settlements, libraries, playgrounds, lectures, universities, concerts, art museums, natural-history museums, and the like. Most of the people who support these movements or institutions and take part in them have very little interest in local politics. They concern themselves but little with elections or with the conduct of officials, unless it affects them directly or becomes a public scandal. There has grown up a feeling that it is not quite nice to take a hand in "dirty politics," but that an interest in private charities and institutions carries with it a certain amount of civic or social prestige.

These are the plain facts of the case, known to all. But where do they lead; is a real paradox presented? Of course this is an age of specialization, and it might be said that while certain men are better fitted to manage ward politics, others are suited by training or inclination to see that the community chest is cared for. Then, too, it is not to be denied that a large, even the major, part of a city's life may be normal, wholesome or even in many of its aspects distinguished, while in other sectors corruption reigns supreme. The gangsters and the grafters do not prevent the great majority of citizens—so we have all been told many, many times—from going about their legitimate and lawful affairs.

But if we want to be searchingly honest with ourselves it must be admitted that this is a narrow, superficial view to take. A rotten spot finally spoils an apple. All business and cultural institutions rest upon the integrity of government, and especially upon that of the courts. No city can be sound at the core whose politics are corrupt while the charity organization and the children's hospital are efficiently and honestly handled. These are hard things to say, but they are the truth. Simple arithmetic comes before algebra, and government precedes other civic institutions. Until this fact is both recognized and more universally acted upon, we shall have corrupt cities.

Finding the Lost Generation

By GILBERT SELDES

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WE HAVE an official date for the end of the war, but the exact moment in history when the young men began to enjoy "postwar disillusionment" is not recorded. The young men, and some not so young, let it be known that they were sensitive souls, so it is only fair to assume that by November 11, 1919, when the war had been ended a year and the peace treaty had been signed, their disillusionment must have been fairly complete.

This gives us a perspective of ten years. A decade after Armistice Day, the world was able to look back upon the war and the promises of peace, and cast its political and economic accounts. The same period ought to be sufficient for making a trial balance between the despairs, the miseries and threats of the postwar generation on one side and the actual accomplishments of that generation on the other.

There is a little difficulty in the beginning, because no one seems quite sure of the identity of the lost generation. In France and England and Germany, the definition was much more accurate. Shortly after the war, the English art critic, Clive Bell, went to Paris and took up again his friendship with the painters and sculptors who had been the young and somewhat wild generation before 1914. As he says, they were men who definitely established their style and character and even reputation before the war began. He asked one of them—one of these established men of before the war—"What about the young people?" And the painter replied, "We are the young people." The tragedy behind that perfectly true statement lay in the fact that the four years of war, which involved every man above the age of nineteen, had prevented a new generation from taking its place, not only in the field of art but in every field of human endeavor. There were no new young scientists and no new young business men, because in the four years in which they might have risen, they had all become old veterans in the trenches.

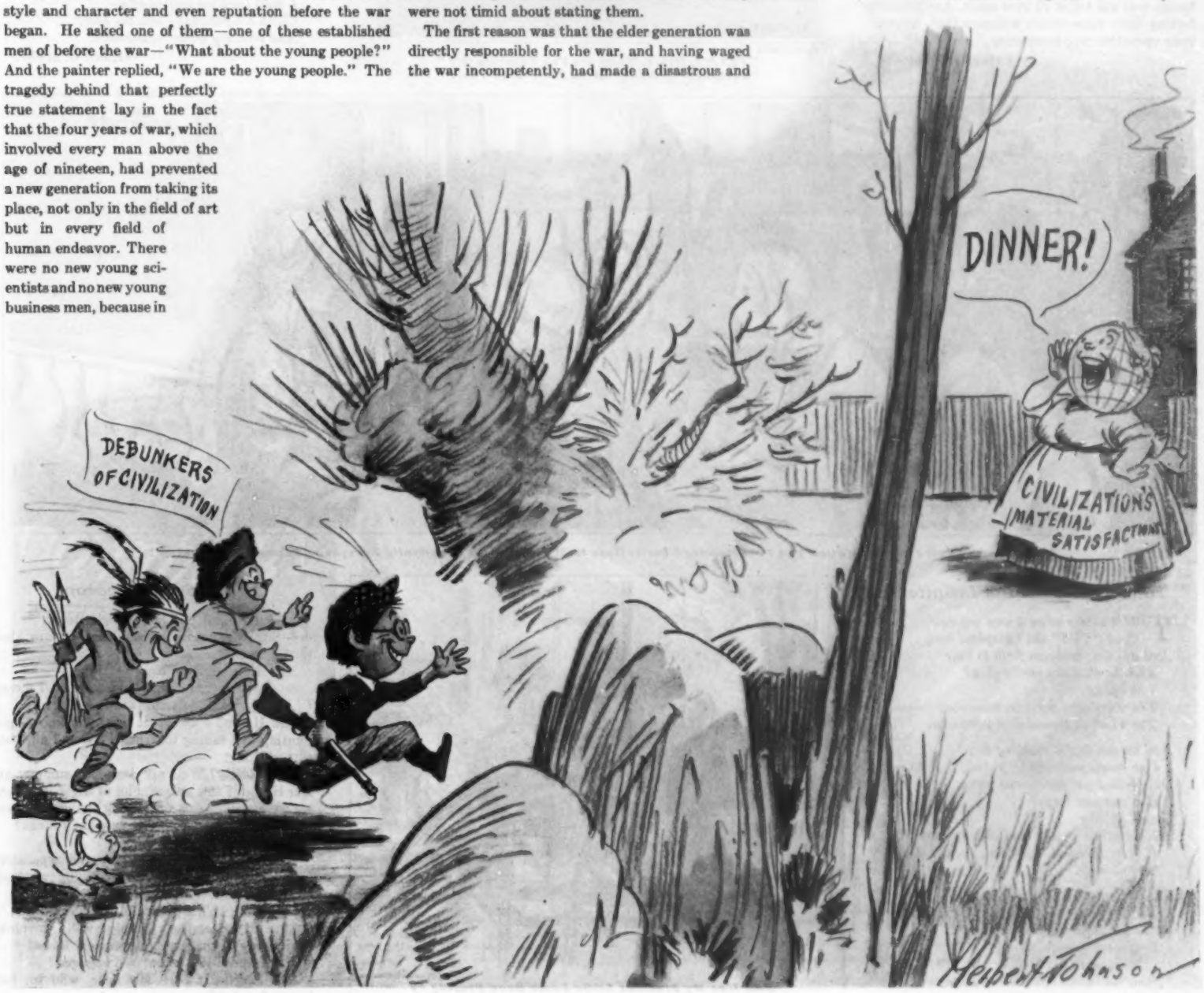
Nothing of the sort happened to America. Of the hundreds of thousands of young men who were in the Army, only a part underwent the boredom and agony of life in the front line, and the suffering of sensitive people in training camps could hardly be called direct experience of the horrors of war. Most of the men who were from seventeen to twenty-one years old in 1917 got their experience of the war at secondhand. They were emotionally shell-shocked because someone else had heard barrage fire. Yet they constituted a postwar generation, and their unhappiness was as genuine, if it was not quite so justifiable, as that of the corresponding age in Europe.

From 1919 and continuing for three years, this lost generation issued menaces and defiances to the world at large. The young men gave their elders to understand that the world would really have to get along without their assistance—a sort of general strike, led by the League of Youth. They had their reasons for this, and they were not timid about stating them.

The first reason was that the elder generation was directly responsible for the war, and having waged the war incompetently, had made a disastrous and ignoble peace. The young men came out of the training camps and smiled with contempt at Mr. Lloyd George's promise to make England a home fit for heroes to live in; partly because they did not believe in Mr. Lloyd George, and partly because they did not believe in heroes. Some of them held to a flickering faith in Woodrow Wilson, but the memory of his phrase about "the world safe for democracy" soon turned bitter. Even those who were enthusiastic about the Russian Revolution had no particular faith in Karl Marx and Lenin, but they were pleased to see destruction in Russia, because they hoped that it would be contagious and the whole framework of civilization would smash up in one ghastly disaster.

There were a great many other things in the postwar world which made the thoughtful young people furious and embittered. They did not like the financial prestige which America had gained, and they hated the business men who had profited by the war and the politicians who instituted witch hunts for Bolsheviks in America. They disliked the international sentimentality of President Wilson, and they disliked the brutal nationalism of those who opposed the League of Nations. They put little trust in statesmanship

(Continued on Page 69)



THE END OF THE BIG GAME HUNT

POST SCRIPTS

Postoperative

THE operation.

The solemn vow to be the one different woman and never, never to talk about it afterward.

The convalescence.

The first dinner party.

The sympathetic inquiry.

The ungarnished reply and the feeling of superiority.

The strange temptation and the stern repression.

The growing desire.

The lull in the conversation and the glorious letting go.

The detailed account of how you felt when you went under the ether. The story of what you said to the orderly and the terribly funny thing you said to the nurse. The biographic sketch of the surgeon. The loving description of the scar.

The kick under the table.

Your husband's face.

The coming to and the sense of shame.

The sense of satisfaction, which refuses to be suppressed.

The horrible realization that you have just had the time of your life, and that at the first opportunity you will tell it all over again. And the comforting little voice which whispers that, anyway, your operation was interesting.

—PATRICIA COLLINGE.

DRAWN BY MARGE

"Tell Me, Willie, What are You Thinking Of?" "Nothing." "What! At a Time Like This?"

Poem Written in Envy

LIGHTHOUSE keepers have it easy,
All year round their homes are breezy;
Noises don't disturb their labors
'Cause they haven't any neighbors.

No one gives them long descriptions;
Wakeful brats don't have conniptions;
Window shades are never needed—
They can dress or strip unheeded.

They don't need nine holes, or twenty—
They get exercise a-plenty;
Each trip down the spiral stairway
Equals three around the fairway.

No one rings who's representing
Folks who might consider renting;
Never are they wrought to pieces
Over mortgages or leases.

Lighthouse keepers have no baskets
For old papers, peels or gaskets—
They just make a careless motion,
And their trash drops in the ocean.

When I'm old I won't need pity;
I shall leave the sullied city—
Climb a lighthouse—lock the door,
And trim my wicks forevermore.

—*Albert G. Miller.*

DRAWN BY JACK CRAWFORD

"Whatever Shall I Do? I Mailed Out Five Hundred Invitations to My Party and Practically Everybody Seems to be Coming"

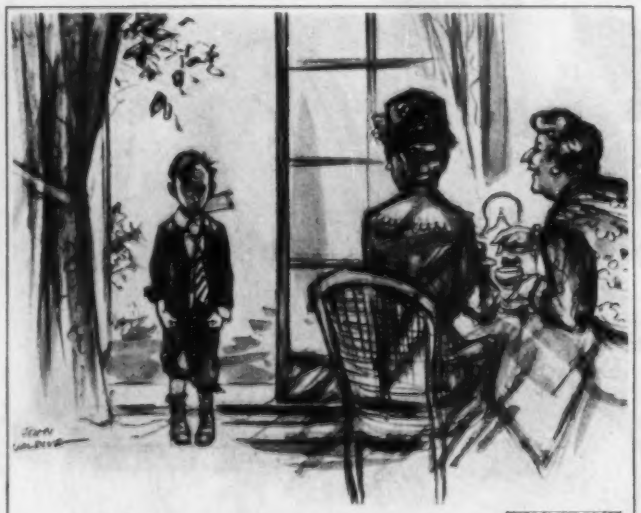
Tuning In With the Infinite

'TWAS winter when I won my dear,
And "Yes!" she whispered low;
And did the sun beam forth to hear
And the glad sky gently glow?
Why, no;
The skies were dark, in mourning dressed;
The wind continued west-northwest.

And on our joyful wedding day
Our hearts were light; but oh,
Did Nature put her threats away,
Her menaces forgo?
Why, no;
Nature was wroth; and all men wondered;
It rained, hailed, lightened, snowed and thundered.

And now the sun beams radiantly,
And earth's a wonder show;
Does Nature in her jealousy
Prepare a vengeful blow?
Why, no;
Emotions don't affect the weather;
You must be crazy altogether.

—*Morris Bishop.*



"And Has My Precious Little Lamb Been Playing by Himself in the Garden?"

The Logical Reason

HE: I HEAR you know Algie Beep.

SHE: Heavens, yes, my dear! I know him terribly well!

HE: Algie's a good egg.

SHE: My dear, I simply adore Algie! I mean I honestly think he's an awfully sweet boy!

HE: He and I are great pals, you know—go hunting and sailing together a lot, and all that sort of thing.

SHE: Really? Well, my dear, last summer at Bar Harbor I saw an awful lot of Algie—I mean we were always sort of barging round together hither and yon—do you know what I mean?

HE: You don't say!

SHE: Gosh, yes! Algie and I were inseparable last summer, my dear, and actually we had more darn fun! You can't imagine!

HE: Well, he's a great old fella, Algie is.

SHE: My dear, he's simply swell! I think Algie's one of the sweetest people I know!

HE: I spose you know he's engaged?

SHE *(startled):* No! My dear, who to, for heaven's sakes?

(Continued on Page 90)

Nature has poured her sunshine into this soup!

Ripened in the glorious sunshine until they are fairly bursting with luscious goodness! Those full-fleshed, juice-laden tomatoes that make the most delicious soup . . . Strained through mesh as fine as pin-points . . . to a smooth puree, further enriched with golden creamery butter and seasoned to your appetite's delight . . . by Campbell's famous French chefs . . . Enjoy this world-famous Campbell's Tomato Soup today . . . and often. And make daily choices from the 20 other Campbell's Soups also . . . a fascinating variety. 12 cents a can.

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Your choice . . .

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
	Vermicelli-Tomato

If any one should ask me
What I love a lot,
It's Campbell's when I'm hungry
And it's baby when I'm not!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

The Wrong Side of the Tracks

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

I Had a Nostalgic Longing to be Seen in This Costume by All the People in New York and California Who Had Snubbed Me, and, Deeper Even Than This, I Wished That the Nice Girls in Fording Could Witness My Glory

THE barrier which stood between me and the top of the London social ladder took the shape of a middle-aged American woman, Lady T——, who, after years of living in England, had established herself as the arbiter of all her socially ambitious compatriots. If Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown arrived from the United States, no matter with what credentials, the smart crowd turned to Lady T—— to see if she would say, "Thumbs up," or "Thumbs down." In the case of her approval, the newcomer would be given every chance to prove her worth—that is, her parties would be well-attended and she herself, if she proved amusing, would gradually be invited to English houses. But if, as happened nine times out of ten, Lady T—— shrugged her shoulders and refused to acknowledge the American, the opening wedge into the right set was almost impossible to make, and after one forlorn season of entertaining second-raters, Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Brown would usually declare that the climate of England disagreed with her and the next year would find her trying her luck in Rome or Paris.

I had concentrated, during my years over there, in building up friendships with the English themselves, but now that the war was over and a new social order had begun, there were so many of my fellow countrymen knocking at the gates of the elect that elimination had to be practiced even more rigorously than before.

"You must be presented at Court," Phyllis said, the first afternoon she came to have tea with me in our town house.

"But you yourself, the first time I saw you, said it was not important."

"It's not so important for us, my dear. But it's important for you, because you are an American."

She explained, "It's that silly old Kitty T——. Not that any of us care about her. But the older generation—the stuffy crowd who still count, no matter what one says—listen to her as if she were inspired. I'd like to see you presented; for after that you'd be asked everywhere, and then of course you could give them all up. As it is, if you only see the people who are really amusing, the old cats can say it's because you couldn't know the others."

I understood this, but I did not first understand the obstacle to my being presented. Phyllis herself was so well established, as were Lord C—— and others of my friends, that I had supposed they could easily arrange this ceremony.

"No, your name has to be proposed by your ambassador," the duchess told me. "And he, poor man, is besieged by Americans who want to go to Court. I've been talking about it with one of the secretaries there, who says it's a bigger task than the war debt. You see, it's partly political—the wives and daughters of men in the States who have influence over there must be considered first. And George has lived over here so long that he's counted as an expatriate. And that rather leaves the decision as to your being presented up to Lady T——."

Lady T——, as I was beginning to learn, always tried to take the new ambassador and his wife in charge and, in so far as she could, to chart their course in the intricate new social sea on which they were embarking. In a way, her guidance was valuable, for she knew London thoroughly, but she was human enough to misuse her power occasionally by paying off some personal grudge.

Under my cross-examination, Phyllis admitted that Lady T—— had such a grudge against me. "And it's the biggest compliment she could pay you, really," she added. "She's furious because all of us have become so fond of you without her official sanction. And she's determined to put an end to it if she can. So now she's saying that of course your own people don't know you at all. The truth is she's awfully afraid you're going to take her place."

Nothing could have fired my ambition to such heights. My depression vanished; I was now elated at the prospect of having such an enemy.

I dared not confide in George, for fear he would refuse to play his part in the scheme I was forming. On the two or three occasions when we had met Lady T—— in other people's houses, she had been pointedly cordial to him, in order to accentuate her coolness to me, but this he would not have admitted. So, without consulting him, I instructed his private secretary to find out everything possible regarding the new ambassador—his tastes, prejudices and background.

I studied the numerous press clippings and verbatim reports of our new diplomat's speeches with utmost care, seeking some clew which would enable me to attain my end, but the first result of my analysis was discouraging. For he was conspicuously pro-American and determined not to cater to the English. So the hope that my friends in high positions might influence him in my behalf had to be relinquished.

The belief that his independence of thought and action might be used to my advantage haunted me, however. I reread all his speeches and also perceived that his interests were primarily intellectual, not social. He had paid a splendid tribute to certain of the older generation of British authors, among them one famous novelist who, I knew, was an old friend of Lord C——.

Phyllis, through her friend at the embassy, learned that the two men had not yet met, although the ambassador was keenly desirous of having it arranged.

Lord C——, who had formed the habit of dropping in for tea two or three times a week, agreed to bring the novelist to see us and teased me about starting a salon.

The morning after I had extracted this promise, I dropped into the shop which I had financed for Lady Georgina, gave the youthful proprietor the most extravagant order she had ever taken, then brought her home for luncheon with George and me. She was rapturous about the house and declared it a divine place for parties, and asked when would I start entertaining.

After my husband had gone out—he had been taken into even the most exclusive clubs after the war, when the lists were depleted and few Englishmen could afford the dues—I talked in a matter-of-fact way to Georgina about a business-like exchange of services. She guessed that I wanted her to bring her crowd, including the popular young royalty, to my balls, but I told her that before I started on large entertainments, I wanted to have her mother, the Marchioness of R——, ask me to the small dinner which, I had learned, she was to give that week in honor of the new ambassador and his wife.

I knew, from the embarrassed expression that appeared on Georgina's face, that this would be difficult, but I also knew, from our conversation in the shop, that business was far from flourishing.

The next day I received a formal invitation from the marchioness, and by the same messenger who carried my acceptance I dispatched a check to Georgina for the amount of my extensive purchases the morning before.

It required a good deal of courage—or, as my enemies would have said, brazenness—to make my first appearance at the marchioness' house under those circumstances. But the end for which I was striving seemed to me to warrant the means I employed. I had even fortified myself against possible lack of cordiality on the part of my hosts, having learned by this time that the British did not on all occasions adhere to the American code that the guest under one's roof must be regarded, at least temporarily, in a friendly way. But apparently Georgina had warned her parents of the advisability of treating me well, so I had only Lady T—— to deal with.

The ambassador, of course, sat at the right of our hostess, and on his other side was his self-appointed social mentor. As dinner progressed, I realized that she was talking about me to him in an unfavorable way, but I steeled myself against having this affect my scheme.

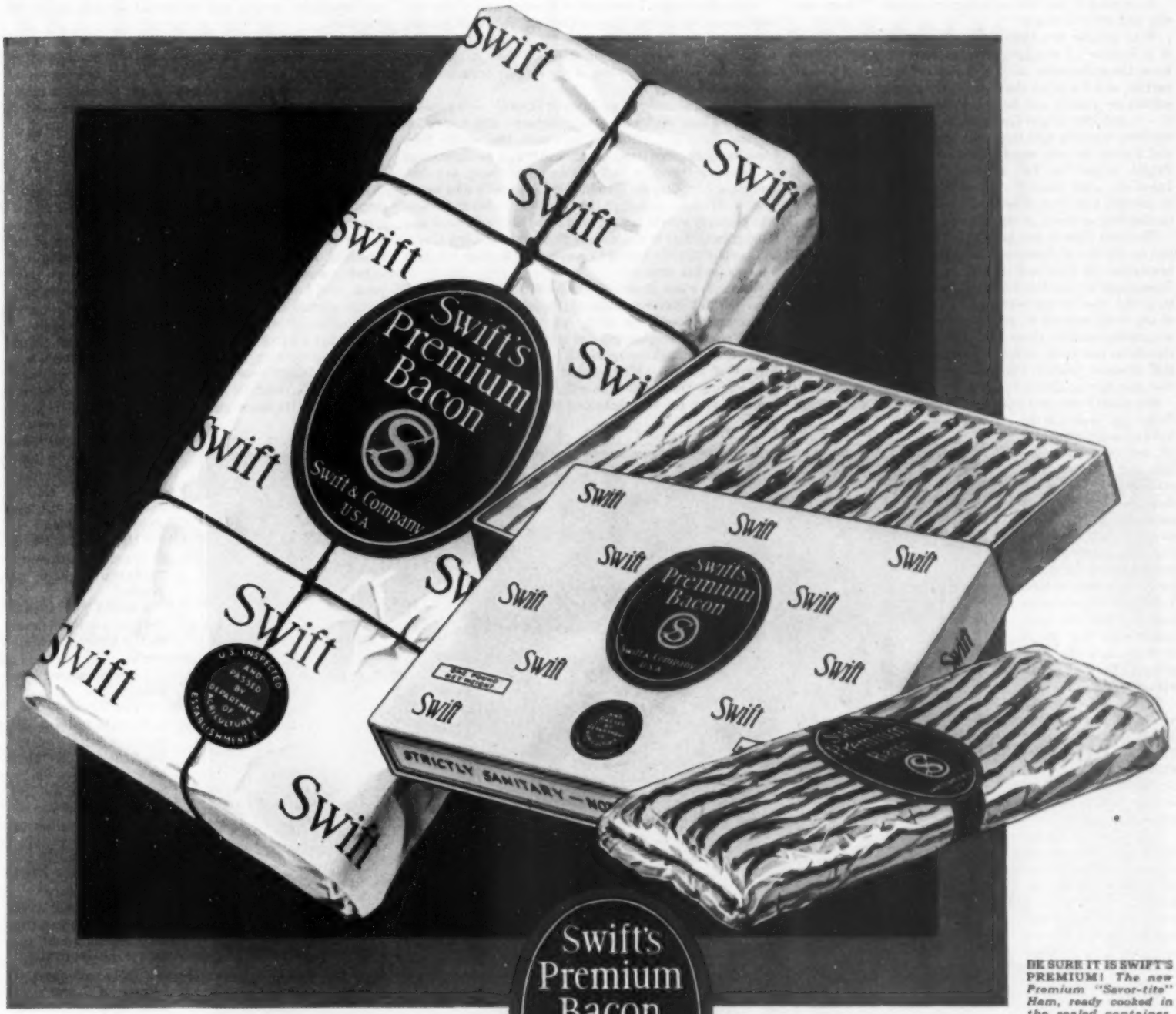
When the women went into the drawing-room for coffee, I contrived to sit next to the ambassadress. I found that she was a little bewildered and more than a little homesick, and I gave her practical advice about housekeeping in London, in which she seemed interested, and then, by careful timing, I started a story about the famous novelist just as the men started to join us.

"Do come over here," she called to her husband. "Mrs. Lemar is telling me about your hero."

Our host involved her in a tête-à-tête, but the ambassador took a chair next mine and began questioning me eagerly about the author, who was now too old to go out except very quietly.

(Continued on Page 26)

BECAUSE the flavor of Swift's Premium Bacon, its mildness and savor, are uniquely delicious; because its tender meat is so evenly proportioned with fat and lean; because it can be bought, in sanitary wrappings, in any of the three convenient ways shown here—these are some of the reasons why two generations of careful housewives have asked their dealers to "Be sure it's Premium."



Swift's Premium Bacon

Swift's Premium seal—a mark which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *The new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

(Continued from Page 24)

At last I said, "He's lunching at my house with just a few friends next week. I'd be delighted to ask your wife and you, but I don't dare."

"Why not?"

I looked across at Lady T——, who was watching us intently, then back at him with a successful attempt at wide-eyed innocence. "Because I know that she censors your engagements, and I'm on her black list."

He sprang to his feet in indignant denial: "Name the day and we'll be there."

With greater care than if I had been planning a dinner of a hundred, I arranged this luncheon of eight. For I knew the ambassador and his wife must be tired of formal parties, and I wanted them genuinely to enjoy mine. The celebrated author and he got along famously, and Lord C—— and Phyllis and Georgina delighted him. He could not help realizing that they were intimate friends of mine, and I think he contrasted them favorably with the group Phyllis called "stuffy" in which Lady T—— moved. Later on, when Lady T—— made the mistake of trying to prevent him from staying with us in the country, she turned him into one of my staunch allies.

The next June it was an easy matter to have my name put on the list of Americans he wished to present to their Majesties, the King and Queen. And no opposition to my appearance at Court could be substantiated. It was again, as in the case of my marriage to George, a vindication of my early instinct to give no chance for even a breath of personal scandal about me. For no matter what lack of standards had come about in postwar England, the Court still retained toward American women as rigid a selective standard as Queen Victoria herself could have wished.

But when I returned from this ceremony at Buckingham Palace and looked in the mirror at the white plumes fastened in my hair and the long train attached to the shoulders of my white satin gown, I forgot about my conquest of London. I had a nostalgic longing to be seen in this costume by all the people in New York and California who had snubbed me, and, deeper even than this, I wished that the nice girls in Fording could witness my glory.

Suddenly the point of my version of the Cinderella story struck me: To me, the great triumph would not have been the courtship of the prince but the envy of the wicked stepsisters.

Yet, in spite of my desire to have my triumphs known at home, I kept my name out of the papers as carefully as I could; of all the American hostesses, I was the only one who shunned publicity. I could not bear the thought of having those old stories of my days as a trained nurse and, before that, my poverty-stricken existence in Illinois brought to light.

My English friends thought that this proved my innate good breeding, especially when I even refused to allow printed mention of the dinner dance which the handsome young prince attended and declared was the best party of the year.

I had not invited him until after my presentation at Court; now no criticism was possible. I had determined that no one could say of me, as they did of others of his hostesses, that his presence conveyed no true social prestige. All that I had studied and observed about entertaining, plus my sharpened instincts about people, combined to make me a good hostess. I no longer climbed; I had reached the top rung of the ladder, and I thought I could trust my sense of balance to keep me there. Now no ambition was left except a childish and yet unconquerable longing to go home and show the acquaintances of my childhood what I had attained.

Night after night I dreamed of Fording and of the railroad tracks rising before me to keep me from ever crossing onto the right side. If this had not recurred so often, I would have thought it a premonition that it happened again a few hours before one of my earliest acquaintances came back into my life.

We had all planned to go down to Lord C——'s country place for a long week-end. His grandson—who was called "young Maurice," although he was in the middle thirties—had consented to go, on condition that he could bring an American friend he had met during the war, and that everyone, including his grandfather, be awfully nice to the visitor. Maurice, although the heir to the title and whatever property should remain, had stood for Parliament as a Labour candidate at the last election, and old Lord C—— had supported the winning Conservative, so their relations were somewhat strained.

However, when Maurice explained that his guest was a very rich and clever American, they all agreed that they would exert themselves to be pleasant. This phase of British postwar propaganda had amused me on other occasions; for, although unorganized, it had a remarkable percentage of success. Word would go out—scarcely more than a hint—that some influential American was in London, and even the most frivolous of English women would exert themselves to be charming to him. Many of my fellow countrymen who at this time were the recipients of invitations from titled ladies they had met only once, or sometimes not at all, were bewildered and greatly flattered. Occasionally one shrewder and less susceptible to the glamour of the peerage would become suspicious, but the majority let themselves be entertained, and, when they returned to the United States, declared that our attitude toward the English was all wrong, that they were a friendly and hospitable people, and we should at once cancel the war debt.

It was so diverting to observe both sides of this game that I was especially regretful when, on Thursday afternoon, George came back from watching the tennis at Wimbledon with a bad cold and a slight temperature, and I had to insist that he go to bed. When at last he consented, he urged me to go to the country without him, but I refused. As a reaction against years of invalidism, he now took too little care of his health, and I feared that if I left him he would do something rash.

Perhaps it was because London was so comparatively empty and quiet over the week-end, and I stayed so constantly with George to insure that he have the rest the doctor prescribed, that I had such a strong sense of the return of the past. I was again his nurse; our initial relationship seemed to have altered so little during all these years. And I wondered more than ever before if it was right that a woman should be the stronger? Between us there was undemonstrative affection and mutual trust, but it was always I who was leaned on, I who led the way. Then, on Monday morning, Phyllis rang me up. There was a note of greater vitality in her voice than I had heard for years.

"Maurice's friend the American is an old friend of yours," she began. "He knew you when you were a little girl."

"A friend of mine? Who is it?" My first instinct was of fear. Someone from Fording had turned up. Had he told them about my stepfather's saloon?

"His name is Henry Goetz—he said you'd remember him as Heinie."

I could not speak. Heinie, "a rich and clever man," a friend of Maurice's!

"Are you there?" she asked at last.

"Yes."

"I'd like to bring him to lunch with you today," she went on. "He's keen to see you again. Said you were his first love, and all his success was due to your having snubbed him frightfully. I made him tell me the story of his life. It's thrilling, my dear!"

Only after I had given my reluctant consent to their lunching with me did I realize that I might truthfully have put it off because of George's illness. He was still in bed, and hated to have me out of his sight. But when I tried to get Phyllis again, she had gone out; so I prepared myself as best I could for the ordeal.

When I was giving George his medicine, I began to laugh, almost hysterically.

"What's funny?" he asked.

"Democracy. The Duchess of L—— is bringing the son of a saloonkeeper to lunch with me!"

"Must be rich," he commented drowsily. "Anyway, brewers have

(Continued on Page 32)

We Lingered Over Coffee; Heinie, With Endearing Simplicity, Asked Our Advice About How and Where to Live

When markets decline, plants with the highest production costs generally shut down first, decreasing total production in their industry. Plants with lowest costs continue to produce at a profit.

When market prices fall . . . low production costs protect you . . .

Declining commodity prices and resulting keen industrial competition are bringing more and more emphasis upon correct lubrication—as a means of reducing production costs.

The rapidly-growing mechanization of industry brings ever more and more emphasis upon correct lubrication as a means of lowering costs. Correct lubrication cuts costs in many ways. It means—

1. Less waste of power
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4. Less labor cost for lubricating
5. Less depreciation of machinery investments
6. Less total operating cost per unit of production

And correct lubrication usually costs less on a per-year basis. Vacuum Oil Company lubricants and lubrication service give longer and better lubrication from each gallon of oil, and less oil waste because of correct application methods.

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A lubrication analysis of all your machinery, based upon our 64 years' experience in all kinds of industrial lubrication around the world, is fairly certain to save money for you as it has for thousands of other industrial plants.

Your request for information incurs no obligation—and will be answered by a lubrication specialist in your field.

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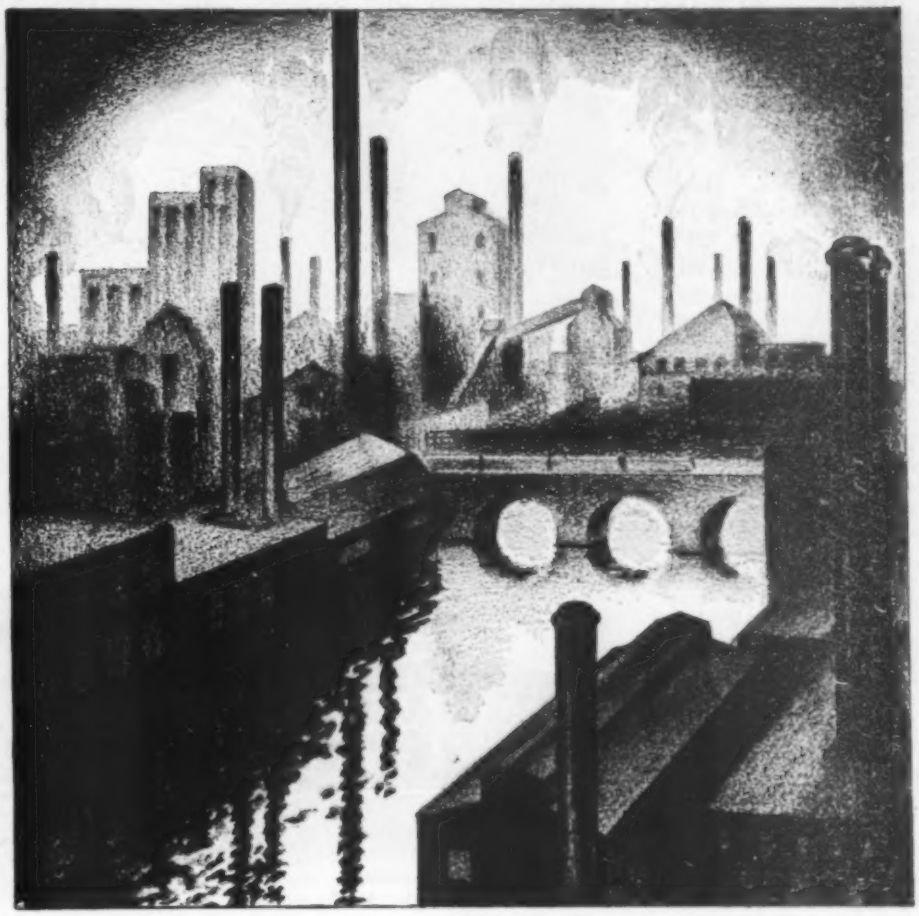


6 months delay cost me $8690

Like many other apartment owners, I delayed as long as possible in ordering electric refrigerators for my 43-apartment building at Evanston. I did not realize their importance until it was too late.

My loss in rentals which can be directly attributed to a six months' delay in buying General Electric Refrigerators amounted to $8,690.00 or more than the cost of the refrigerators for all the apartments. This is how it happened:

In March, 1929, I had the building full. In May I lost three tenants because I refused to install electric refrigerators, and in October I lost seven more. These vacancies represented the loss of $8,690.00.

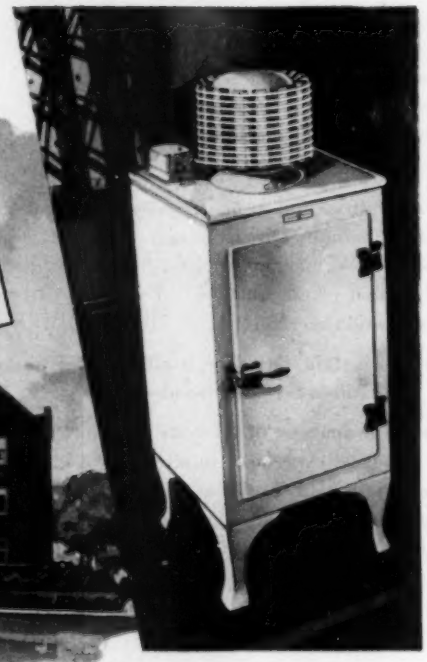
Then I installed General Electric Refrigerators.

Now the apartments are fully occupied—my vacancy loss is completely wiped out.

J. N. Lott

Too late, I found General Electric Refrigerators DO rent apartments

By
Mr. J. N. LOTT, Apartment House Owner, Evanston, Ill.



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1210-1222 Central St., Evanston, Ill.

Read the actual words of Mr. J. N. Lott, who *owned* the apartments, who *lost* the $8690, who *bought* the General Electric Refrigerators, and who increased his occupancy to 100%. Mr. Lott, like thousands of other apartment house owners, has recognized the sound *economy* in installing General Electric Refrigerators. The efficiency, durability, quietness and dependability of General Electric Refrigerators mean as much to the apartment house owner, to the operator and banker, as they do to the tenant who enjoys their reliable, economical service.

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ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

ELECTRIC WATER COOLERS COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATORS ELECTRIC MILK COOLERS

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Hunting of the Elk

ABOUT fifteen years ago, through the efforts of far-sighted sportsmen and lovers of wild life, the state of Colorado bought a sizable herd of elk in Wyoming, brought them into Colorado and released them in several of the mountain counties of the state. There still remained a number of scattered native elk, and every protection was thrown around these and their imported cousins, with the result that the elk population of Colorado has increased considerably since that time. Almost every mountain county now has its herd or herds of elk. In our own county of Clear Creek we have an estimated elk population in excess of two hundred. And I can testify to the thrill of seeing the antlered heads of a herd outlined against the sky on Flirtation Peak high above our town, as the animals occasionally come there to feed.

Unfortunately for the elk, however, they like hay and lettuce and other mountain crops rather too well. In some counties the elk herds destroyed many such crops in recent years, and the yearly damage claims against the Colorado fish-and-game department became burdensome. In 1925 a bill was passed by the state legislature authorizing the game commissioner to destroy wild animals that were causing damage. Under this act, game wardens were instructed to dispose of enough old bull-elk herd leaders to remedy the difficulty. But these old veterans of the woods were too wary, and in the instances when wardens did outwit them, many people who were ignorant of the law protested that they were being killed illegally, and this led to some poaching.

Elk Murder

IN 1929 a new law was passed providing for an open season for elk and other game upon request to the game commissioner from the county commissioners of any county where game animals or birds were causing damages the commissioners felt warranted relief measures. The commissioners of four counties—Routt, Grand, Boulder and Gilpin—presented such petitions regarding elk, and Game Commissioner Parvin set about to declare the first open season on these animals. He sought to limit not only the season but also the number of hunters, and to accomplish the latter he undertook to issue a special elk-hunting license. But too late it was discovered that a technicality in the laws of the state prevented this, and he was obliged to permit all holders of big-game licenses to hunt elk. As the resident big game license costs only five dollars, there were many issued. But it was mandatory upon the commissioner to declare the open season, which he did on November 4, 5 and 6, 1929, hoping for the best.

For three days the four counties resembled an armed camp, and elk herds were literally allowed to be almost annihilated by the very laws designed to protect them. It wouldn't have been so bad, actually, if all the hunters had waited until the season opened or had confined themselves to the killing of bull elk, which were the only ones the law permitted to be killed. But this open season on elk seemed also to be open season for tenderfeet and butchers. In addition, unusually heavy early snows had brought the elk herds down from the very high country, making them more easily accessible than usual.

Many true sportsmen reported that hunters—and the word "hunters" scarcely fits them—shot everything in sight, including cow elk and calves that were less than a year old. A group of three men went in on the day before the season opened and killed a cow elk, wounded a bull and two calves, and then allowed them to wander away and die. The men were convicted and paid a heavy fine, it is true, but they violated a law—the unwritten code of the true sportsman—that no penalty can satisfy. Some of these mighty hunters didn't seem to know the difference between a buck deer and a bull elk. No one will ever know how many of the former were mistaken for the latter and were killed or wounded. The story is told, however, of at least one hunter who proudly brought out his kill, tied it as proudly on his car, and started for home very much satisfied with himself.

He had driven only a few miles when he was stopped by a game warden who demanded to know what manner of animal that was he had there. The hunter explained patiently to the warden that that was a bull elk, as any dumb-bell could tell by its horns, and he didn't care who knew it. The warden replied that likely it was. That was a buck deer, and he could explain that to the judge, which the Nimrod did to the tune of something like a hundred dollars and costs.

Another sportsman reported that he came upon the carcass of a cow elk riddled by twenty-one bullets. That torn carcass described what kind of hunters had passed that way more clearly than any mere words could do. This same sportsman declared that more meat was left on the ground than was brought in, which probably isn't much of an exaggeration, for another practice of many who killed a bull elk was merely to cut off the head and let the carcass lie. It is another of the unwritten laws of good hunting and true sportsmanship never to kill game unless it can be brought in and used. But that law went by the board again and again, just as the others did. It is true that many animals were brought down in wild and inaccessible country, and that many hunters were asked exorbitant prices for having their kill hauled out, but that doesn't help the situation much.

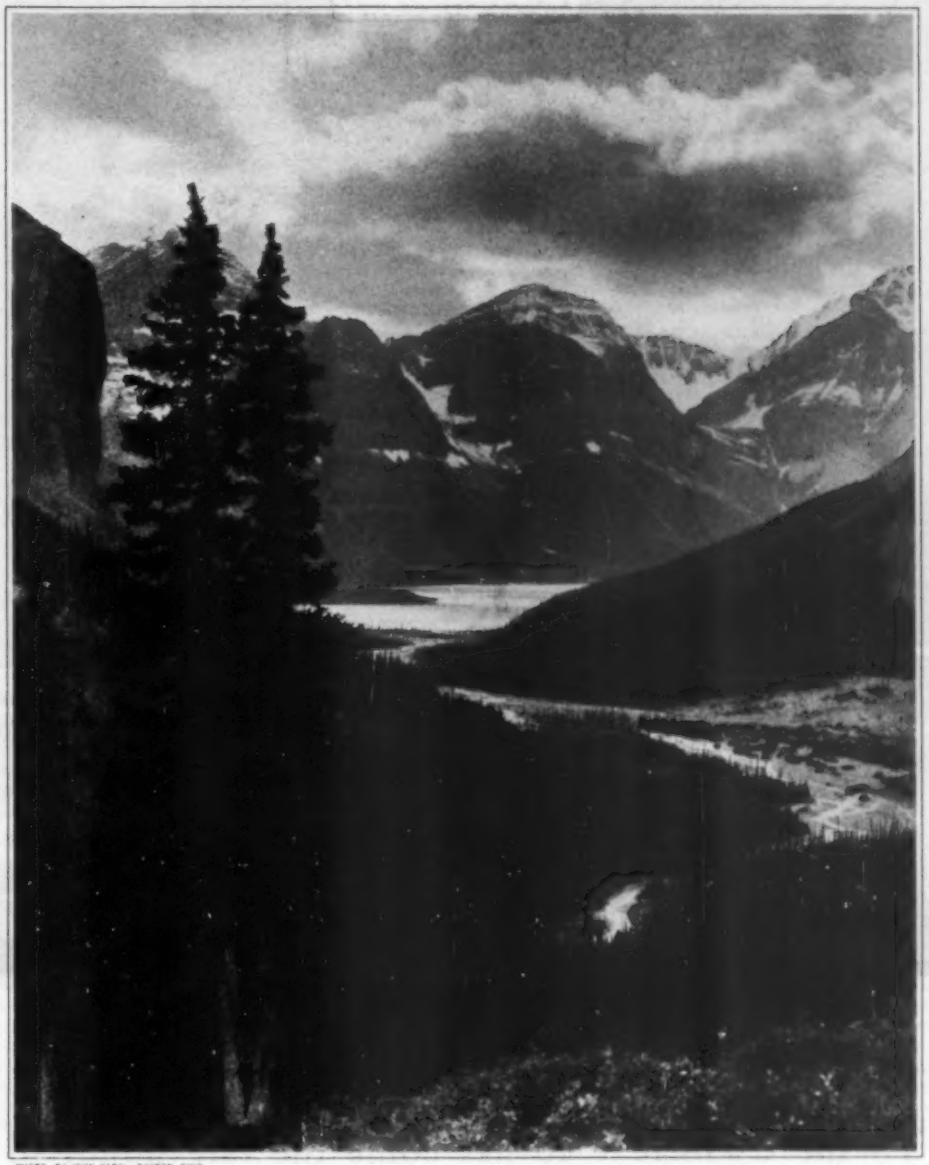


PHOTO. BY JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OHIO

Maligne Lake, Jasper Park, Canada

Sportsmanship

AS A DECIDED contrast to these practices, one real sportsman and hunter put many of his fellows to shame in the matter of getting out his kill by dragging his big elk seven miles unaided. That shows something more than the mere desire to kill. May his tribe increase!

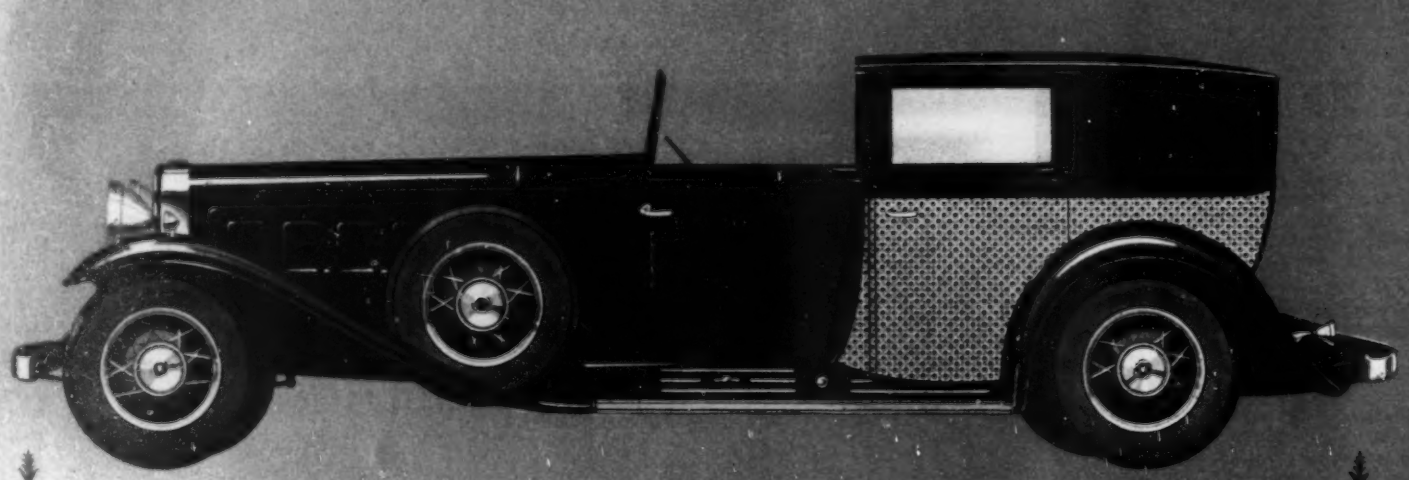
A story comes from one county illustrating another pleasant bit of sportsmanship. It is to the effect that a group of seven hunters were pushing through the timber like troops in close-order drill, when a bull elk broke cover and ran. Six of the men fired at the elk and missed. The seventh brought him down. The six claimed the elk, each arguing that his shot had killed the animal. And they drove home their arguments on the seventh man by beating him up severely.

Besides the cow elk, deer and several head of cattle which were killed, there were numerous calves left to starve beside their dead mothers, and a considerable number of wounded animals allowed to wander off to suffer and die because they were shot with rifles too light to be effective. And thus was violated another of the unwritten laws of the true sportsman, which requires him to use proper firearms for the game hunted and insists that he track down and kill mercifully a wounded animal if it is humanly possible to do so.

Nothing here set down should be construed as reflecting upon Colorado or her citizens. The case is one which has aroused all true sportsmen throughout the state. A public statement issued by Game Commissioner Parvin at the close of the season expresses the attitude of Colorado sportsmen. "It is too bad," the commissioner declared, "that when an open season on elk occurs once in a lifetime, it has to be regarded as a carnival and all the laws of good sportsmanship and decency violated, as well as the laws of the land. And why anyone should want to kill just for the sake of killing, with no idea of using the meat taken, no one has ever been able to explain, but there seem to be a few people who get their pleasure that way."

This hunting of the elk in Colorado merely illustrates once more the need for those things sportsmen have long been fighting for—namely, laws which are carefully thought out to give the maximum of protection to wild game; and a continued campaign designed to make veterans out of tenderfeet painlessly and harmlessly, as well as sportsmen out of game butchers.

—MILLARD MILBURN RICE.



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QUEUES AND CUES

(Continued from Page 5)

which the house rocked, and the stage manager came to and rang all the bells there were—curtain, safety curtain and orchestra cue for God Save the King, which is the official end of all performances in England.

These stories are not likely to produce a calm in the fluttering heart of the American artist. In fact, Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt of the Theater Guild were petrified with fright when they opened for a short season last summer. Although Miss Fontanne is an Englishwoman, she had played in America so long that her main memories of British audiences were mostly of the awful things they could do. This, coupled with the physical difficulties of playing on a stage with a rake—don't misunderstand me; I do not mean playing with a garden implement in her hand, but standing upon a stage floor which slants back from the footlights to the back drop, thereby making your up-stage leg several inches shorter than the one nearer the audience—reduced her to such a state of nerves that she could have answered an emphatic affirmative to that irritating but eternal question, "Do you get nervous when you go on the stage?"

Practically all stages in England have this rake in varying pitches, though I don't suppose there are three left in America now. The old theaters with gas footlights were often built in this manner, but the modern theaters never. You can see, then, that the greater number of theaters in England are old ones.

The theaters in the provinces are mostly of the raked-stage type, and some still have gas footlights, or floats, as they are called in England.

A West End actor who toured in his early years tells a story of a road company of an English version of the then world-popular pig-and-chicken play—you know, the Shore Acres and The County Chairman type we used to have in America—where they "traveled" a lot of chickens who were taken from their coops, which were always relegated to the dressing rooms up in the flies—and the ones, of course, without heat—and let loose on the stage in Act II to peck about at the corn scattered for them by the property man. This was for atmosphere, and held great advertising possibilities. The only trouble was that their legs were always so cold from their bitter dressing rooms that instead of pecking at the corn so temptingly spread, while the actors said their lines, the hens made a break for the footlights and sat on the electric-light bulbs until they got warm, making pitiful clucks all the while. The leading lady complained that those wretched chickens were ruining her scenes, but the impresario knew they were worth a dozen leading ladies to the audience. However, one day they struck one of these old-fashioned theaters with gas footlights, and this time the hens completely wrecked the show by sitting down hopefully on the open flames, and then running about the stage squawking madly, with their bustles afire.

A King and His Weskit

When they say Theatre Royal, I am not sure it doesn't mean that that theater is in some way connected with the Crown, but when they say The Duke of York's Theatre and The Prince of Wales' Theatre it does not mean that those theaters belong to those members of the royal family; those are only names given to the buildings, as we call ours The Majestic or The Palace or The Empire. There is in every theater, however, a royal box which can be reached by a private entrance, and which has an anteroom where the royal personages receive guests or the manager or whichever actors they may desire to meet. The actor is notified by an equerry and taken to make his or her bob in this room between the acts. The Prince of Wales and his brothers prefer to sit in the stalls among the commoners, but of course the King and Queen may never do that, nor may they applaud. If the King and Queen arrive before the curtain goes up, the orchestra must play God Save the King and the actors must curtsy to them upon entering the stage, which is the reason why King George prefers to arrive after the lights have gone down, so as to make his visit as comfortable for the actors and audience as possible, and his own enjoyment informal.

When they paid us the honor of coming to Bitter Sweet, the Queen arrived first as the lights were lowered, and the King when the curtain was up. The audience thus did not discover that they were there until the first interval, although the actors naturally could see them immediately. I remember the King created a tremendous sensation among the men of the company, because he wore a black waistcoat with his full dress—or "with his white tie," as they say in London, where the proper dress for a man for a function is designated by the phrase "black tie" or "white tie." We say, rather superfluously, "dinner coat" or "full dress," but the other seems to be so much more succinct.

Black Ties in a White-Tie Audience

It is the duty of the housekeeper of a theater to see that the royal box is warm and that the Queen has a bouquet of flowers, which she always lays on the rail of the box and never forgets to take home with her. And the only thing the American actor must remember when playing before them is that in taking his bows he must bow first to the royal box and then to the audience.

When the play had finished that night I shall not forget the moment when the national anthem began after the last curtain. There was a quiet hush and then here and there a voice began as if in thanksgiving, until at last the whole house swelled into the hymn, glad their King was well again and able to be about among them. It was very moving. It made you understand the stories of those queues which had stood outside Buckingham Palace in the rain until two in the morning to read the bulletins when George the Fifth lay close to death.

As an American actor looks at a London audience, it is, I must confess, more gala than those at home, perhaps for the reason that everyone is always in evening dress, and the expanse of white shirt fronts, white waistcoats and white ties, as well as the light-colored frocks of the women, gives the mass a lighter tone, due to the reflected light from the stage on those boiled shirts and ermine coats. The average American does not consider the theater a full-dress affair, and if he dresses at all, the dinner coat is as far as he will go. During the season, which in London is from May until the middle of July, you can spot American men by their black ties, as you can spot American women by their shoes. London turns out for its women, alas, the ugliest shoes extant. It is a man's country—we all have heard about that—but it seems hard on the women still to have to wear long pointed toes of the toothpick variety, formed like a capital A, clumsy arches and what used to be called a baby Cuban heel. I have a pair of black kid slippers for which I scoured New York when I played Candida in the costume of the 90's, and only found in a shop where they cater to old ladies, exactly the last of the shoes displayed today for the shopper even in Bond Street, London's Fifth Avenue. Englishwomen are crazy about American shoes, and Miss Constance Collier, when she returns from America, always brings a trunkful of them to suit any costume in any play she may be doing in England. Of course, American stockings are their passion, for they far excel in shape and coloring anything made in England. As for other articles of American costume—well, the wife of an Irish dramatist and critic who visited New York a year or so ago said to the press in disgust that she couldn't find a decent hat in all New York, but judging from the one she was wearing, and the similar specimens I have seen in England, it all depends on the definition of decent.

You would say offhand that the British are the most untheatrical of nations, but one finds in their daily life so many things which fulfill the love of pageant which finds its outlet only in Masonic parades and such things in America. Even so simple a thing as refraining from smoking at a public luncheon or banquet, until the toast to the King has been drunk standing, or the presence of a professional toastmaster in a red coat and satin breeches who pounds on the door jamb or the floor with his mallet and shouts in ringing tones, "My lords, ladies and gentlemen! The toast is ——" and repeats whatever it is the speaker wishes him to repeat, or the traditional opening of assizes with trumpeters and gold braid, or wigs on lawyers, all have dramatic significance and enrich the daily life of these cousins of ours. It is no strain therefore for the Britisher to dress to go to the theater, for he or someone around him is always dressing up for something or other.

The sense of tradition and contact with it hits the American with awe somewhat, for while we may have broken deliberately with all that when we went off to find ourselves a free land, still there were charming things about it now lost to us, and we often feel as if we were indeed outlanders. But when that tradition means, as it sometimes does, being uncomfortable, the American won't be bothered, and considers his cousins with all their doodads just plain stupid for not knowing more about the comforts of life.

It is all very well to live in the house of your great-great-great, but why still try to use his plumbing? It is a feast for the eye to enter one of the great houses and see at the head of the grand staircase in front of you a life-sized portrait of an ancestor by Romney or Lawrence, but it is a bit of a shock to see on your left a stove like the one they used to sit around in country stores during the long winter evenings and spit on, as the only heating apparatus for the stair well.

Warm Hospitality

There is a good deal said over here about central heating's being so unhealthy, and you are continually being told of places where they had it installed at great expense and then had it ripped out at more expense. It must be part of the Spartan training of the school system, where for instance it is thought an unnecessary expense to make the boys comfortable, even to the business of getting them a study light; in fact, I know that at one of the most famous of all boys' schools they have to sit on the floor under a single bald hanging light to do their work, and sitting on a floor in England in winter means being brutally cold! Perhaps, then, having had this sort of upbringing, it does seem as if it were too much like coddling oneself to be comfortably warm. Gilda Varesi, who wrote and played in Enter Madame, you remember, who is married and lives here, told me of her first experience with having an American woman and an Englishwoman to lunch the same day her first winter in England, and debating with herself beforehand what she should do about this question of heat. Should she start all the grates in the house going early for the benefit of the American, or should she heat only the rooms they would be in, leaving the halls cold, for the Englishwoman's so-called comfort? Finally she decided that the American might take cold, whereas the Englishwoman would only be uncomfortable for an hour, and fired up early. When the luncheon guests arrived the American made no comment on the temperature, and the Englishwoman exclaimed, "Oh, how lovely and warm this house is!" That taught her a lesson she says she has never forgotten, and she keeps her house at an American temperature for all nationalities now.

It is a little bewildering to hear steam heat decried, and yet to hear those who say the most about it complaining bitterly of the cold both inside and out; to have the housekeeper of the theater say when I myself was frozen that the patrons of the theater wouldn't stand for its being a degree warmer, yet to note those very patrons sitting in the stalls never took off their fur coats the entire evening. I found the real reason for keeping it below sixty degrees was because the heating plant of this particular theater was so old that they were afraid the boiler would burst if any more pressure was put on it. But they still continued to let the fire out over the week-end to save coal, forgetting that it would take more coal to heat up a stone-cold building the size of a theater than if they had banked the fires.

Tea for Two

You can perhaps understand now why tea is such a necessary adjunct to British life; they have to have it to keep warm. The climate is an enervating one, in contrast to our invigorating air, and a good cup of tea helps considerably, although the crash of cups during the third act, when the ushers collect the little tea trays in the audience and make change while the scene proceeds, is fairly disconcerting to the actor. Ivor Novello tells of a time when some fidgety girls in the first row of the balcony—called dress circle here—upset the whole tray on the innocent heads of two elderly ladies in the stalls, who, with true British stoicism, pretended nothing had happened at all, although their heads were streaming with tea and milk.

Still, it really would be cruel to deny the audiences their tea, for a great number of that gathering have stood in the cold and rain or the sun or whatever for a long, long time to get into the play at all, and goodness knows they need nourishment.

The gallery queue is after all the most interesting thing about London audiences for the American, and to the actor the most inspiring. I feel a closer contact with those through whom I have had to crowd in order to get to the stage door than with any impersonal bunch who fill the seats of galleries at home. You know what they look like; you see how they react to the turns which are going on in the street to amuse them; you see what they read—sometimes it is the paper and sometimes it is a Hollywood movie magazine or even a book; you know when they are wet and cold and you know whether the man has been around with hot chestnuts or sweets on a tray or ices, to put them in a good humor. Sometimes you see your own cook standing in line, either to keep the place for a friend or because, being her day out, she has decided to come to see the show on her own.

Several times London managers have tried to abolish the queue for gallery and pit, and reserve all the seats, so that there would be no more of this waiting endless hours for a chance to see a hit. But such a storm of protest leaped up and such a howl arose from the regular patrons of the queue that they had to restore the old order immediately. Why, part of the fun of going to see a show was the standing in line for it. In the first place, you didn't know until the last minute you could go, did you? Well, wot's the good bookin' far ahead then? Besides, it was nice and comfortable, always a shelter and a stool, if you didn't mind tuppence, things to eat and drink and people to get acquainted wif, and a chappie to tumble or sing or wotever in the street before you saw the show itself.

How the entertainers keep from being run down by the traffic I can't imagine, but somehow there are no casualties, and the

man who does a tumbling act doubles himself up and walks on his hands while the taxis swerve to keep from hitting him; and there are two men who play plates and spoons to the tune of a hurdy-gurdy in the most marvelous manner, doing their stuff from the other side of the street so as to give the whole queue a better look at it. These are so good that it is said Diaghileff engaged them for one of his Russian ballets, but since his death they are back at the old stand. Luckily the dressing rooms at His Majesty's Theatre, where I have had my first taste of playing here, are above the street level, and the actors may enjoy the turns in the street as much as the queues; indeed, sometimes they throw down money for an especially good turn. We are a bit weary of the same acts by now, after a year's run, for they do come back again and again after they make their round of the different theaters, and London has so many theaters with matinées on odd days, such as Mondays and Tuesdays, that if one goes to see another play one is likely to hear the same turn which was at His Majesty's the night before, entertaining the queue of, say, The Swan, at St. James's Theatre. I often wonder if there is a central booking office for these turns. I know they sometimes row among themselves when one turn has overstayed its time and the next turn is anxious to get in its work before the queue has disappeared into the theater, but whether there is someone who exploits these singers and acrobats and recitera, I can't find out.

Last night a new man appeared who ate a lot of bits of paper and then pulled it out of his mouth as a long continuous ribbon. He was extremely versatile and not only performed that remarkable feat, but as a grand finale, set fire to the paper, clapped it into a tin canister, shook the thing vigorously and astonished us all by producing a white rabbit out of the canister in what is known as the twinkling of an eye. There is another man, who looks like the original model for Charlie Chaplin's classic make-up, who sings a ditty known to us as "The Bowery! The Bowery! They says such things and they do such things"—only he makes it topical by singing, "At Brighton! At Brighton!" He accompanies it with what he thinks is a funny dance. We hear the reason he hasn't been around much lately is that he says the queues at our theater don't seem to appreciate his art and he has cut us off his list.

They never change their acts, these entertainers, and apparently some of them have done the same one ever since they began. When that was, might perhaps be gauged by the vintage of their songs; the dismal woman who sings Rose in the Bud must have learned that ballad twenty years ago, and the sick-looking young man with quite a nice voice who sings Loch Lomond, by the same token must be older than he looks; as for the man who plays Three Blind Mice on a tin whistle, he has probably earned his bread since he was five with that tune. However, there are some who aspire to more modern things—there is the banjoist who plays modern jazz, or who thinks he plays it, and keeps up to the minute with the latest Chevalier song. In the summer when the American visitors are here he compliments them by playing Dixie and My Old Kentucky Home. He, by the way, "plays them out"—that is, he does his act when the audience is leaving the theater rather than when they are coming in.

Twice in one day, a matinée day, we were treated to something more classic than the usual run of turns—a Negro of uncertain age with a voice in the last stages of laryngitis recited Shylock's speech ending "And for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much monies?" Where had he learned that, do you suppose? And why did he think it would amuse the queue? He never appeared again, but only a few nights ago I heard the speech again, this time delivered by a white-haired and white-skinned gentleman. Apparently these queues must have their doses of the Bard.

One can begin to see why the British public does not want to have its fun curtailed by any silly nonsense of making gallery and pit seats bookable. Not while it can get two shows for the price of one. The entertainers pass the hat after their turns, but one doesn't exactly have to give them anything unless one wishes, does one?

There is one turn which has failed to come around lately, which I hope will arrive to regale the Americans, however; that is a cockney who tells stories, and the one in which he imitates an American accent is most delightful. According to him there was an American tourist on a bus crossing Waterloo Bridge. "Nah, we've all 'eard 'ow everythink is big and on a grand skile in Hamerica, so we must keep that in moind. Has the bus went over the Bridge the Hamerican says to the driver, 'Wot's that stream of water dahn there?' 'That's the Thames, that is,' says the driver. 'Ho,' says the Hamerican, 'I fought it was your reyedieyetor leakin'.'"

Oh, yes, there are many times when one does feel like a traveler from Tibet, and unable to speak the language to boot, but when these many little ear bumpers are out of the way and no longer need translating, the charm of the place steals over you, and you begin to understand that there is some reason for the question "How do you like playing in London?"—even if said as if to the man out of the wilderness. London in spring is a memory never to be forgotten. The hundreds of little parks and squares, green and leafy and packed with flowers; the back yards of cottages one sees from the trains, simple bourgeois suburban homes but so glorious with flowers the whole summer long as to take your breath; even the "allotments," those scraps of land along the railway embankments tenderly tilled by the very poor and brought to fruit or flower—this tidy, swept-up countryside so easily got to just on the edge of London, abloom with the May or the sweet-smelling brier through which you catch glimpses of whole fields of bluebells or wild daffodils—and no poison ivy—

This precious stone set in the silver sea. . . .
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm,
this England.

The love of it teems in their breasts and throbs deep down. They want you to love it, too, and fundamentally Americans respond to its beauty as part of their own heritage, so that it is no effort to take up our cue and answer what is the real meaning underneath the question by saying that we love it. Adding with true neighborliness, "And you must come and see us sometime."

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS

(Continued from Page 26)

been knighted in this country. It's just one more step for the retailers to get in. Well, I suppose she'll want to take the country place back."

"You're jumping ahead."

"Fever does it. Clears the brain. I see everything now. You and Maurice ——"

He fell asleep. Which was indeed fortunate, for whatever he had divined of Maurice's unspoken interest in me, I wanted to remain unsaid.

The moment Phyllis came in with Heinie, I knew George's foresight had been correct. She was sparkling; already she had a proprietary air toward him. She watched us as we shook hands, and her eyes never left us as we stood back and appraised each other. He had the same quiet, almost shy, manner, although now he was perfectly dressed and his blue eyes were less dreamy and more alert. He was good-looking in that he was strong and healthy and his face expressed determination.

We both said in one breath, "You haven't changed a bit."

Phyllis seemed disturbed, and at once I became the impersonal hostess. I rang for cocktails and let her take the lead in conversation. With the same romantic interest in self-made Americans which her husband had disclosed to me years before, she was thrilled by Heinie's story, and told it for him, never suspecting how much I filled in for myself as she went along.

The facts, some of which he told me later, were that during the years when I was in high school, struggling to cross the boundary line which separated me from the desirable group on the other side of the tracks, Heinie was plodding away at factory work and studying at night on some correspondence course, since his father would not let him keep on at school. Gradually he evolved the idea of finding a method by which the German food his mother had cooked so skillfully could be canned, or "tinned," as Phyllis put it.

"And that was because the first time I ever saw Ruth she enjoyed that food so much," he put in. By this time we were seated in the beautiful old dining room, with the portraits of Lord C——'s and Maurice's ancestors looking down at us. Heinie glanced around, then smiled at me. "Quite a different scene from this, wasn't it?"

I nodded, remembering my misery as a child when my stepfather had taken my mother and me up to the rooms above the saloon, with the red-checked tablecloth spread in the kitchen.

But the other guest was opposed to reminiscences which excluded her.

"And you snubbed him most frightfully," she repeated. "So he decided to make millions in order to win you."

"Not exactly millions. That was just an accident."

About the time I left Fording to go to Denver to train as a nurse, he had hit upon a formula which proved satisfactory. He induced several business men to lend him money for the first modest experiments, and the business was just starting to be successful when he read in the papers of my marriage to George.

"But by that time he couldn't stop, for other people's money was involved," said the duchess. "So he kept on and on, and all the Germans in the country bought his tinned things, for the second generation wouldn't take the trouble to cook them properly at home. And finally, when the war came, he turned over the factories to men over fighting age, expecting to lose everything, and he enlisted in the Air Force and had a marvelous record—Maurice told me that—then went home to find the Government had been buying his food all the time, and he was as rich as Crœsus!"

Heinie looked at me. He said seriously, "I belong to the Fording Country Club now, Ruth!"

I almost burst into tears. So he, too, had felt the social stigma of living on the wrong side of the tracks? And I knew from his expression that he considered his present social standing in that little Illinois town a far more impressive triumph than his visit to Lord C——'s house or the obvious admiration of the duchess.

We lingered over coffee; Heinie, with endearing simplicity, asked our advice about how and where to live. He had no desire to make more money, but what, in America, could a man of leisure find to do? He had traveled a good deal in Europe; he now wondered if a year or two in England would rub off the rough edges?

"But you simply mustn't change," Phyllis declared. "Though, of course, you must stay over here." She looked at her watch. "It's after four! We must fly. I'm taking him to the House of Lords; we're going to have tea with my uncle."

As I told them good-by, I realized that Heinie's future was mapped out for him; whether or not Phyllis would have found his rough-diamond qualities so glamorous if he had not been so rich seemed unimportant. And what a strange pattern it all made; if I had not been obsessed by social ambition at an early age, I would not have snubbed him and he would not now be under the wing of a duchess.

It would be an amusing story to relate to George, I thought, as I hurried upstairs. But his bed was empty, and the valet told me that his master had wakened at two and declared he must see the tennis finals, so he had dressed and slipped out of the house.

The inevitable rain was already beginning; by the time he came home he was drenched, for he had never adopted the cautious habit of always carrying an umbrella and waterproof. His fever rose that night, and two days later the physician diagnosed his illness as double pneumonia. Just when we thought he was out of danger, a month later, he had a relapse and died.

I believe that I was more truly lost without him than most wives who have experienced a greater love. For I had always looked ahead to the time when complete understanding would bind us tightly; now that he was dead, our life together appeared incomplete, and I suffered terribly from the knowledge that nothing I could now do could alter it. This feeling, together with the physical strain of constant nursing, produced a state verging on stupor. Nothing held any meaning for me; one day followed another, but I lost all count of time. I stayed in town, although almost everyone else had left London; I could not force enough will power to move.

It was fortunate, in an ironic way, that George's will shocked me out of my coma. For he had bequeathed a million dollars to Barbara Sidney, and the wording of the note to me, as executrix, left no doubt that during all these years he had remained in love with her. Even her mercenary second marriage had not permanently shaken his loyalty; he had felt that circumstances, largely his own weakness, had forced her into it, and he pitied her. His money, he felt, would enable her to be again independent.

I left the solicitor's office after this revelation, and for the first time since George's death I felt released. I telegraphed Phyllis that I would join her that evening in the country, for I had insisted that she and little Ruth spend the summer at our place. In the motor, on the way out, I again began to plan my life.

From her greeting, I saw that Phyllis was not pleased by my arrival; when I learned that Heinie had come down the day before with Maurice, I understood her mood. Undoubtedly, she was haunted by the fear that his youthful romantic attachment for me might be renewed, now that I was free.

I heard myself saying, "I'm off to the Riviera next week."

"In this weather, my dear?" But her expression betrayed her relief.

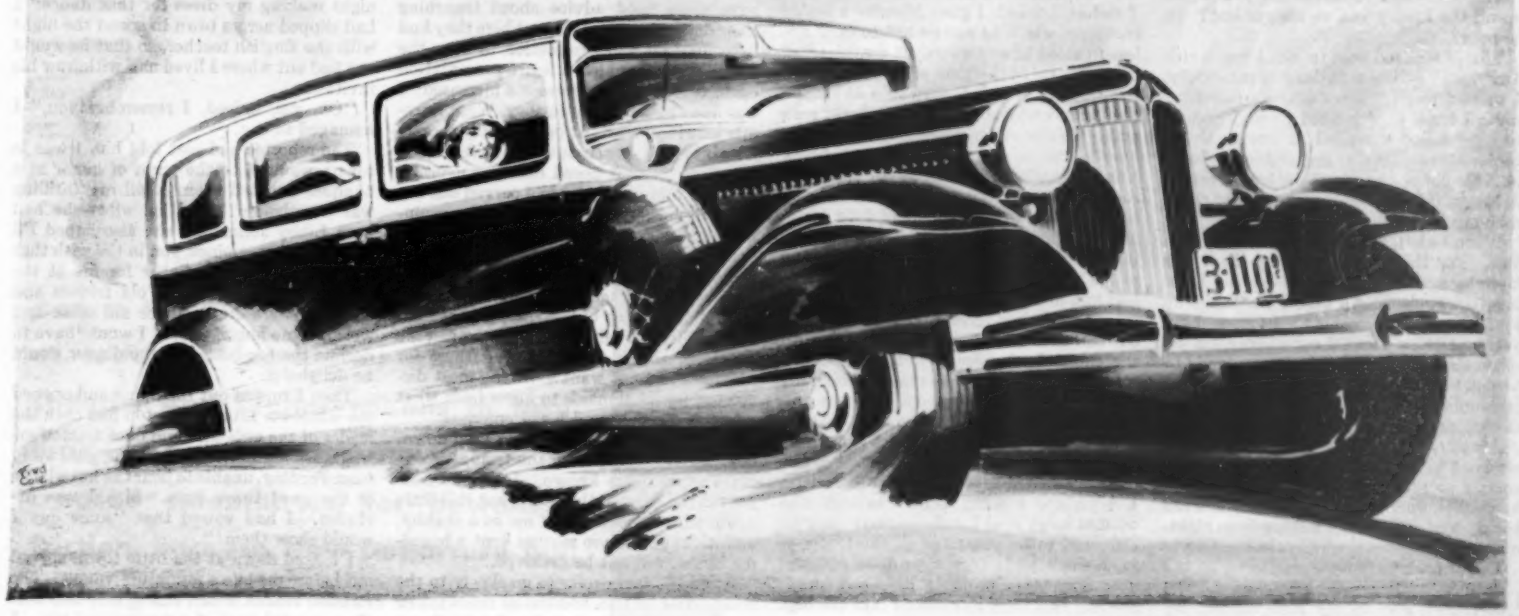
"No one will be there. That's why I want to go."

I confided to Maurice that this was an impromptu scheme, and he insisted upon going into town, getting reservations for the faithful Claire and me, and leasing for the autumn and winter a lovely villa near Cannes at which he had once stayed and found enchanting—only he said, "awfully jolly."

Before I left, Phyllis and Heinie announced their engagement, for all the world like two happy children; and they promised to come down and visit me after Christmas.

I asked Maurice if he would not stay in the house in town which some day would belong to him, but he shook his head. "Not quite the sort of place for a Labour candidate." (Continued on Page 34)

CHRYSLER
NEW STRAIGHT
EIGHTS



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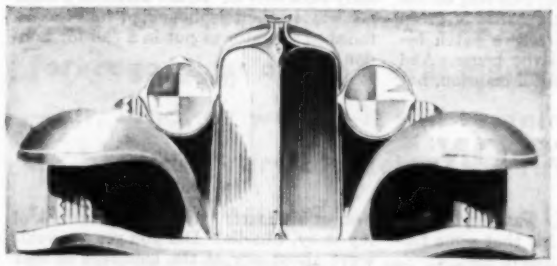

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(Continued from Page 32)

This story has really been written for him. After I had been away for over a year—for I found the quiet summer by the sea more to my taste than the season proper—he came down to ask me to marry him. He brought with him a statement showing all his worldly assets, for the old duke had died in the spring, and Maurice had refused to use the title, but accepted the property. Before he uttered a word of sentiment, he forced me to realize the exact extent of his inheritance and the small annual income, minus taxes, it would yield.

"That's all there would be to live on, you know." He set his lips in a firm line.

Some instinct kept me from mentioning the amount of my own fortune.

He went on, "I don't believe in private wealth, you see. I'm not consistent enough to chuck everything I've inherited, but I honestly think I can be of more use in politics than if I went to work at a time when there isn't enough work to go round."

I was still silent, and after a while he said, "Is it too big a sacrifice—asking you to give up all the luxury you've always had? To be poor?"

Then I realized that to him I was a rich American; he knew nothing of me, really. I wanted to blurt out the truth—that because I knew so well what poverty meant, because I had struggled so incessantly to achieve luxury, it was impossible to give it up. He did not urge me; he had to return to England for the elections, and told me to take my time before I decided.

When he left, all peace seemed to go with him. For the first time in my life I was faced by a problem I could not solve. I was torn by conflict. All that I had built up would crumble to nothing if I followed my heart. I knew I could not change his decision about my money; he felt it should be turned to the benefit of the public; at most, he would consent to my retaining only a modest dress allowance.

Always I had made prompt decisions, always I had worked steadily toward a set goal; now I found myself floundering, torn by doubts, unable to sleep more than a few hours; and when I did, waking from nightmare of my ignominious days in Fording.

I went back to London, acting on what I told myself was a gambler's chance. If I found that, due to my absence and my widowhood, my position was no longer secure, then I would marry Maurice and give up society. But perhaps because I was now innately indifferent to success, I attained a supremacy no other American woman ever achieved. I no longer tried to get people to come to my house; they asked for invitations. I went everywhere, or at least I was asked everywhere, and a legend as to my exclusiveness grew up and enhanced my value as a guest when I did appear.

But my nights were still sleepless, and at last I consulted a distinguished nerve specialist, who lectured me on the corroding effect of indecision.

"Even a wrong choice is better than no choice at all," he declared.

I defended myself by saying that my problem was complicated by not knowing whether Maurice would want to marry me if he knew the kind of person I actually was.

"Tell him," he commanded.

I knew I could never do that; in fact, I was not sure myself just what kind of person I was; so I decided, aided by the physician, to go down to Cornwall during the summer and try to write this account. I rented a small cottage and, between us, Claire and I did all the housework. But as I searched the past I found myself resentful of much that had happened to me; I opened old wounds, and came gradually to regard myself, not as a successful and envied woman, but as a failure.

The neurologist was disappointed. "I had hoped it would prove a catharsis. Since it hasn't, we'll have to let you do what criminals do—revisit the scenes of your crimes. I prescribe a trip to the States. It will be what we call 'living out your neurosis.'"

This ordeal, in prospect, required more mental courage than any act of my life. But as he told me I was on the verge of a nervous collapse, I at last consented.

Before I sailed, I gave Maurice a sealed envelope, which he agreed not to open unless I cabled him to do so. It contained all this story up to the time of his proposal. I was scarcely settled in my cabin de luxe on the steamer when the steward brought me a note. To my astonishment, it was signed by one of the most firmly intrenched of New York's social leaders, who, by her deliberate rudeness to me years ago, had helped bring to an end my brief and ignominious career in her city. It was a cordial invitation to join her party at dinner that evening, and in the postscript she reminded me that we had met at an embassy ball in London the preceding spring. Nor did she ever refer to our earlier acquaintance. After we landed she entertained splendidly for me, as did many of her friends. The reason behind my so-called popularity was clear; I was now identified with London, I was a power there. The breaking down of formal society in America after the war had caused a tremendous interest in transatlantic society. Everywhere I went I met women who wanted to go over for the season; they all clamored to be presented at the Court of St. James's, and no American debutante was now considered properly launched unless she had also been introduced into the best English circles.

New York had once ignored me because I had only money to offer; now, after I had used this money to make an important position for myself abroad, it fêted me.

"It all comes down," I reflected, just as I had intuitively known when I was twelve, "to having something to offer which people want."

It was hard to leave the flattering hospitality of the East and journey to California, but I had set this task for myself. Out there, where I had been known and disliked, my prestige in Europe would not avail. To them I would still be the pretentious trained nurse who had married a rich man on his deathbed—the memory of those old newspaper headlines wounded me even now.

But no sooner had my arrival been announced in the newspapers—which now printed extravagant items about my London house and my royal guests—than I was showered with invitations. Everyone I had met, and many who had closed their doors to me in the earlier days, when I had so longed to have them open, desired to entertain for me.

The climax came when I received a basket of flowers and an affectionate letter from the Spanish girl who had given George and me lessons and whom, in my ignorance, I had treated so shabbily; thereby antagonizing her powerful relatives. She reminded me of those charming days on the ranch, which, she said, were among her most cherished memories, and added that she and her husband hoped I would let them give a dinner dance in my honor.

I attended this and all the other parties which could be crowded into ten days; I wore my smartest Paris gowns and handsomest jewels, and I was careful to tell all my hostesses that I would be charmed to see them when they came to England, and I gave them good advice about launching their daughters; for even out here they had been fired by a determination to have the social diploma which a court presentation conferred. But my depression increased; I was filled by a sense of futility. What a cosmic joke it all was! At one time my acceptance into the inner circle would have seemed paradise. Now it bored me. The neurologist had told me that I had carved out my life with the persistency with which a sculptor might carve a statue out of a mountain.

But was it for this? I asked myself over and over again. The answer came to me on my way to Fording. For I had left this, the most difficult step of the way, for the last. From Chicago I cabled Maurice to open the envelope. I told Claire to wait there for me, for I did not want even the most discreet of personal maids to know from what a humble background I had emerged.

"Here, at last," I thought, as I got down, late in the evening from the train, "is one place where I am known. I may be honored in the cities of the world, but this little town, with its memory of me as a shabby, ambitious girl whose mother kept a boarding house, will not be deceived."

I told the taxi driver to go slowly to the hotel. And as I looked out of the window at the familiar landmarks, I felt like a ghost. Everything had shrunk so pitiably; even the new buildings were of a scale and cheapness which hurt me.

I told him to go past the Malcolms' house; I had been no more than eleven when I had made my first sacrifice to social ambition in order to gain access to it. To myself I had always called it "the mansion." I was lost in reverie about the doll which I had so yearned to keep, but had given Dorothy as a bribe to invite me there, and when the chauffeur stopped and said, "That's it," I was startled. The street light fell upon the familiar iron stag on the lawn, but instead of an expanse of green grass, there seemed scarcely a patch between the sidewalk and the house. And now I saw that it was not a mansion, not even an imposing suburban residence. It was nothing but an old-fashioned, mediocre dwelling with a funny cupola at the top.

We passed the school building where I had first learned to acquire a manner of indifference to physical bullying and mental wounds. It was dark and deserted, and I rapped on the window and said to go back to the hotel.

In the lobby I found no familiar face; I registered quickly and asked to be put on the highest floor. Before I could open the door of my room the telephone rang. A reporter from the morning paper wanted an interview. His youthful voice was filled with awe. He understood I had once lived in Fording and that I had been "the belle of the town."

I had scarcely recovered from the astonishment produced by this conversation when some man called up who said he was the president of the chamber of commerce. Almost timidly, he hoped I would remember him. His name was Bob Lord. He still boasted, he added, that he had once taken me to a dance. I had sat up almost all night making my dress for that dance; I had slipped across town to spend the night with the English teacher, so that he would not find out where I lived and withdraw his invitation.

"Oh, yes, indeed, I remember you," I managed to say.

The reporter had just told him I was in town; would I be the guest of honor at a banquet and tell them of all my thrilling war experiences? And his wife—she had been Libby Johnston; she also hoped I'd remember her—joined him in the wish that I'd let them give a dinner for me at the country club, for all my old friends and admirers were crazy to see me again and welcome me home. I said I would have to decline the banquet, but the dinner would be delightful.

Then I turned out the lights and opened the window. Libby Johnston had been the leader of the girls who had once treated me with such indifference that I had gone away from Fording, unable to bear the knowledge of the good times from which I was excluded. I had vowed that "some day I would show them!"

I looked down at the little town, spread out before me like a miniature village. The railroad tracks which cut it into two sections seemed part of a mechanical toy. I had started life on the wrong side of it; careful mothers had told their offspring, "You mustn't play with the children who live over there."

The stillness was broken by the mournful whistle of an approaching train.

Suddenly I found myself saying reverently, "Thank God!"

For without that arbitrary and ridiculous boundary, that mythical division which, all my life up to now, I had thought real, I could never have made of myself a person who was willing and eager to cross deliberately back over it. In the darkness I made my way to the telephone and told the astonished operator to put in a call for London.

(THE END)

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

(Continued from Page 19)

Welby, shot down in a dark corner of the Yokohama docks. Why? Because he had located Jim Everhard, no doubt. Because he had learned the identity of as cruel and ruthless a killer as I have ever been called upon to hunt. By gad, I'll get him, Charlie! I must! Never before have I wanted a man so badly."

"A natural feeling," agreed Chan. "I am a mere outsider, but I can understand. Would you deign to partake of a terrible luncheon at my expense?"

Duff was slightly shaken at this abrupt dismissal of an affair that was, to him, the most important in the world. "Why—er—you lunch with me," he suggested. "I'm stopping at the Young Hotel."

"No debate, please," Chan insisted. "You arrive over eight thousand miles of land and water, and you think to buy me a luncheon. I am surprised. This is Hawaii, land of excessive hospitality. We will go to the Young, but I will demand check in strident terms."

"About my notes, Charlie? And these letters? I see you have a safe."

Chan nodded. "Yes, station-house safe is in this room. We will lock up your valuable papers there."

They walked up Bethel Street to the main thoroughfare, King, and along that in the direction of the Young. The penetrating midday sun shone down upon them, taxi drivers slept fitfully at their wheels, a radio in a shop doorway was playing My South Sea Rose. Duff felt that some further comment was required of him.

"Hawaii's a sort of bright place, isn't it?" he said. "I mean the light's rather strong, you know."

Charlie shook his head. "My dear old friend," he replied, "please do not think that the matter must be attempted. Later I will hand you folders from Hawaii Tourist Bureau, and there you will find the words that now escape you. In the meantime, enjoy yourself. Here is the hotel where inspeakably humble luncheon awaits us."

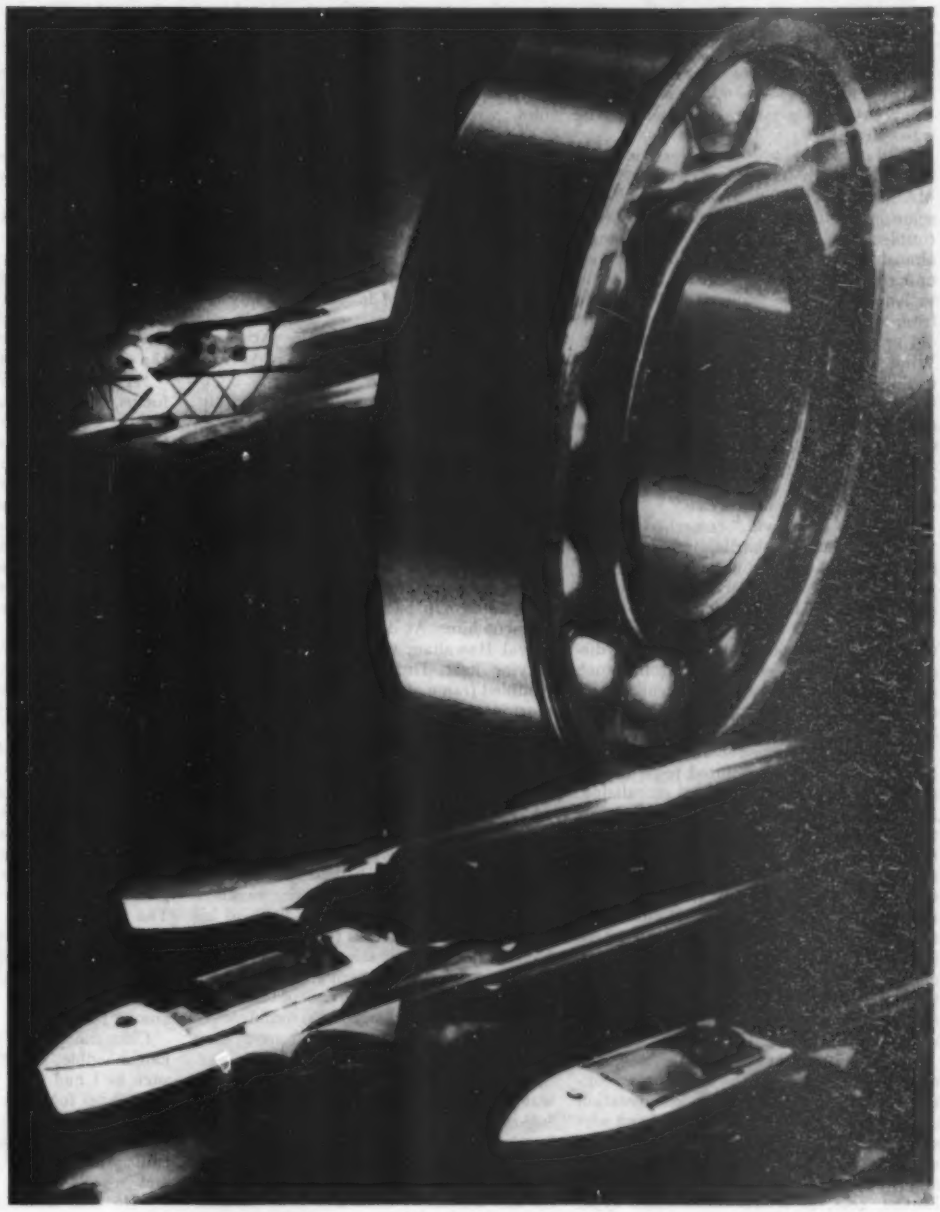
When they were seated in the Young dining room, Duff returned to the topic nearest his heart: "What did you think of my story, Charlie? Did you get a psychic wave about any of the members of that party? Chinese, I'm told, are very psychic people."

Chan grinned. "Yes, and psychic wave from unknown Chinese in Honolulu would rouse great sensation in London, I am sure. A locality where, if my reading is correct, more definite evidence of guilt is demanded than any other place in world."

Duff's face went grave. "You're right. That's the thought which haunts me constantly. I might discover to my own satisfaction which of those men is Jim Everhard, I might be positive I was right, yet I

(Continued on Page 36)

NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS



NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

ON THE SEA, as on the highway and in the air...the insistent demand of today is for higher and higher speeds. And higher speeds in turn, make their own demands—for increased smoothness, for decreased friction. Because New Departure ball bearings are as conducive to smoothness as they are bitterly opposed to friction—because they assure utmost freedom from adjustment, replacement, and costs of repair—motorboat, airplane, and motor car designers are more and more specifying New Departures in the products they build. For, regardless of the travel element—air, land, or water—it still remains an incontrovertible scientific law that Nothing Rolls Like a Ball.

NEW DEPARTURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY BRISTOL CONN.

(Continued from Page 34)

might still lack enough evidence for a warrant at home. They ask a lot of us at Scotland Yard, Charlie. Every man innocent until proved guilty, and we mean it on the other side. And that affair in Broome's Hotel on February seventh is a long way in the past now; slipping further away each minute too."

"I do not envy you your task," Chan told him. "All the greater triumph, however, when you win success at last. Was the soup possible? . . . Yes. That is good. One meets so much impossible soup in Hawaii." His eyes narrowed. "You seek, evidently, two men," he added.

"What do you mean—two men?" Duff was startled.

"Great writer who once lived in these islands wrote book named Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The Jim Everhard who had some strange adventure with Honywood couple long ago is now, no doubt, stranger almost to himself. For years he has lived, under new name, respected life without violence. All time former self lies buried from sight, but it simmers there, nursing old grievance, promising to keep old vow. What wakes it; what brings it to life again—the bitter, half-forgotten self that throws off respectability with wild gesture and is able to strangle and to shoot—to shoot so straight without error? Ah, if we only understood queer twists and turns of human mind. . . . But here is waiter with alleged chicken fricassee."

"It looks very good," remarked Duff.

"Looks," added Charlie, "are sometimes frightful liar. That is important thing for you to remember as you sail away tomorrow night with Lofton round-world party. Jim Everhard looks good, I think. Looks respectable, without doubt, wearing disguise of new life so perfect from much use. But do not forget, my friend, many times honey in the mouth means poison in the heart."

"Of course," agreed Duff impatiently. He was bitterly disappointed to be met in this anxious hour with general moralizing. It meant nothing, and Charlie must know that himself. Almost the Chinese acted as though he were not interested in the problem. Was it that, or was it merely that Chan's talents were rusty from lying unused so long? Duff yawned. Wouldn't be surprising, here in this sunny land where life was so easy, so effortless. A detective needed constant activity; he needed, too, the tang of sharp winds, flurries of snow. Southern people were always languid, always slow.

"If respectability is, in this case, the mark of the criminal," the Englishman continued, seeking to draw the conversation onto more definite ground, "we have several suspects to offer. Maxy Minchin, of course, is out, and so, to my way of thinking, is Captain Keane. But we have Doctor Lofton, cool, aloof, the intellectual type. And we have Tait, a cultivated man of brilliant ability—oddly enough, in the criminal field himself; he has spent his life defending criminals. We have Vivian, Ross and Benbow—all men of unimpeachable standing in their own small worlds. And we have Fenwick, whom we mustn't forget—a man who holds a high position in a society that struck me as most select."

"You have interest in Fenwick?" inquired Charlie.

"Have you?" asked Duff quickly.

"I could not fail to note how he hovers about like brooding hawk above," Chan replied. "He leaves party at Nice and you think you are finished with him. Yet there he is at San Remo. In the hotel of the Taj Mahal at Bombay he still persists."

Duff sat up. The easy manner with which Charlie rattled off these names suggested that, after all, the matter was interesting him more than his sleepy eyes would indicate. Once again, Duff thought, he had been wronging the Honolulu policeman. Once again, as had frequently happened several years ago in San Francisco, he must hastily revise his opinion of this Chinese.

"But how about Yokohama?" he said. "How about the jeweler's shop in Calcutta? In neither of those places did anyone see Fenwick."

"You are certain of that?" Chan inquired.

"In point of fact, I'm not," Duff replied. "I must look further into the matter. Particularly if you fancy the man, Charlie."

Chan grinned. "I have not said I fancied him. Maybe it was his name catches my attention. For a moment only. No, I have no fancies. Except, perhaps, chocolate ice cream. I make bold to suggest it as final course for this unworthy luncheon."

"A bully good luncheon," Duff assured him.

When they had finished, Charlie led his English friend back to the station and proudly introduced him to the force—to his chief, who was obviously impressed, and even to Kashimo, who showed no sign of any emotion whatever.

"Kashimo studies to be great detective like you are," Chan explained to Duff. "So far fortune does not favor him. Only this morning he proved himself useful as a mirror to a blind man. But"—he patted the Japanese on the shoulder—"he perseveres, and that means much."

Later in the afternoon Charlie got out, with marked pride, a shining new flivver and took Duff for a tour of Honolulu and the surrounding section of the island. The Britisher looked, struggled gallantly to express his admiration, proved indeed a perfect guest, but his mind was uneasy. He could not forget that his big problem was still unsolved; in the midst of a conversation about something entirely different, that fact would slip back into his thoughts to torment him. At dinner that night at the Royal Hawaiian, where Chan insisted on playing host, Duff was still in the same troubled frame of mind. He longed for the morrow and a return to action.

The next morning at ten he stood with Charlie on the dock and watched the President Arthur come in. For a time he had considered remaining in the background while the ship was in port, but he told himself there was nothing to be gained by that course; he must see them all again as soon as the liner sailed. He had insisted that Charlie come along and meet the members of the Lofton party. In the back of his mind was a dim idea that the Chinese might have a sudden inspiration, a really helpful suggestion to offer. Overnight he had been thinking of Charlie on the trail of that other killer in San Francisco, and his confidence in his confrere had returned stronger than ever.

The big liner docked and the gangplank was put down. There was a moment's confusion at the top and then a motley crowd began slowly to descend. There is always a strange variety to the throng that lands from a through boat at Honolulu; a feeling in the onlooker—who are these people? Salesmen who have carried the creed of pep and hustle to far corners, Australians, bowing little Orientals, Englishmen walking secure in the feeling that under their feet is always a little bit of England, pale missionaries, washed-out colonials and the eternal tourist. Duff watched eagerly, and at his side stood Charlie, as one who hears an oft-told story.

Finally Lofton, in a pith helmet, appeared at the top of the plank and then started slowly to walk down it. After him came the twelve members of his party, until at one time on that plank Duff knew the man he sought must be walking—the man who had struck down Welby. A sudden anger flamed in the inspector's heart. As Doctor Lofton reached the pier shed, Duff stepped forward with outstretched hand. Lofton glanced up. It was not precisely an expression of hearty welcome that crossed the conductor's face. Rather a look of keen annoyance, almost of dislike. Chan was watching him closely. Was it merely that Lofton hated to be reminded of certain events now put far behind?

"Ah, doctor!" Duff cried. "We meet again."

"Inspector Duff," said Lofton, and managed a wan smile. But now Duff was busily shaking hands with the Benbows, then with the Minchins, with Mrs. Spicer and Vivian, with Kennaway, Ross and the others; last of all with Tait, who looked more tired and ill than ever.

"Near the end of your journey, eh?" the Englishman said. They all talked at once; it appeared that they were not sorry to step foot on U. S. soil again. Benbow did a little jig on the dock, his camera, hanging from the strap across his shoulder, flying wildly about him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, may I present my old friend, Inspector Chan, of the Honolulu police?" Duff said. "I just dropped over for a little visit with the inspector, who happens to be the best detective in the Pacific Ocean. We once worked together on a case."

Vivian spoke. "Here for a long stay, Mr. Duff?"

"Unfortunately, no," Duff told him. "I'm booked out on your ship tonight. I hope none of you will mind."

"Delighted," Vivian murmured. The scar on his forehead shone suddenly crimson in the dazzling light of Honolulu.

"There are supposed to be cars waiting for us," Lofton announced. "We're going out for a swim at Waikiki and luncheon at the Royal Hawaiian." He bustled about.

Duff's eyes fell on Pamela Potter, who was standing, a lovely vision in white, a little away from the others. There was a question in her own eyes; he shook his head ever so slightly as he approached her.

"How did I come to overlook you?" he inquired, taking her hand. "You're more charming than ever. The tour must have agreed with you." And in a lower voice: "Stick to the party. I shall see you later today."

"We're taking rooms at the Young," she answered. "Where in the world is ——"

"Tell you later," Duff murmured. He shook hands with Mrs. Luce.

"Hello! We've missed you," the old lady said. "Well, here I am. Nearly around the world and haven't been murdered so far."

"You're not home yet," he reminded her.

He refused Lofton's half-hearted invitation to join them for luncheon. "You'll see plenty of me on the ship," he said jovially. The party entered automobiles and were driven in the direction of Waikiki. Duff and Charlie walked back to King Street.

"Well, there's my travel crowd," said the Englishman. "Did you notice a murderer among them?"

Chan shrugged. "Brand of Cain no longer legible," he returned. "Hasty glance such as I had then was not enough. Can you dispel fog with a fan? One matter I did note. Nobody boiled over with happiness to see you again. Except maybe beautiful young lady. That Doctor Lofton now ——"

"He did seem annoyed, didn't he?" agreed Duff. "But, you see, I recall the unpleasant past, and I may also bring him some very unfortunate publicity before I'm through. He's worried about his business."

"No more terrible worry than that in modern world," Chan nodded. "Ask Chamber of Commerce."

They lunched together again; this time with Duff as host. Afterward Charlie was forced to return to the station to attend to some of the minor details of his work. At about two o'clock the Englishman was alone in the lobby of the Young when Mrs. Luce and Pamela Potter came in. The rest of the party, it appeared, had driven to the Pali, but Mrs. Luce had seen it often, and the girl was eager for a chat with Duff. The two women went to the desk and engaged a sitting room, bedroom and bath for the remainder of the day. Duff waited until he felt that they were comfortably settled in the suite, then went upstairs.

The girl was alone in the sitting room. "At last," she greeted him. "I thought I was never going to be able to see you alone. Please sit down."

"Tell me your story first," Duff said. "When did you see Welby again?"

"What was the last letter you had from me?" she inquired.

"The one from Rangoon," he told her. "I wrote another from Singapore, and still another from Shanghai."

"I'm sorry. They're probably following me about."

"Well, I hope they catch up with you, sometime. There wasn't any news in them, but they were masterpieces of descriptive writing. You'll do very wrong if you miss them."

"I shall read every word when they finally arrive. But no news, you say?"

"No, nothing much happened. I didn't see Mr. Welby again until I went aboard the President Arthur at Hong-Kong. He was steward for my cabin and several others. He told me he'd learned how to do the work on the British India boat, and he was efficiency itself. I imagine he began to search the cabins at once, but nothing happened until we got to Yokohama."

"Something happened there?" asked Duff.

"Yes, it did. We spent the day ashore, but I was rather fed up on sight-seeing. So I came back to the ship for dinner, though we weren't scheduled to sail until late that night. Mrs. Luce came too. We ——"

"Pardon me just a moment. Did you note any other members of the party on the ship at dinner that evening?"

"Yes, Mr. Tait was there. He'd been feeling quite badly and hardly ever made any shore trips. And—oh, yes, Mr. Kennaway. If any of the others were aboard, I didn't see them."

"Very good. Go on, please."

"As I was leaving the dining saloon I saw Mr. Welby. He motioned to me and I followed him up to the top deck. We stood by the rail, looking out at the lights of Yokohama. I saw he was very excited. 'Well, miss,' he whispered, 'the fun's over.' I stared at him. 'What do you mean?' I asked. 'I mean I've got my man,' he told me. 'I've located that duplicate key—No. 3260, and no other.'

"'Where is it?' I cried. I meant, of course, who has it, but he took me literally. "It's right where I found it,' he said. 'I'm leaving it there until I can get my man to the States and into the hands of Inspector Duff. It's rather late now to make an arrest in Japan and I think the other plan would be better. I know Mr. Duff wants to get his hands on this lad himself, and I understand he's already in San Francisco. I'm going ashore now to send him a cable, care of the Yard, telling him to be on the Honolulu dock without fail. I'm not taking any chance beyond that point.'"

The girl stopped and Duff sat in silence. Welby had taken too much of a chance as it was; he had blundered—that was all too plain now. But he had meant well. And he had paid for his blunder.

"I wish to heaven," said the English detective savagely, "you had made him tell you the name of the holder of that key."

"Well, I certainly tried," the girl answered. "I begged and pleaded, but Mr. Welby simply wouldn't listen. He said it would be dangerous for me to know, and aside from that, I could see he had old-fashioned ideas about women. Never trust them with a secret—that sort of thing. He was a nice little man; I liked him, so I didn't nag. I told myself I would know all in good time. He went ashore to send that cable. And the next morning, when we were well out at sea, I discovered that he had never come back."

"No," said Duff quietly, "he never came back."

The girl looked at him quickly. "You know what happened to him?"

"Welby was found dead on the dock soon after your ship sailed."

"Murdered?"

"Of course."

Duff was startled to see that the girl, for all her sophistication, was weeping. "I—I can't help it," she apologized. "Such a nice little man. And—oh, it's abominable. That beast! Shall we ever find him? We must!"

(Continued on Page 38)

WHAT — 48 days in September?

TIMKEN PUTS NEW DAYS AND WEEKS OF PRODUCTION INTO EVERY MONTH OF THE YEAR

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

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(Continued from Page 36)

"Indeed we must," returned Duff gravely. He got up and walked to the window. Honolulu was dozing in the blazing sun; under a palm tree in the little park across the way a brown-skinned, ragged boy was sprawled, his steel guitar forgotten at his side. That was the life, Duff thought; not a care in the world, nothing to do until tomorrow, and perhaps not then. He heard a door open behind him and, turning, saw Mrs. Luce enter from the bedroom.

"Just taking a nap," she explained. She noted the girl's tears. "What's wrong now?"

Pamela Potter told her. The old lady's face paled and she sat down suddenly.

"Not our little steward!" she cried. "I've had millions of stewards all over the world, but I'd taken a particular fancy to him. Well, I shall never make a long trip like this again. Maybe a little run over to China, or down to Australia, but that's all. I begin to feel old for the first time in seventy-two years."

"Nonsense," said Duff. "You don't look a day over fifty."

She brightened. "Do you mean that? Well, as a matter of fact, I'll probably get over this soon. After I've had a good rest in Pasadena—I've never been to South America, you know. I can't think how I came to miss it."

"I've got an invitation for the two of you," Duff announced. "It sounds quite interesting. That Chinese you met on the dock this morning—he's a good fellow and a gentleman. He's invited me to his home for dinner tonight and he told me to bring you along. Both of you. The honor, it appears, is all his."

They agreed to go, and at 6:30 Duff was waiting for them in the lobby. They drove up to Punchbowl Hill in the cool of the evening. The mountains ahead of them were wrapped in black clouds, but the town at their backs was yellow and rose in the light of the setting sun.

Charlie was waiting on his *lanai* in his best American clothes, his broad face shining with joy.

"What a moment in the family history!" he cried. "Over my threshold steps my old friend from London; in itself an honor almost too great to endure. Additions to the party make me proud man indeed."

With many remarks about his mean house and its contemptible furniture, he ushered them into the parlor. His unflattering picture of the hospitality he was offering was, of course, merely his conception of what was due his guests. The room was a charming one, a rare old rug on the floor, crimson-and-gold Chinese lanterns hanging from the ceiling, many carved teakwood tables bearing Swatow bowls, porcelain wine jars, dwarfed trees. On the wall was a single picture, a bird on an apple bough, painted on silk. Pamela looked at Charlie with a new interest. She wished certain interior decorators she knew could see this parlor.

Mrs. Chan appeared, stiff in her best black silk and very careful about her English. A number of the older children entered and were ceremoniously presented.

"I will not burden you with entire roll call," Chan explained. "The matter would, I fear, come to be an ordeal." He spoke of his eldest daughter, Rose, away at college on the mainland. His voice softened and his eyes took on a look of sadness. If Rose were here—Rose, the flower of his flock—how well she would meet this situation, which had somewhat upset his wife's accustomed calm.

An aged woman servant appeared in the doorway and said something in a high, shrill voice. They moved on into the dining room, where Charlie explained that he was giving them a Hawaiian dinner, rather than a Chinese meal. The initial stiffness wore off, Mrs. Chan finally ventured a smile, and after Mrs. Luce had chatted breezily for a few moments, everybody felt at ease.

"My favorite race, the Chinese, Mr. Chan," the old lady remarked.

Charlie bowed. "After your own, of course."

She shook her head. "Not at all. I've just been cooped up in close quarters with my own for nearly four months, and I repeat, the Chinese are my favorite race."

"On trip round world you see many of my people," Chan suggested.

"One certainly does, doesn't one, Pamela?"

"Everywhere," nodded the girl.

"The Chinese are the aristocrats of the East," Mrs. Luce went on. "In every city out there—in the Malay States, in the Straits Settlements, in Siam—they are the merchants, the bankers, the men of substance and authority. So clever and competent and honest, carrying on among the lazy riffraff of the Orient. A grand people, Mr. Chan. But you know all that."

Charlie smiled. "All I know, I do not speak. Appreciation such as yours makes music to my ear. We are not highly valued in the United States, where we are appraised as laundrymen, or maybe villains in the literature of the talkative films. You have great country, rich and proud and sure of itself. About rest of world—pardon me—it knows little and cares extremely less."

Mrs. Luce nodded. "Quite true. And sometimes the most provincial among us we reward with a seat in the Senate. Have you visited China recently, Mr. Chan?"

"Not for many years," Charlie told her. "I saw it last through sparkling eyes of youth. It was peaceful land in those days."

"But not any more," Pamela Potter said.

Chan nodded gravely. "Yes, China is sick now. But as someone has so well said, many of those who send sympathy to the sick man will die before him. That has happened in China's past; it will happen again." There was a rush of wind outside, followed by the terrific beating of rain upon the roof. "Now I think there is going to be a shower," Charlie added.

Through the remainder of the dinner the rain continued. It was still pouring down with tropical fervor when they returned to the parlor. Duff consulted his watch.

"I don't mean to be rude, Charlie," he explained. "This evening will remain one of the happiest memories of my life. But the President Arthur goes at ten, you know, and it's past 8:30. I'm a bit nervous over the thought of missing that ship—as you can quite understand. Hadn't I better telephone for a car?"

"Not to be considered," Chan protested. "I possess automobile completely inclosed that will hold four with spacious ease; even four like myself, if there were such. I know the burden on your shoulders and will convey you down Punchbowl Hill immediately."

With many expressions of their pleasure in the dinner, they prepared to leave. "It's the high spot of my trip around the world," Pamela Potter said, and Charlie and his wife both beamed with delight. In a few moments the new car was on its way down the hillside, the lights of the water front blurred and indistinct in the distance.

They stopped at the Young for Duff's luggage and the two small bags the women had brought ashore. As they set out for the dock, Duff put his hand to his head.

"Good Lord, Charlie," he remarked, "what's wrong with me, anyhow? I'd completely forgotten—all my notes about the case are in your safe at the station."

"I had not forgotten," Charlie answered. "I am taking you there now. I will drop you off, then I will transport ladies to the dock. When I return, you can have papers gathered up; chief or one of men will open safe for you. We will have last chat and you shall smoke a final pipe."

"Very good," Duff agreed. He alighted in a torrent of rain before Halekaua Hale and the three others went on.

At the dock, Charlie bade the women a polite farewell, then hurried back to the station. As he climbed those worn, familiar steps, his heart was heavy. Duff's coming had meant a happy break in the monotony, but the Englishman's stay was all too brief. Tomorrow, Chan reflected, would be like all the other days. The roar of tropic rain still in his ears, he crossed the hallway and pushed open the door of his office. For the second time within thirty-six hours he encountered the unexpected.

Duff was lying on the floor beside the desk chair, his arms sprawled helplessly above his head. With a cry of mingled anger and alarm, Chan ran forward and bent over him. The English detective's face was pale as death, but placing a quick finger on his pulse, Charlie could feel a slight fluttering. He leaped to the telephone and got the Queen's Hospital.

"An ambulance!" he shouted. "Send it to the police station at once! Be quick, in name of heaven!"

He stood for a moment, staring helplessly about. The single window was raised, as usual; out in the murky alley the rain was beating down. The window—ah, yes—and a sudden bullet from Jim Everhard's gun. Chan turned to the desk. On it lay Duff's open brief case. Its contents appeared to be intact; some of the papers were still in the case; a few were strewn carelessly about; scattered, it was clear, by the wind.

Charlie called and the chief came in from his office near by. At the same instant Duff stirred slightly. Chan knelt by his side. The Englishman opened his eyes and saw his old friend.

"Carry on, Charlie," he whispered, and again lapsed into unconsciousness.

Chan stood erect, glanced at his watch and began to gather up the papers on the desk.

XV

THE chief was bending over Duff. His face very grave, he rose from his knees and looked wonderingly at Chan. "What does this mean, Charlie?" he wanted to know.

The Chinese pointed to the open window.

"Shot," he explained tersely. "Shot in back by bullet entering from there. Poor Inspector Duff. He comes to our quiet city in search of murderer in traveling party landing at this port today, and tonight murderer attempts to ply his trade."

"Of all the damned impertinence!" cried the chief, suddenly enraged. "A man shot down in the Honolulu police station!"

Chan nodded. "Even worse than that. Shot down in my very office, of which I have been so proud. Until this killer is captured, I am laughingstock of world."

"Oh, I wouldn't put it that way," the chief said. Chan had restored all Duff's papers to the brief case and was strapping it up. "What are you going to do, Charlie?"

"What should I do? Can I lose face like this and offer no counter attack? I am sailing tonight on President Arthur."

"But you can't do that."

"Who stops me? . . . Will you kindly tell me which surgeon in this town is ablest man?"

"Well, I suppose Doctor Lang ——"

In another second Chan had the telephone book in his hand and was dialing a number. As he talked he heard the clang of an ambulance at the door of Halekaua Hale and white-coated orderlies entered the hallway with a stretcher. The chief superintended the removal of the unfortunate Duff while Charlie consulted with the surgeon. Doctor Lang lived at the Young Hotel and he promised to be at the Queen's Hospital almost as soon as the ambulance. Charlie put the receiver back on the hook, then removed it and dialed once more.

"Hello," he said. "This is you, Henry? You are home early tonight. The gods are good. Listen carefully. Your father speaking. I sail in one hour for the mainland. . . . What? Kindly omit surprised feelings; the matter is settled. I am off on important case. Pull self together and get this straight—to quote language you affect. Kindly pack bag with amazing speed—toothbrush, other suit, razor. Ask yourself what I shall require and bring same. Your honorable mother will assist. Come in your car to dock where President Arthur boat, is waiting, bringing my bag and your mother. Boat departs at ten. You will gather that speed is essential. Thank you so much."

As he rose from the telephone the chief faced him. "Better think this over, Charlie," he suggested.

Chan shrugged. "I have thought it over."

"What do you suggest—another leave of absence? I'd have to take that up with the commissioners; it would require several days."

"Then call it my resignation," Chan answered briefly.

"No, no," protested the chief. "I'll fix it somehow. But listen, Charlie. This job is dangerous; this man is a killer."

"Who knows that better than I? Is it important? My honor is assailed. In my office, you recall."

"I'm not suggesting that you shouldn't risk your life, provided it's in the legitimate line of duty. But I'd—I'd hate to lose you, Charlie. And this looks to me like Scotland Yard's affair."

Stubbornly Chan shook his head. "Not any more. My affair now. You would hate to lose me—from what? From pursuing fleet gamblers down an alley? From tagging cars on King Street?"

"I understand. Things have been rather slow."

"Have been, yes. But not tonight. Things are plenty fast again. I am on that boat when she sails, and I will have my man before the mainland is reached. If not, I say good-by for all time to title of detective inspector; I retire forever in sackcloth with ashes." He went to the safe. "I find here two hundred cash dollars. I am taking same. You will cable me more at San Francisco. Either it is necessary expense of catching criminal who performed black act on premises of Honolulu police station, or it is my money and I will repay it. Which does not matter. Now I am off for hospital. I am saying good-by ——"

"No, you're not," replied his chief. "I'll be at the dock when you sail."

Clasping Duff's precious brief case under his arm, Chan hurried to the street. With that sudden change of mood characteristic of Honolulu weather, the rain had ceased and here and there amid the clouds the stars were shining. Charlie went to the lobby of the Young and accosted the first man he met in the uniform of a ship's officer. Luck was with him, for the man proved to be one Harry Lynch, purser of the President Arthur. Chan introduced himself and persuaded Mr. Lynch to get into the flivver with him. While he drove to Queen's Hospital, he hastily explained what had happened. The purser was deeply interested.

"The old man told me a Scotland Yard detective was coming aboard here," he remarked. "We knew all about Welby, of course. It was quite a shock when we lost him so abruptly. The word from Yokohama was simply that the man had been killed. And now Inspector Duff has been wounded, eh? Well, we'll be glad to have a police officer aboard. There seems to be plenty of work waiting for you, Mr. Chan."

Charlie shrugged. "My talents are of the slightest," he protested.

"Yeah?" said Mr. Lynch. "I heard different."

He said no more, but Chan's heart had warmed toward him. After his long period of inaction it was good to know that he was remembered.

"I'll fix up the matter of your ticket," Lynch went on. "We're running light this crossing and I can give you a good cabin to yourself."

They were at the hospital now, and Charlie went inside, a feeling of deep anxiety weighing him down. Doctor Lang was pointed out to him—a ghostly figure all in white, his face lost somewhere in the shadow of an eyeshade.

"I've located the bullet," the surgeon announced, "and I'm operating at once. Fortunately it was deflected from its course by a rib. It's a ticklish business, but the man looks to be in remarkably good condition and he ought to pull through."

"He must," Charlie said firmly. He told the doctor who Duff was and why he had

(Continued on Page 41)

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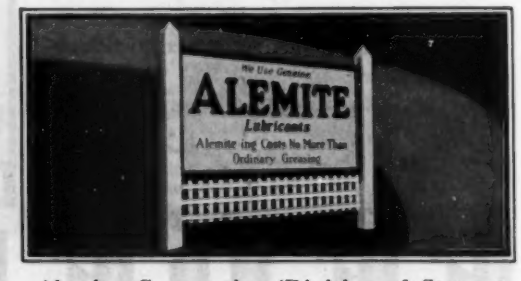

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(Continued from Page 38)

come to Honolulu. "If I could see him for one final moment——" he suggested, timid in this unfamiliar place.

"Come up to the operating room," the surgeon invited. "The patient has talked a little, but it's delirious talk. However, maybe you can make something of it."

In the rather terrifying, odoriferous room, Charlie bent over the sheeted form of his friend. Had Duff caught a glimpse of the man who fired that shot? If he had, and spoke the name now, the case was finished.

"Inspector," said the Chinese gently, "this is Charlie Chan. *Haie*, what an awful thing has happened! I am so sorry. Tell me; did you behold face of assailant?"

Duff stirred slightly and spoke in a thick voice. "Lofton," he muttered—"Lofton, the man with a beard."

Charlie held his breath. Was it Lofton who had appeared at the window?

"There's Tait too," the Englishman muttered, "and Fenwick. Where's Fenwick now? Vivian, Keane——"

Charlie turned sadly away. Poor Duff was only running over once again the list of his suspects.

"Better leave him now, Mr. Chan," the surgeon said.

"I will go," Charlie replied. "But I must say this last thing: Tomorrow, or whenever he awakes, you will have most restless patient on your hands. He will warmly desire to rise from bed and follow trail again. When that happens, soothe him with this word from me. Tell him Charlie Chan has sailed for San Francisco on President Arthur and will have guilty man before boat reaches shore of mainland. Make it in form of promise and say it comes from one who has never yet smashed promise to a friend."

The surgeon nodded gravely. "I'll tell him, Mr. Chan. Thanks for the suggestion. And now we're going to do our best for him. That's my promise to you."

It was 9:45 when Charlie and the purser drove onto the dock beside the President Arthur. Not far away, as he alighted, Chan saw his son Henry, and with him a dumpy little figure in black silk—Mrs. Chan, still in her party finery. He went over and led them up the gangplank in the purser's company. An officer who stood at a little desk at the bottom of the plank eyed them curiously as they passed.

On the deck, Mrs. Chan stood looking up at her inexplicable husband with timid eyes. "Wheh you go now, please?" she asked.

He gave her a kindly pat on the back. "Events break suddenly like firecrackers in the face of innocent passer-by," he said. He told her what had happened in his office and of the need for his immediate departure in order to save his face and regain his lost prestige.

The gentle little woman understood. "Plenty clean clo'es in bag," she told him. She considered for a moment. "I think mebbe dangah wheh you go," she added.

Charlie smiled reassuringly. "What the gods have decreed man cannot alter," he reminded her. "Can he dodge down bypath and avoid his fate? Do not fret. All will no doubt be well. And before many days I expect to see our Rose."

In the dim light he saw sudden tears shining on her chubby cheeks. "Much love," she said. "I send much love. She goes so fah away." A quick, pathetic little wringing of her hands. "I do not unnahstand why she go so fah away."

"You will understand in the proud days to come," Charlie promised.

Passengers straggled up the gangplank, lingered a moment on the deck and then drifted off to the cabins. There was to be no excitement attending this sailing, evidently. Chan's chief appeared.

"Ah, here you are, Charlie," he said. "I was able to dig up another sixty dollars for you." He handed over a roll of bills.

"You overwhelm me with kindness," Charlie answered.

"I'll cable you more to bring you home after you've got your man," the chief went on. "You'll get him, I'm sure."

"Now that I have time to think it over, I am not so certain myself," Chan responded. "Seems this is pretty hard task I have selected. I know, from talk with Inspector Duff, only one thing will make him happy. I must discover identity of man who committed murder more than three months ago in Broome's Hotel, London. All time I have remained eight thousand miles away from scene of crime, and I must solve same when clews are cold, trail is covered, and no doubt the one vital point that might have brought about arrest is forgotten by all involved. It appears to me now that tonight I hotly elected myself to superman's job without possessing necessary equipment. Maybe I come crawling home before long, defeated and expunged of all honor."

"Yes, and maybe not," returned the chief. "It does look like a difficult task; that's true, but——"

He was interrupted by a small, panting figure that appeared out of the night and faced Charlie. It was Kashimo.

"Hello, Charlie," the Japanese cried.

"Ah, this is kind of you—to say good-by——" Chan began.

"Never mind good-by," Kashimo broke in. "I got important information, Charlie."

"Have you, indeed?" Chan answered politely. "Of what nature, Kashimo?"

"I am going by end of alley soon after shot is fired injuring your honorable friend," went on the Japanese breathlessly. "I behold man coming out of alley into lighted street. He is tall man wrapped in big coat, hat over eyes."

"Then you didn't see his face?" Chan suggested.

"What's the matter?" Kashimo replied. "Face not necessary. Saw something better. The man is very lame, like this"—with great histrionic vigor he gave an imitation of a lame man there on the deck. "He carries walking stick, light-colored, maybe Malacca kind."

"I am very grateful," nodded Charlie, speaking in a voice such as he might have used to his youngest child. "You are observant, Kashimo. You are learning fast."

"Maybe some day I am good detective too," suggested the Japanese hopefully.

"Who can say?" Chan replied. A deep voice suggested that all who were going ashore had better do so. Charlie turned to his wife, and at that instant Kashimo burst into a torrent of words directed at the chief. The burden of it appeared to be that he should be sent to San Francisco as Chan's assistant.

"I am very fine searcher," the Japanese insisted. "Charlie says so himself."

"How about it, Charlie?" grinned the chief. "Could you use him?"

Chan hesitated for a second; then he went over and patted the little man on the shoulder.

"Consider, Kashimo," he remarked. "You do not weigh situation properly. Should you and I both be absent from Honolulu at identical moment, what an opportunity for the evildoers! Crime wave might sweep over island, almost obliterating it. Run along now and be good boy while I am gone. Always remember, we learn by our mistakes. First you know, you will be ablest man among us."

Kashimo nodded, shook hands and disappeared down the deck. Charlie turned to his son.

"Please arrange that my car is taken up to garage on Punchbowl Hill at once," he said. "In my absence you will show your mother every deference and guard whole family well."

"Sure," Henry agreed. "And say, dad, can I use your bus until you come back? There's something wrong with that old flivver I inherited from you."

Chan nodded. "I foresaw that request. Yes, you may use my car, but please treat it with unusual kindness. Do not continually demand more than it has to give, like speed-mad young people you imitate. Good-by, Henry." He said a few low words to his wife, kissed her in Occidental fashion and led her to the top of the gangplank.

"Good luck, Charlie," remarked his chief, and shook hands.

A chain clanked in the quiet night and the plank was lowered, cutting Chan irrevocably off from the group on the dock. He saw them standing there looking up at him, and the sight touched him. There was, in their very attitudes, an expression of confidence in him and in his ultimate success. It was a confidence he did not share with them. What was this wild task he had set himself? He clutched Duff's brief case tightly in his arms.

Slowly the big liner backed away, out into midstream. No orchestra playing Aloha tonight, no gayly colored streamers floating between ship and shore, none of the picturesque gestures that usually attended island sailings. Just the grim business of getting on with it, the old story of a ship putting out to sea.

The little group on the shadowy pier faded finally from his sight; still he did not move from his post by the rail. The throb of the engines became more pronounced; the ship was settling down to it. Presently Chan saw the circle of lights that marked Waikiki Beach.

How many nights he had sat on his *lanai* staring across the town toward that beach, vaguely wishing for action, for something to happen. Well, it had happened at last; yes, something had certainly happened when he saw the lights of Waikiki from a ship at sea.

He turned and regarded the huge bulk of the liner, dark and mysterious behind him. He was in a new world now, a small world, and in it with him was a man who had killed in London through error, had killed again in Nice and San Remo through grim intention, and then again on the Yokohama dock, no doubt through necessity. A ruthless man who had only tonight sought to remove the relentless Duff from his trail. Not a squeamish person, this Jim Everhard. Now for six days Chan and he would be together in a limited space, prisoners on this brave contraption of steel and wood, each seeking to outwit the other. Which would win?

Charlie started. Someone had come up noiselessly behind him and he had heard a sudden hissing in his ear. He turned.

"Kashimo," he gasped.

"Hello, Charlie," grinned the Japanese. "Kashimo, what does this mean?"

"I am hide-away," Kashimo explained. "I go with you to assist on big case."

Chan cast a speculative eye at the breakers between the boat and Waikiki Beach. "Can you swim, Kashimo?" he inquired.

"Not a single stroke," replied the little man gleefully.

Chan sighed. "Ah, well. He who accepts with a smile whatever the gods may send has mastered most important lesson in life's hard school. Pardon me one moment, Kashimo. I am seeking to achieve the smile."

XVI

IN ANOTHER moment Chan's inherent good-nature triumphed and the smile was accomplished.

"You will pardon, Kashimo, if for one instant I was slightly appalled. Can you blame me? I remembered our last adventure together—the affair of the dice. But enterprise such as yours is not to be met with a sneeze. I welcome you into present case—which was a most difficult one, even before you arrived."

"Hearty thanks," replied the Japanese.

The purser emerged from a near-by doorway and came rapidly along the deck.

"Oh, Mr. Chan," he said, "I've been looking for you. Just had a chat with the captain and he told me to give you the best I've got. There's a cabin with bath—at the minimum rate, of course. I'm having one of the beds made up. If you'll bring your bag and follow me——" He stared at Kashimo. "And who is this?"

Chan hesitated. "Er—Mr. Lynch, condescend to meet Officer Kashimo, of Honolulu force. One of"—he choked a little—"our most able men. At last moment it was decided to bring him along in rôle of assistant. If you can find a place to lay him away for the night——"

Lynch considered. "He's going as a passenger, too, I suppose?"

A brilliant idea struck Charlie. "Kashimo is specialist, like everybody nowadays. He is grand searcher. If you could find him place in crew which would not consume too much brain power, he might accomplish brilliant results. In that way he could maintain anonymous standing, which I, alas, cannot do."

"One of our boys was pinched in Honolulu tonight," Lynch replied. "It means a few changes in our assignments. We might make Mr. Kashimo a biscuit boy—you know, one of the lads who sit in the alleyways and answer the cabin bells. Of course, it's not a very dignified job——"

"But a splendid opportunity," Chan assured him. "Kashimo will not mind. His duty is first with him, always. Kashimo, tell the gentleman how you feel about it."

"Biscuit boys get tips?" inquired the Japanese eagerly.

Charlie waved a hand. "Behold, he pants to begin."

"Well, you'd better take him in with you tonight," Lynch said. "Nobody will know about it but your steward, and I'll tell him not to say anything." He turned to Kashimo. "Report to the chief steward at eight tomorrow. I don't mind your searching, but you mustn't get caught, you understand. We can't have innocent people annoyed."

"Naturally not," agreed Chan heartily. But he wasn't so sure. Annoying innocent people, he reflected, was another of Kashimo's specialties.

"The captain would like to see you in the morning, Mr. Chan," the purser remarked at the doorway of the cabin to which he led them. He departed.

Charlie and Kashimo entered the stateroom. The steward was still there, and Chan directed him to make up the other bed. While they waited the detective looked about him. A large, airy room, a pleasant place to think. And he would have to do much thinking during the next six days and nights.

"I will return presently," he said to his assistant.

He went to the top deck and dispatched a radiogram. It was addressed to his chief, and in it he wrote:

IF YOU NOTICE KASHIMO HAS MISLAID HIMSELF, I AM ONE TO DO WORRYING. HE IS WITH ME ON SHIP.

Going back to his cabin, he found the Japanese there alone.

"I have just broken news to chief about your departure," he explained. "This biscuit boy business is brilliant stroke. Otherwise question might have come up who pays your passage, and I have deep fear everybody would have declined the honor."

"Better go to bed now," Kashimo suggested.

Charlie gave him a pair of his own pajamas and was moved to silent mirth at the resulting spectacle.

"You have aspect of deflated balloon going nowhere," he said.

Kashimo grinned. "Can sleep in anything," he announced, and climbed into bed prepared to prove the statement.

Presently Charlie turned on the light above his pillow, put out all the others and got into his own bed with Duff's brief case in his hand. He undid the straps and took out a huge sheaf of papers. Duff's notes were on numbered pages, and Chan was relieved to discover that none was missing. Honywood's letter to his wife, together with all other messages and documents pertinent to the case, remained intact. Either Jim Everhard had been afraid to enter the office after his shooting of Duff, or he had felt that there was nothing in these papers he need bother about.

"I trust I shall not disturb you, Kashimo," Chan remarked. "But stowaways must not be too particular. It is my duty now to read the story of our case until I know it perfectly by the heart."

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"Won't disturb me none," yawned the Japanese.

"Ah, all the fun and no responsibility," sighed Charlie. "You have happy life. While I read I shall pay especial attention to lame man in the party. What was he doing at mouth of alley when poor Mr. Duff lay shot in my office? You gave me point of attack on case with that news, and I am grateful."

He began to read and, in imagination, he traveled far. London, all his life a name and nothing more, became a familiar city. He saw the little green car set out from Scotland Yard, he stepped inside the sacred portals of Broome's Hotel, he bent above the lifeless form of Hugh Morris Drake as it lay on the bed in Room 28. Descending to the musty parlor of the hotel, he witnessed Tait's heart attack on the threshold, noted Honywood's haunted look. Then on to Paris, and Nice—Honywood dead in the garden. San Remo, and that terrible moment in the lift. Carefully he read Honywood's epistle to his wife, which explained so much but left the vital question unanswered. Every detail in the long case burned itself into his mind now. True, he had been all over it with Duff, but then the affair had seemed so remote, so little to concern him. It concerned him tonight. He was in Duff's shoes, the case was his; nothing must escape him; nothing could be safely overlooked. Last of all, he perused the report of Duff's talk with Pamela Potter in Honolulu that very afternoon, in which she had told of Welby's discovery of the key. It was a matter of pride with Duff that he kept his notes up to the minute.

Chan finished reading. "Kashimo," he remarked thoughtfully, "that man Ross has intriguing sound. What about Ross? Always in the background, limping along, never a hint against him until now. Yes, Kashimo, the matter of Mr. Ross must be our first concern."

He paused. A loud snore from the bed across the way was his only answer. Charlie looked at his watch; it was past midnight. He turned back to the beginning and read it all again. It was after two o'clock when he finally put out his light. Even then, he was not ready to sleep. He lay there, planning the future.

At 7:30 he rudely dragged his small assistant out of slumberland. Kashimo was lost in the clouds and had to be gradually brought back to earth and a realization of where he was. While he made his sketchy toilet, Charlie told him a little of the case, with special emphasis on the part the Japanese was to play. He was to search among the possessions of the travel party for a key bearing the number 3260. He might find it, he might not; perhaps by this time it was at the bottom of the Pacific. But the effort must be made anyhow. The Japanese nodded in a dazed, uncomprehending sort of way, and at two minutes of eight was ready for his interview with the chief steward.

"Remember, Kashimo, too much haste may have fatal ending," was Chan's final admonition. "Take plenty of time and know what you are doing before you do it. You are biscuit boy from now on, and if we meet on ship, you have never seen me before. All talks between us are conducted with utmost secrecy in this cabin. Farewell and best of luck."

"So long," Kashimo responded, and went out. Charlie stood for a moment at the porthole, gazing at the sunlit sea and breathing in great drafts of the bracing air. There is something invigorating about the first morning on a ship—the cool peace, the feeling of security away from the land's alarms. A sense of well-being and confidence flooded Chan's heart. It was a glorious day and the future looked promising.

He was shaving when a boy knocked at his door and handed him a radiogram from his chief. He read:

SURGEON REPORTS OPERATION O. K. DUFF DOING FINE. SINCERE CONDOLENCES ON KASHIMO.

Charlie smiled. Great news, that about Duff. In a cheerful frame of mind, he stepped out onto the deck to face his problems. The first person he saw was Pamela Potter, who was taking a morning stroll, accompanied by Mark Kennaway. The girl stopped and stared.

"Mr. Chan," she cried, "what are you doing here?"

Charlie managed a low and sweeping bow. "I am enjoying a very good morning, thank you. You appear to be doing the same."

"But I'd no idea you were coming with us."

"I had no idea myself, until late hour last night. In me you behold quite worthless replacement for Inspector Duff."

She started. "He—you don't mean that he, too ——"

"Do not be alarmed. Wounded only." Quickly he reported what had happened in his office.

The girl shook her head. "There seems to be no end to it," she said.

"What begins must finish," Chan told her. "Miscreant in this case is clever enough to play a fiddle behind his back, but even the cleverest have been known to blunder. I believe I saw this young man on the dock yesterday. The name ——"

"Oh, I'm sorry," the girl replied. "I was so startled to see you. Inspector Chan, this is Mr. Kennaway. I've just been telling him what a wonderful party he missed last night. He's all upset. You know, he belongs to such a family in Boston and he isn't accustomed to being left out."

"Nonsense," Kennaway said.

"He would have been very welcome," Charlie remarked. He turned to the young man. "I myself have keen interest in Boston, and some day we must enjoy small talk about same. Just now I will not further interrupt your perambulations. Since I was introduced to your entire party yesterday, full name and title, it will be useless for me to attempt dissemble of my identity. So I propose to meet all of you presently for little chat about last night."

"Same old story," Kennaway replied. "We've been gathered together to meet policemen at frequent intervals ever since the tour started. Well, you're bringing a new face into it, and that's something. I wish you luck, Inspector Chan."

"Thank you so much. I shall do my best. True, I am coming into the case through the back door. But I am encouraged when I remember old saying which remarks, the turtle that enters the house at the rear gate comes finally to the head of the table."

"Ah, yes, in the soup," Kennaway reminded him.

Chan laughed. "Ancient proverbs must not be taken too literally. Pardon me while I sample the cuisine of this vessel. At some later hour I shall sample your society more extensively."

He went to the dining saloon, where he was given a good table to himself. After a hearty breakfast he rose to leave. In a seat near the door he saw Doctor Lofton. He stopped.

"Ah, doctor," he said, "perhaps you do me the honor to recall my face?"

Lofton glanced up. Few people could look at Charlie without a friendly smile, but the doctor managed it. In fact, his expression was a rather sour one.

"Yes," he said, "I remember you. A policeman, I believe?"

"I am inspector of detectives, attached to Honolulu station," Charlie explained. "May I sit down, please?"

"I suppose so," Doctor Lofton growled, "but don't blame me if my feelings are none too cordial. I'm a bit fed up with detectives. Where is your friend Duff this morning?"

Charlie raised his eyebrows. "You have not heard what happened to Inspector Duff?"

"Of course not," snapped Lofton. "I've got twelve people to look after, and I can assure you that they keep me busy. I can't bother with every policeman who tags along. What's happened to Duff? Come on, man, speak! Don't tell me he's been killed too!"

"Not entirely," Chan answered gently. He told his story, his little black eyes fixed on Lofton's face. He was amazed at the lack of shock or sympathy on that bearded countenance.

"Well, that's the end of Duff as far as this tour is concerned," the doctor remarked when Chan had finished. "And now what?"

"Now I replace poor Duff."

Lofton stared at him. "You!" he cried rudely.

"Why not?" asked Charlie blandly.

"Well, no reason, I suppose. You'll pardon me, but my nerves have been completely upset by the events of the past few months. Thank God, we break up at San Francisco, and it's a question in my mind if I ever go out again. I've been thinking of retiring, and this is as good a time as any."

"Whether you do or not is a private and personal matter," Chan told him. "What is not so private is, what is name of the killer who has honored you with his presence on this journey? It is an affair I am here to look into, with full authority to do so. If you will get your party together in the lounge at ten o'clock I shall launch the campaign."

Lofton glared at him. "How long, O Lord—how long?" he said.

"I shall be brief as possible."

"You know what I mean. How long must I continue to gather my party together for these inquisitions? Nothing ever comes of them—ever has, or ever will, if you ask me."

Charlie gave him a searching look. "And you would be sorry if anything did," he ventured.

Lofton returned the look. "Why should I try to deceive you? I am not longing for any final flare of publicity about this matter. That would mean the end of my touring days, and no mistake. An unpleasant end too. No, what I want is a petering out of the whole business. You see, I intend to be frank with you."

"Quite refreshing, thank you," bowed Charlie.

"I'll get the party together, of course. But further than that, if you look for any help from me, you'll be looking in the wrong place."

"Looking in wrong place is always terrible waste of time," Chan assured him.

"I'm glad you realize that," Lofton answered, and rising, moved toward the door. Chan followed meekly at his heels.

Going up to see the captain of the ship, Charlie encountered a more cordial greeting. That old sea dog heard the story of the chase with mounting indignation.

"All that I can say is, I hope you get your man," he remarked at last. "I'll give you every help possible. But remember this, Mr. Chan: A mistake would be a serious thing. If you came to me and asked me to have someone put under restraint, and he proved to be the wrong person, I'd be in a hole. The line would probably never hear the end of it—lawsuits and all that. We'll have to be very sure what we are doing."

"Man who runs big ship like this should always be sure what he is doing," Chan suggested mildly. "I promise to use every care."

"And I know you will," smiled the captain. "I haven't been on the Pacific run these past ten years without hearing about you. I have every confidence in you, but I couldn't, under the circumstances, fail to point out my position. If an arrest becomes necessary, let's try and have it made on the San Francisco dock. That would avoid many complications."

"You call up pretty picture," Chan remarked. "I hope it eventuates."

"So do I," nodded the captain, "with all my heart."

Charlie went back to the promenade deck. He saw Kashimo flit by, resplendent in a new uniform which fitted him only in spots. Pamela Potter was sitting in a deck chair and waved to him. He joined her.

"Your friend Mrs. Luce is not yet about?" he inquired.

(Continued on Page 44)

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Luxurious Transportation

A tale from the Arabian Nights relates how the Sultan's son, Prince Houssain, secured for a fabulous sum the Magic Carpet which transported its owner wherever he might command

* * *

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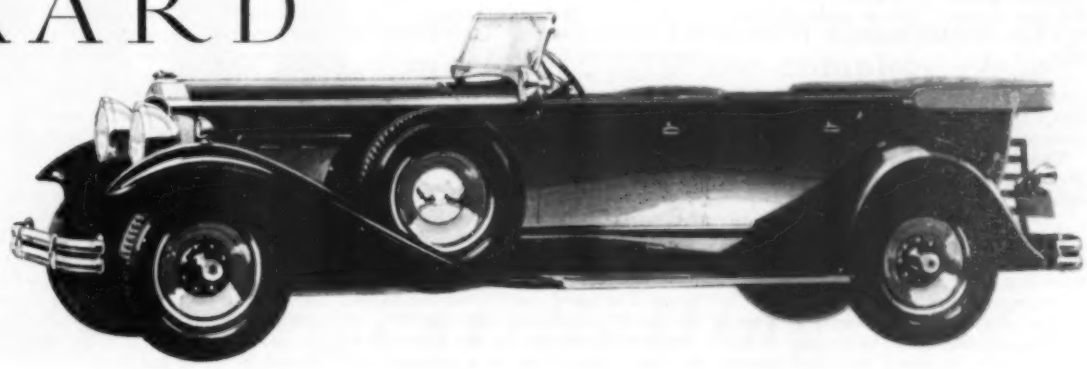

(Continued from Page 42)

"No, she sleeps late at sea and has breakfast in her cabin. Did you want to speak with her right away?"

"I wished talk with the two of you. But you alone suffice in a very pleasant manner. Last night I set you down on dock at about nine o'clock. Tell me; what members of travel party did you encounter between that hour and moment of retiring?"

"We saw several of them. The stateroom was quite warm, so we went up and sat in steamer chairs near the top of the gangplank. The Minchins came aboard presently, and Sadie stopped to show us her day's loot. A ukulele for that boy of hers at military school, among other things. Then Mark Kennaway came on, but he didn't stop with us. He thought Mr. Tait might want him for the eternal bedtime story. Then the Benbows; Elmer all loaded down with exposed film. That was all, I guess. Mr. Kennaway came back to us in a few minutes. He said Mr. Tait didn't seem to be aboard, and he appeared to think that rather surprising."

"Those were all. No man with a Malacca stick?"

"Oh, Mr. Ross, you mean. Yes, he was one of the first, I think. He came limping aboard ——"

"Pardon me—at about what time?"

"It must have been about 9:15. He passed where we were sitting—I thought he was limping even more than usual. Mrs. Luce spoke to him, but, oddly enough, he didn't answer. He just hurried on down the deck."

"Can you tell me, is his the only Malacca stick in the party?"

The girl laughed. "My dear Mr. Chan, we spent three days in Singapore, and if you don't buy a Malacca stick there, they won't let you leave. Every man in our party has one at least."

Charlie frowned. "Indeed? Then how can you be absolutely certain it was Mr. Ross who passed you?"

"Well, this man was limping ——"

"Simplest thing in the world to imitate. Think hard. Was there no other way in which you could identify him?"

The girl sat for a moment in silence. "How's this?" she remarked at last. "Getting to be some little detective myself. The sticks that were bought in Singapore all had metal tips—I noticed that. But Mr. Ross' stick has a heavy rubber tip on it. It makes no noise on the deck."

"And the stick of the man who passed you last night ——"

"It made no sound. So the man must have been Mr. Ross. Am I good? Just to show you how good I am, I'll give you a demonstration. Here comes Mr. Ross now. Listen!"

Ross had appeared in the distance and was swinging along toward them. He passed with a nod and a smile, and disappeared around the corner. Chan and the girl looked at each other. For accompanying the lame man like a chant they had heard the steady "tap, tap, tap" of metal on the hard deck.

"Well, of all things!" cried the girl.

"Mr. Ross' stick has lost its rubber tip," Charlie said.

She nodded. "What can that mean?"

"A puzzle," Chan answered. "And unless I am much mistaken, the first of many aboard this ship. Why should I worry? Puzzles are my business."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PROFESSIONAL

(Continued from Page 9)

develop him and back him. Mrs. McLaughlin interested herself in his affairs, but she had not the knowledge or the professional experience to do as much as she would have.

He had graduated from the Boston Conservatory. He could go now, as a teacher of counterpoint and fugue, if it were not for the fact that he had no gift for teaching. He couldn't bear beginners. He had had three years of lessons from Kempf. And then, the six months with Madame Simco. There was a woman who knew that the voice was the only possible medium for her sex. But her knowledge of music had amazed him. She had been very difficult. It wasn't natural for him to accompany, for he had the impulses of a performer.

And after Madame Simco took another young pianist back to Europe, something had happened to Richard.

"I don't know. I began to play badly. I made mistakes. It grew worse. I practiced feverishly. You can't know what fears I had. I got so I couldn't play the simplest music without errors. I was afraid I was sunk. And then my mother wrote me that serious complications had developed from her fall ——"

His voice trailed away. He felt her sympathy.

"So, here I am. After all my hopes—all that everyone expected of me—all that I thought I could be! Playing an organ in the movies at home! There's only one thing that makes it possible to bear it. That's my mother—that I can be with her, and take care of her and support her now, after she worked so hard all these years to give me my chance. I think she is disappointed in me. She wants me to give lessons. But that would be the last ditch for me. I'd rather starve. Oh, I wish I could feel as I should about this job—grateful for the chance—but I can't feel that way. It's just a way out for my mother. That's all it is."

"It will be hard for you," said Virginia with divine understanding. "You must make Mr. McLaughlin pay you well. Whatever he offers you, make him raise it at least once. Then he'll always think well of you. I'm already on the pay roll. I'm making a scrapbook of his press notices about the new theater. He's so proud of them. So I'll be down there tomorrow. I'll see you then."

"I'll look for you."

"Richard, things will work out well for you. They're bound to. You're different from other boys."

This was a thing he had known all his life. But he had never heard it spoken of before like this—as an advantage.

Mr. McLaughlin was quarreling with someone over the long-distance telephone when Richard called on him the next day. It was a matter of aisle carpets.

"Certainly I won't pay ten cents more a yard than we figured!" he shouted. "And anyhow, you promised me those carpets today! We're opening Saturday. What kind of a business have you up there anyhow? Who's in charge? . . . Well, call him!"

Richard listened, somewhat daunted at Mr. McLaughlin's fierce tones, but Virginia, working in the office, took it all mildly. She smiled at Richard and her face was a little pink with happiness. They whispered together while the battle of carpets raged.

Mr. McLaughlin, satisfied, hung up the telephone and swung around.

"Richard, I've decided to pay you forty dollars a week. How's that for Hilltown?"

Richard thought it was pretty good—for Hilltown. But he saw Virginia behind Mr. McLaughlin's broad back, holding up both hands with fingers outspread, and he said, trying to make his voice firm:

"Yes, that's all right, but I could get more elsewhere. I have to stay here, but the work is worth fifty dollars at least, and I don't think my circumstances should penalize me, do you?"

"Now, Richard, be reasonable. We only have a little show here. Every dollar makes a difference. Of course I want to do what's right ——"

Virginia laid her finger on her lips and Richard was silent. It took Mr. McLaughlin ten minutes to talk himself into it, and then he was excited over his own generosity.

"I tell you, we do things right, down here—don't we, Virginia?"

"Yes, you do, Mr. McLaughlin," she praised him.

"Now, Richard, here's something to discuss. Sit down here. Virginia can move her scraps." He opened a magazine with a bright yellow cover that lay on his desk.

"Look," he said. "Here's the review about the picture we're opening with Saturday night. This Burning Passion is the title. Of course, that may not mean anything, Richard. They all have names like that. But this is the little lady that stars in the picture. She's a good little box-office attraction.

"Jobe will run the picture Saturday morning for the staff and to test his machines once more. You'll be here then. The cans come in on the milk train. Here's the villain." Mr. McLaughlin laughed. "Isn't that picture a sketch? Look what it says underneath it, Richard."

Richard, with slight interest, read the caption beneath the ferocious-looking, unshaved heavy. "One of the best leerers and teeth grinders in the business," it read. He felt astonishment. He had no idea that the movie people could take themselves with so much salt. He laughed suddenly, looking at the absurd picture, liking it, liking Mr. McLaughlin.

"And here's the music suggested for this picture. Now, you have a trunkful of music, I've heard, but I'll bet you haven't got one of these pieces, have you?"

Richard looked at the list suggested for an organ group to act as a prelude to the picture, which had its own sound. The theme song, entitled Why Am I Dying? and for a follow-up, Burning Baby, Why Do I Love You? and Papa's Momma.

Richard did not admit that he had never even heard of these songs.

"You get the music at the music store and charge it to the theater. You practice these good, Richard, for Saturday. Now, I've been thinking we ought to take advantage of your musical education, so I kind of figured out that you'd play popular stuff before the show, and then just something pleasant and soft to accompany the short stuff, when it's silent, and for your solo you can play something good. Oh, not too good—not over our heads—but still classical music. I think that Hilltown would like that. What do you think, Virginia?"

"You're probably right about it, Mr. McLaughlin."

"We're going to lay down hard on the organ," the owner warned his young musician. "We've got to have everything so superior that not only Hilltown people will be afraid to miss a show but so they'll come from all around—from Stony City and Sugar Ridge and Blue Rock; dates from the university and people from the country—to our show. The ushers will greet everyone with a real smile, not just teeth, and the organ is to be a great drawing card, and I'll run the best pictures I can buy. I've got some wonderful films on my contract, Richard. Everyone must be on his toes."

Richard was to hear this speech so often he would become deaf to it in self-defense, but this time he listened, feeling a little dismay over Burning Baby.

"See, Richard; a town has all kinds of groups of people. We have to catch everyone with a different bait. Some come for the comedies, and some for the serials on dime night, and some for the good pictures only. And some are addicts. They don't care what we run; they're here whenever the picture changes. They have no discrimination at all. Those are the ones who keep the shows open, but there aren't enough of them.

"The ones who don't care for pictures must come to hear the organ; the ones that are bored with music and love will come for the news reels. Some like jazz, some grand opera. We have to get them all—smart and dumb, clever and simple, jaded and eager, old and young. You are going to be one of the best things. You will have a great responsibility."

"Yes, sir. Mr. McLaughlin, there's a good grand piano down there in the pit. I suppose you bought it for vaudeville, or an occasional show. I wonder if you would mind if I practiced on it for a while every day? I want to keep my piano work up, and our piano at home, that my mother got when I was a boy, never was much account. If you let this big piano stand closed, it will be bad for it."

"Sure, play it. That's what it's there for."

The opening night was a great success. The new theater was filled to the last seat fifteen minutes before the first show started, and there was a line clear around the corner by the Cash and Carry for the second show. Mr. McLaughlin was in a state of feverish excitement. Ruth and Virginia, brightly rouged and smartly dressed in pretty uniforms, showed a pop-eyed Hilltown to its seats. Richard played, and the audience gave him a big hand when he finally stopped for the sound picture. That round of applause, that cheer and whistle from the front seats, did something to Richard. It sent the queerest, most nameless glow through his heart. It instilled in him some consolation that he had not expected to find. It held him on his bench in the show, so that he watched the pictures, elongated and out of focus, from his bench. Small perfections in the photography became apparent to him. A certain restrained gesture, an exquisite pitch of voice, seemed to him the beginnings of an artistry not completely fulfilled.

Now, a small-town movie is not like a city movie, and not even sound pictures and colored pictures can make it so. In Hilltown the audience applauded the pictures, booed the villain, cheered the hero, clapped for the dénouement. They had fixed habits, acquired under Mr. McLaughlin's training, back in the old days when Henry Walthall first brought his dark eyes to an audience accustomed to riding horses and flying pies. They had loved Edith Storey, thrilled to Francis X. Bushman. Pictures whose uxoriousness and sentimental drippings went well in the big cities were greeted with crowing and frank laughter in Hilltown. They depended on their movies. They were capricious, discerning, shrewd. Mr. McLaughlin knew how to buy for them, knew how much salt they needed. The intelligence and critical capacity of the audience was a thing that Richard took in slowly, against his preconceived ideas.

On the opening night of the Llamarada, there were speeches and flowers—a premier performance. The time came quickly for the organ solo. Jobe trained the spotlight on Richard at his white-and-gold console, sitting, a slim, dark figure, on the narrow bench. At Virginia's advice, Richard had chosen a well-known bit of grand opera—Bizet's Bohemian Dance, from Carmen. Richard had explained that the music belonged to an earlier opera, and not to Carmen, but Virginia didn't care, as long as he played it instead of something no one had ever heard before. The Hilltown audience, conscious of the drama of Richard's return, proud of a local celebrity, listened in respectful silence and applauded generously.

In spite of himself the boy became infected with the general excitement and good

(Continued on Page 46)

Clean Smoking

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Wm. Penn 5¢

NO FALLING ASH . . . NO CRUMBLING CIGAR . . . soils your clothes and hands when you smoke the Cigar with the Long Ash . . . Every Wm. Penn smoked is a refreshing picture of clean smoking . . . For its cleanliness goes beneath the surface.

Choice long filler makes it a cigar of unbroken leaf—no scraps or trimmings . . . The ash holds . . . *Wm. Penn and other modern 5-cent cigars are made by machine* . . . But for complete clean smoking reach for a Wm. Penn every time . . . At the cigar case take no other.

General Cigar Co., Inc. . . . . World's Largest Manufacturer of Cigars

The World's *Largest Selling* Cigar

TELL THIS TO YOUR FAIR PROVIDER

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The ladies of the land do a big job (and do it very well) in shopping for their sometime lords and masters.

Among other things, they buy 84% of all the tooth paste made. They control the dental destinies of more than half the males.

It may be that your fair provider gets Ipana for you. Hundreds of thousands of wives do. But, on the off chance that she doesn't, show these few simple statements to your wife.

1 **Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.**

2 **If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.**

3 **Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!**

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Ipana's success is a tribute to its modern formula—its scientifically sound protection for both teeth and gums. So hand the coupon below to your wife. Ask her to get it for you. She will never regret the good deed she does the family.

To My Shopping Guide—

When next the family tube of tooth paste needs replacement, will you please consider my request that we start to use Ipana?

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Signed.....

(Continued from Page 44)

will, but walking home, after eleven, with Virginia he tried to recapture his habitual gloomy frame of mind, for what reason he did not know. There seemed some obscure point of honor involved in holding out.

"Oh, Richard, aren't you happy?" Virginia squeezed his arm. "Weren't you thrilled when Mr. McLaughlin asked those who could remember when he ran the old one-reel Charlie Chaplin films? The Llamarada isn't just an ordinary movie, is it, Richard? It means something special to me, and to all of Hilltown. It's had its part in bringing up the young people of the town. Just to think we have this wonderful little show, with upholstered seats and statues and an organ, and talkies, in our little town! It's Mr. McLaughlin that did it. No one else would have had the courage."

Richard sighed.

"When you think of the money that's gone into that organ," he mourned—"a small fortune! And the way they spend money in Hollywood to make a picture like that—well, it's just Mammon! That's what it is—Mammon! A commercial appeal to all that's base in man!"

"Richard," said Virginia seriously, "you mustn't feel that way. I've been thinking about the way you talk. You said yesterday that it was a travesty to make music serve the pictures! I wonder, did you ever think that you might make the pictures serve music?"

"You mean, make the people like good music when they come to see the pictures? Educate them? Uplift them?"

"No," she said impatiently, "I don't mean anything silly like that at all. What an idea! That would make everyone sore at you, if they even suspected you of thinking it. And they will suspect you, if you do think it! I mean something much more personal and practical than that. This job at the Llamarada gives you a living, doesn't it? And it gives you a chance to save a little, perhaps, and to practice your piano. So far, so good. But why can't it be a springboard to get you into the world of music again in a realer way? Suppose you stay here for a couple of years and become very popular and really make good. Have the audience eating out of your hand. Mightn't that lead you to a better opportunity—mightn't this moving-picture job bring you nearer to your dreams than you've ever been?"

"No," he said, his gloom settling firmly upon him, "I can't see how I can possibly get anywhere in the world of music by playing the organ in a Hilltown movie. I have put myself beyond consideration."

"I think perhaps you are mistaken," she said steadily. "I'm only a girl, and I don't know one thing about music, and I've never lived anywhere but in Sugar Ridge and Hilltown, but I know this much—that you never put yourself outside the pale in anything by doing what is right."

"You don't know about this as I do, Virginia. You don't know the kind of people that have the say about concerts. It is necessary to keep a highbrow reputation. And when you're out of it all, you aren't remembered a minute."

"But most of the great ones in music, as in everything else, have all kinds of things behind them in their beginnings. And isn't it the people who pay to hear a pianist that have the say, rather than committees?" she asked innocently, and he looked at her, a little startled. The moon was rising free of the trees—a young and tender moon. The night was cool and sweet around them. They kissed each other. Richard lingered by the white gate, silent, grateful for her encouragement, but unbelieving.

"Maybe you're right," he said, "but I can't feel that way about it. It's all over for me."

"It's only just started, Richard. Kiss me again, for I must go in. You're the sweetest boy in the world, and the best."

But it hurt Richard's feelings that Virginia took Mr. McLaughlin's side in the battle that gradually developed between the two.

"But, Richard, I can't help but think that way."

"You want me to mind him as if I were a child!"

"But, Richard, he's our boss. All of us mind him! Why shouldn't we?"

But Richard would not give obedience. Perhaps it had been disastrous that Mr. McLaughlin yielded to Richard's request for more money in their first arrangement. After that, Richard felt that the theater owner would give in to him. Mr. McLaughlin, in advertising the shows, wanted Richard to give him, a week ahead of time, his programs. He wanted them all cut and dried, wanted Richard to have everything timed exactly, wanted to announce that on next Friday the organ solo would be certain selections from Faust—The Jewel Song, and the superb trio which closes the opera. He wanted Richard to arrange a definite plan of musical selections that would take the whole winter. Richard was willing to follow the suggestions in the trade paper about the popular music, for it was all alike to him. But for his solo he wished to please his own mood and desire. He would not give Mr. McLaughlin announcements, or, if compelled to do so, he did not adhere to them. But the audience liked him. He was a definite part of the program, increasing in importance as the weeks grew into months.

The storms and tribulations of the staff, the woe of the meetings called after a thin house, were also hard for Richard, and he did not like to go to them, and would sometimes absent himself in open defiance of Mr. McLaughlin's orders. These things troubled Virginia, and she felt that Richard should acknowledge Mr. McLaughlin's rights. Sometimes, when the crowd was poor and Richard excelled himself at the organ and was met with enthusiasm, Mr. McLaughlin would be almost in tears.

"If we could have announced it—if we could have advertised it ——" he would say imploringly, trying to reason with Richard, who became only more difficult, for all his coaxing.

In November, Mr. McLaughlin's contract called for three superfilms in three successive weeks. They were costing a good deal and he was more than anxious about results. The first two did not draw the crowds and were financially disappointing, and late in the afternoon, before the first running of the third picture, Mr. McLaughlin called his whole staff into his small office, where they had to stand crowded close to one another, right under his fierce, indignant blue eyes. Richard, near the door, would have left if Virginia had not held his coat sleeve firmly.

Mr. McLaughlin walked up and down the small space left for pacing. He was not satisfied with anything about the theater.

"Unless it is Miss Pitcain. Yes, I can find no fault with Miss Pitcain. She's there in the box exactly at the right minute every night, and she's never a nickel out in her money. And she doesn't let the school children in free—not even the first-graders. No, I haven't anything to say about Miss Pitcain. But the ushers have been late twice this week. How is that, with people coming early and finding their own seats? In the old show we didn't have ushers, but they only paid twenty cents. What do they pay thirty-five and sometimes fifty for now, if they have to choose for themselves? Don't you know that Hilltown expects more for half a dollar than any place in the United States? And then—giggling!"

He contemplated giggling in bitter resentment.

"You, Ruth, and you, Virginia! Both of you with mothers that have such nice manners! I know Mrs. Wilson thought you were laughing at her ear horn. Maybe she'll never come back again! And, Jobe, twice this week there has been a flaw when you changed machines. Nothing the crowd would notice, perhaps, but I noticed it! What do I advertise in the Stone City paper? Come to Hilltown to the Llamarada; Perfect Synchronization, I tell them. And we have it! You're a good boy, Jobe, but you must watch like a hawk! If it was easy to run these machines, I'd do it myself!"

He paused for breath and looked around on them fiercely.

"Anyhow," he said, "I think the music should be more peppylike! I think you should make more of a show of your part of the program, Richard. Wave your shoulders a little; make it look hard! It looks too easy, the way you play. And that Singing in the Bathtub! That's jazz. I heard it on my radio, late the other night. It goes: Tump-ty-ump-ty-ump! Not sedatelike, at all. Pep it up! Why"—he viewed them with horror—"what if we have the scarlet fever here this winter?" And they all knew he was not thinking of its possible victims, but only of the effects of quarantine.

"What will you do when the boys start playing basketball, and every Friday night the town is basketball crazy? Twenty-five cents each they pay, and the gym is filled to the rafters. And then the women will start having two bridge parties on the same evening.

"Does the manager of a city theater have to care if the boys play basketball or the women play bridge? Not he! He's always got people that go to the movies. But do you know what it takes to get two hundred people into our show every night, and twice on Saturday and Sunday? That takes a miracle. That takes the organ and the ushers and perfect pictures and fine lights and comfortable seats and fresh air. Don't you let your ventilators get stuck again, Bill Finney! We have to earn a surplus from now till Christmas to tide us over January. This isn't my first year in this game. I know what we're up against in the winter. When we have our first year in this building behind us with a profit, everybody gets a bonus!"

The fact that it was wholesale, mitigated it. Everyone in the little room knew that Mr. McLaughlin could not work himself up to say such things to any one of them alone. But he was puffing and blowing now like an old seal. Ruth put out her cheeks behind him. Miss Pitcain was embarrassed at being excepted in the general slaughter. But he was finished now, and with a last roar he told them he would never talk to them all again! This was their last chance. Next time he would fire them!

"How will you like that, eh?" he cried. No one believed him.

However, out in the hall, Richard found the girls already giggling again. Jobe, with a healthy swear word, went back to his cubicle. And Bill Finney wagged his ears to show his independence, but went directly to see about his ventilators.

But Richard was burning with injured pride. His hands shook. He felt that he must go out and never come back! Here, for fifty dollars a week—a paltry fifty dollars—Mr. McLaughlin was getting concert music and asking for pep! He talked about jazz to Richard Hardy! Richard looked at Virginia coldly. How could she take it so lightly that he had been humiliated before the others? Included with Bill Finney and Jobe in a general denunciation? It did not occur to him that she, too, had been berated, and about her manners—a touchy subject with a young girl—and that she might be trying to bolster her own pride. His thought was all on himself.

He strode through the empty theater to the piano in the narrow pit. He opened the piano and struck a loud, angry chord from it. He lifted his hands and let the crashing chords fall away in rapid succession, and began, in hot defiance, to execute a difficult concerto. He played it faultlessly from beginning to end—music he had not seen for a year. It was this concerto that had been his black beast when he had begun to slip, in Boston, a year before. Now it came as he had always dreamed of it—with the delicate precision, the weaving and interweaving of motif into a perfect whole.

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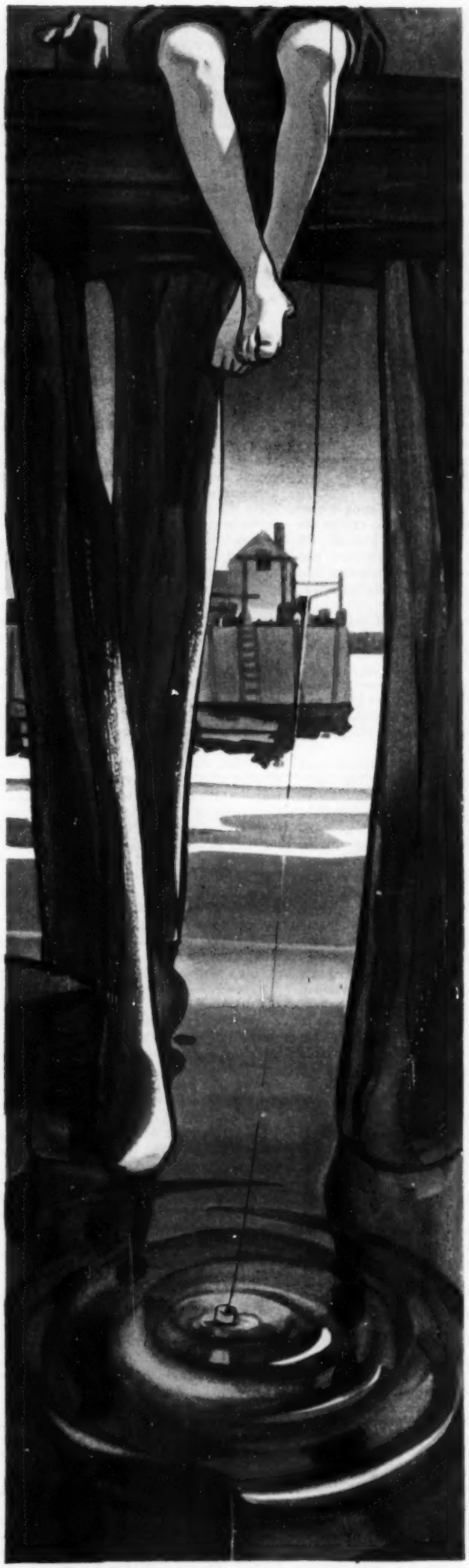

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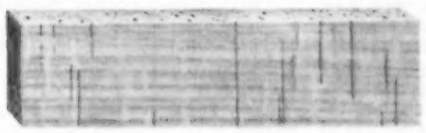

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When he had finished, he found Virginia standing beside him.

"That's wonderful, Richard."

He vented his hurt on her. "You don't know anything about it," he told her. "But if Mr. McLaughlin wants pep, there it is!"

"You're right, Richard."

"That's what you say to him, too, isn't it? Never mind. You stood there and looked at Ruth and smiled when he was telling me how to play the organ!"

"How could I help it? He was funny!"

"I'll quit," Richard told her. "I'll not take it from him, funny or serious. Does he think I have to play his darned pipe organ? Since I started here he's tried to advise and regulate me. Doesn't he realize I know more than he ever dreamed of about this thing? Why should I permit him to instruct me? I'll get a job in the quarry, keeping books, before I'll go on this way. Music! Bah!"

"Richard, do you know what you sound like?"

"Like myself," he said. And then: "You don't know what I've suffered!"

"I was going to say nine years old," she answered, "but that last remark puts it down. Six is about right. The first grade. Six years old and never been spanked. I don't see how anyone as nice as your mother could have you for a son."

"So that's what you think?"

"Yes. I think you're a big baby. I think you're conceited and spoiled and selfish. You're an amateur. That's what you are! You aren't thinking about your profession; you're only thinking of yourself and your feelings. I'll bet a million that's why you failed with Madame Simco—because you thought of Richard Hardy instead of her! I'm sorry I'm crazy a-b-bout you! I w-wish I could despise y-you!"

She turned and fled, and although he did not know at all that she was crying, he felt that she was.

It was the end. It was the last insupportable insult. Richard turned and, bareheaded, he went in the opposite direction from that Virginia had taken, left the theater by the alley entrance and turned toward the river.

A light rain was falling. He skirted the square, and as he went around the corner toward the bridge he could see, two blocks away, the bright illumination that was the Llamarada.

He was through with it now—through with Mr. McLaughlin and with Virginia! He thought she understood him, but she did not. She didn't know anything about him. No one knew—no one in the whole world. He was all alone.

He leaned on the bridge railing and looked down at the dark, swirling water. The courthouse tower was softly illumined behind him. If he were seen there, he would be thought insane, he knew. It was raining harder—a cold rain that penetrated his coat and ran down inside his collar. He felt a fierce joy that he was through with all of them. What lay ahead he could not think. He wanted only this reaction of freedom.

"Small town!" he said hoarsely. "Hilltown. Hicktown!"

He shook his fist at the dim courthouse dome. The clock waited a moment and then solemnly, absurdly, struck six. Richard wished it were seven, so that he could know that the doors of the theater were open, the crowds gathering in the rain, the ushers standing at the inner doors, straight and smiling with their little flash lights in their hands, Tom taking in the tickets that Miss Pitcain sold, Mr. McLaughlin frantic to know that he had no organist.

"Let him worry," said Richard to himself contemptuously, and walked on across the bridge and up the old road among the orchards. He walked rapidly for a long way. He had never been in such good health. He did not care for the mud and water or the cold. The wetter, the muddier, the farther from the theater he got, the more conclusive his attitude of independence.

He told himself that Virginia had betrayed him. But the thought of her was all wrong. She seemed to retain her integrity against his resentment, to remain a wise and simple person, a beautiful girl, with an honesty and fragrance about her. His mother liked her immensely. She would have been his wife in time, Richard thought, if she hadn't revealed the fact that she was like the others—only wanting him to please Mr. McLaughlin; not counting his own artistic temperament at all. No, she was not the girl for him. But the thought of her kindness made him feel faint there in the rainy darkness of the country road. His feet grew heavy. Virginia ——

But it was not really Virginia that began to press him back upon the road. It was really not his mother that drew him softly, coaxingly, away from his willfulness. He held his head hard against the subtle undercurrent which drew him with quickening power. Coming distinctly through the rain he heard the far, single boom of the courthouse clock, striking the half hour. The theater would open in fifteen minutes. The doors would be open, the lights shining in the rain, the warm air coming in puffs upon the passers-by. The lights around the foyer would glow! And this picture—Mr. McLaughlin had paid a hundred dollars for it! It was a twelve-reel film, a gangster picture, popular in the peaceful rural town where a shot was not heard the year around. And the organ would be dark and silent.

He remembered how Caruso had sung his last opera with such pain in his throat that he was almost fainting with it when he left the stage; remembered how Madame Simco had risen once, with a high fever, and crossed the city streets in the cold and snow to sing at an engagement. They never let their audiences down—those great ones! And there, in the Hilltown movies, in the cradle of mediocrity, in darkest Egypt, Richard had his own audience waiting for him. He saw it at once, with the thought—those rows of blank, disappointed faces; those people who were so glad that Hilltown's theatre had such a splendid organ. His people, trained to listen and applaud!

He turned and with a half sob began to run through the darkness, back toward town. At the foot of the hill a car came up behind him, and he hailed it; but the driver, with one glance at Richard's wild, mud-stained appearance, stepped on the gas and shot by. Richard ran along the edge of the road. Another car passed him with haste—people going in to the movies! His breath was laboring in his lungs. He had to get there! He had to!

A truck passed him, swerving aside from his waving arms. Richard ran after it and with an agility new to him he leaped and caught hold of the tailboard and hung on. He pulled himself up, the great dual-tired wheels sending such a shower of mud over him that he looked like the comic in a mud-pie short. The truck went right through town, with Richard riding free. He dropped off near the theater, his feet striking the concrete smartly. He ran along between the back of the theater and the back of the bakery, and came in through the door by which he had left. Bill was there.

"Get me a towel, Bill, quick! I'm soaked!"

"You can't go in there like that. The show's started."

The theater was strangely silent. Richard listened and turned impatiently toward the steel door that gave into the front. Bill stopped him.

"The boss wants to see you, Richard. He's been wild."

"Where is he?"

"Here he comes now."

The door on the other side opened and Mr. McLaughlin came into the narrow space between the screen and the back wall. He looked at Richard and came directly across.

"What happened to you?" he demanded, his voice low and tight; and then, before Richard could begin to tell him: "Not that it matters. You're fired."

"I'm fired?"

"Yes, you're fired." Mr. McLaughlin reached in his capacious pocket and pulled out some bank notes and counted them and thrust them into Richard's hand. "There's two weeks' pay."

"Mr. McLaughlin, please ——"

"No," said the other sternly, "you're through! I've just called Greencastle. A music student from DePauw—a fellow named Jean—is coming here tomorrow night. He can't play the organ as well as you, perhaps, but he's reliable and will do what I want done. He'll come on the bus every night, and be here at 6:30."

Mr. McLaughlin turned and walked away, as though he might weaken if he stayed. The door closed behind him. The film was running in the silent theater. Richard understood with shame what a pinch at the heart this was for Mr. McLaughlin—to disappoint his audience.

The boy walked home in shivering dejection. Outside his mother's house he stopped and stood a little while in the pouring rain. He could see the light by which his mother, secure and growing slowly stronger, lay reading. His throat was constricted. His mouth filled with water.

"Might as well get it over with." He went quickly down the walk and opened the door and went in.

"Is that you, Richard?"

"Yes."

He took off his wet coat and hung it over the back of a chair. He laid his cap on the chair and felt of his damp shirt sleeves. He looked down at his feet. His mother had put down her book and lay regarding him in silence, waiting. He was very unhappy.

"I got fired," he said.

His mother said nothing. Richard stole a glance at her. She lay looking at her closed book. Her face was inscrutable.

"I'm through," he explained, "at the theater." He took from his trousers pocket the money Mr. McLaughlin had given him and laid it in her hand. She transferred her somber gaze from the book to the money, but still did not speak.

Richard sat down by the dining-room table. He leaned his elbow on the table, and sat, his face averted, shading his eyes from the light. There was another light shining in on him, blinding in its brightness. It was the light of self-knowledge and of knowledge of her. Just as he had known, for the first time, what it meant to Mr. McLaughlin to have his theater silent, when it should have been filled with the music of the fine organ, so now he saw what it had meant to his mother to have a gifted son.

Sitting near her, in the distressing silence, he knew how she had dreamed, sewing late at night, dining sparingly, writing him long letters of encouragement, sending him money. It was painful to be compelled to understand what others felt. How he looked to Virginia, who had given him her love. It was awful. To think that Virginia wished she could be free from caring—he was so little worth it!

Richard sat stiff and silent in his chair. After a long time the ghost of a sigh escaped his mother. There was a rustle and movement. Richard turned his head a little. His mother had opened her book and lay reading again. Her face was dry and composed. She was not going to question or reproach him. But neither could she find voice for the encouragement she had always meted out so generously when things seemed black.

"I'll get another job tomorrow," he burst out. "I know I can!"

But it was not so easy as that. The week passed, and a second week. Richard, thumbing rides, visited all the near-by towns and cities, and the same stories, with slight variations, came to his ears. It was usually one of three things:

"We let our organist go when we put in sound pictures."

"Our man has been with us a long time. The crowd wouldn't like a change."

"Do you belong to the union? We have union operators. We can only use union musicians."

Richard thought of his snug berth at the Llamarada with increasing appreciation. The scorned words, "bread and butter," came into a new position in his horizon. He gained a wholesome respect for bread and butter—not only for himself but for his mother. He made an awkward effort for some other kind of work, but his ignorance about things not musical was abysmal.

He came back home one evening about ten days after he had left the Llamarada Theater. His mother had a cold, which threw him into a sudden panic of apprehension. He had grown thin and gaunt. Something had been staring him in the face for three days and nights, but he had looked the other way. It was, indeed, the last ditch for him. But his mother's cold settled the matter. Calmly, without even feeling much about it, he put his advertisement in the Hilltown Crier:

Richard Hardy, 360 North Street, graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music, will give lessons on the pianoforte, two dollars an hour, one dollar a half hour. Phone 56J for appointment.

The work at the theater had done one thing for him. It had given him a local reputation. All the mothers who could possibly afford it were anxious for their children to take lessons from him. He scheduled them and got a visiting nurse to come in twice a day to look after his mother, and let the housekeeper go.

By the end of the week he had enough pupils to give him about twenty-five dollars a week. It was enough for their living, if Richard did all of the housework and watched the pennies closely.

It was impossible for him to change entirely his impatient and high-handed character. He found none of the books published for beginners adequate, and he got blank scores and wrote out the exercises for each pupil himself. He stood behind them, pencil in hand, and counted: "One, two, three, four; one, two, three ——" with a new, strange patience. He corrected and posed thin, inadequate small hands, frowned down the giggling and ogling of thirteen-year-olds, suffered with small boys. He worked with them in repentance and some fear, iterating and reiterating his instructions; reaching out after the wavering, untrained intelligence; steeling his nerves and his ears against faulty time, false chords. Often the hour went into overtime and Richard didn't know it.

He found, to his amazement, that he could teach. His pupils learned from him—some of them astonishingly.

"It's not bad," he said one day to his mother, who nodded. She had begun her sewing again, hemming tablecloths, making fine, hand-embroidered baby bonnets, sheer silk underthings.

"Perhaps I can get a job teaching in some good private school next year," he said uncertainly. "They only want singing teachers in the public schools. Kempf is in Europe, but I might get in touch with him. He'd recommend me, I know."

"Whatever you want to do, Richard."

Since the night he had come in, soaking wet and muddy, she had not asked him a question or mentioned his old job. Richard no longer thought of fame and fortune as his deserts. Those were things that would never come suddenly to him because he was Richard Hardy. Perhaps, some day, if he were patient, if he lasted ——

"It's the winter," Richard told himself, lying awake at night. "If I can get through the winter ——" His mind was fixed on spring as on some mysterious deliverance. If he could get through until spring, something must happen, some change must take place. He was so homesick for the Llamarada that he could hardly stay away from it. Every night, at a quarter to seven, he thought about it—of the crowd coming in, Jobe winding his spools and adjusting his projection machines, the organ, so inviting to the newcomers, the ushers, trim and pretty, Virginia's sweet lips smiling, Mr. McLaughlin, anxiously hovering, wanting everything perfect and more than perfect.

Richard would think of the shadows on the screen, remembering incidents from pictures he had watched over and over; flashes

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CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Dealer Bulletin

Why Better Performance Depends So Largely On Spark Plugs

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

(This is sales bulletin number nine from Toledo to Champion Spark Plug dealers. Written for the Champion sales organization, it is broadcast in the Saturday Evening Post because Champion policy need not be secret from the great public served by Champions.)

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

When your customers ask, "Why should spark plugs ever wear out?" or, "Why should they be replaced when the engine is running all right?" explain the simple facts.

These are fair questions, and the car owner is entitled to the wholly reasonable answers.

To the average driver, spark plugs are simply a minor part of the engine. Few, indeed, realize that the exact character of engine performance is *strictly dependent* on the spark plugs, their design, construction and operating condition.

Instantaneous ignition and the completeness of combustion determine both the efficiency and economy of engine performance—the conversion into power of the highest possible percentage of the fuel used.

The completeness of combustion further determines car performance, the ease with which the car handles at low speeds, the pep it shows under acceleration, speed, and its power on the hills.

Only a full-capacity spark, regardless of engine speed, insures topnotch performance, and this is very definitely dependent on the spark plug insulator and electrodes.

Moreover, it is very necessary that spark plugs be so designed that they run hot at lower engine speeds to keep free from oil and fouling matter and, at the same time, run cool enough at top engine speeds to avoid pre-ignition.

After 10,000 miles of service, all spark plugs—even Champions—lose efficiency. After that distance, the compressed gas does not burn with sufficient rapidity. Combustion is, therefore, incomplete. Unburned fuel is wasted through the exhaust and some seeps down by the piston rings to dilute the oil in the crankcase. Power, speed and acceleration are greatly impaired.

Thus you can make it plainly evident to your customers that it is poor economy to use any spark plugs for more than 10,000 miles, or to use any but the best and most efficient spark plug.

Champion Spark Plugs meet all conditions of the most advanced engineering. Sillimanite, the finest known insulating material, and so recognized by ceramic science, is used in Champions and in Champions *only*.

Special analysis electrodes, with positive parallel sparking surfaces, combine with Sillimanite to insure full delivery of the high tension current at all speeds, and at all changes in temperature to which they are subjected throughout the range of engine operation.

That these features, found in Champions *only*, are recognized by motorists as being essential to better performance, is evidenced by the fact that Champions excel and outsell throughout the world.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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TRADE MARK

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Over two million owners agree

IT'S WISE TO CHOOSE A SIX

There can be no finer endorsement of the Chevrolet Six than the record number of Chevrolets now on the road—and the widespread enthusiasm of their owners.

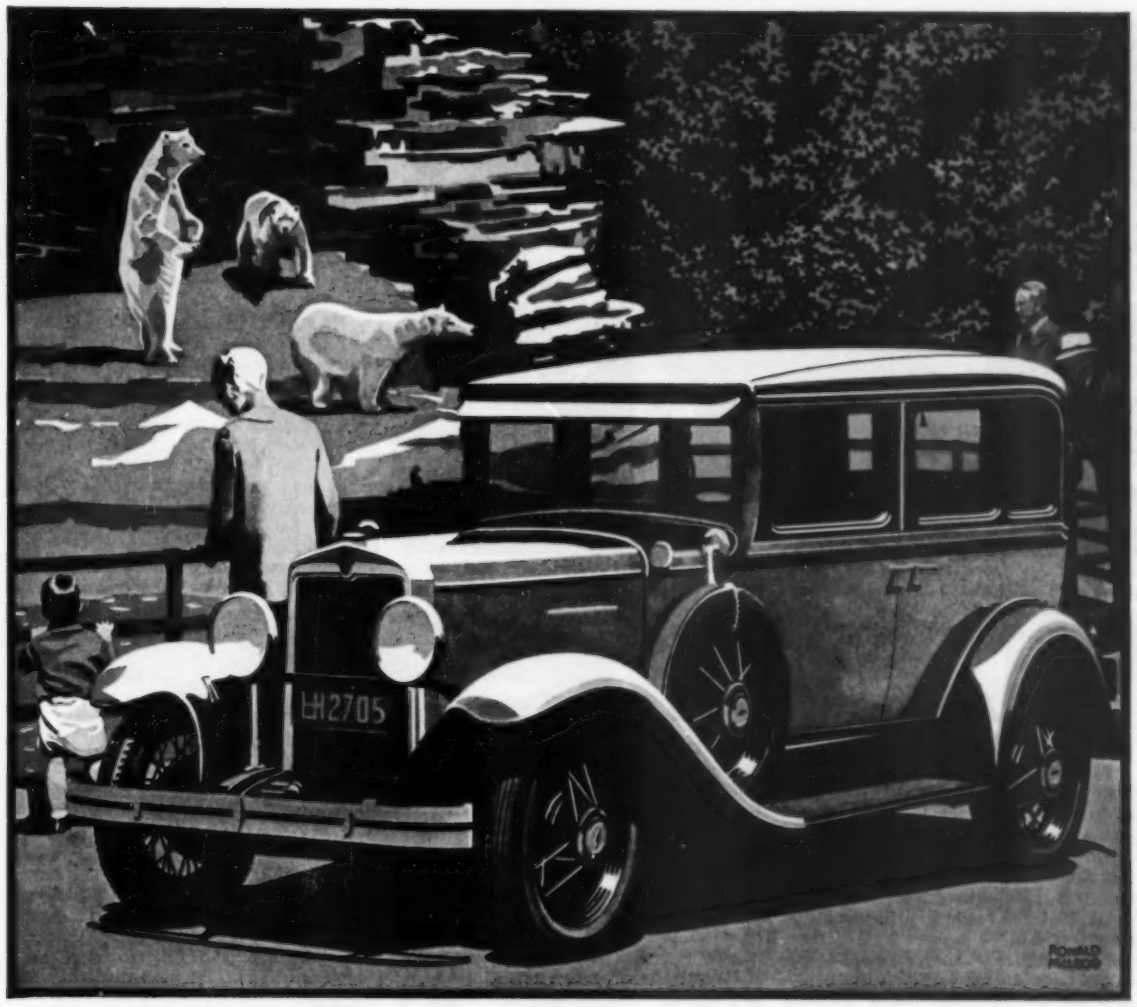
Over two million people are now driving six-cylinder Chevrolets.

These two million owners have learned, by daily experience, that Chevrolet is very definitely a *better* low-priced automobile.

They have found that six cylinders mean *more enjoyable* motoring. That six-cylinder power is always smooth and flexible. That six-cylinder speeds are always quiet and comfortable. That six-cylinder performance, as Chevrolet provides it, is just as economical as any other kind!

In selecting a low-priced car, you should take into consideration this great nation-wide endorsement of Chevrolet performance. Consult your Chevrolet dealer today. Learn for yourself why two million owners agree—"it's wise to choose a Six!"

Everywhere, owners are telling their friends about the Chevrolet Six—praising its performance, its comfort, its handling ease. This widespread owner goodwill has been largely responsible for the remarkable popularity of the Chevrolet Six.



The Chevrolet Special Sedan is a de luxe creation in every sense of the word. Standard equipment includes six wire wheels with fender wells, bumpers front and rear, robe rail, dome light, silk assist cords, etc. Priced $725, f. o. b. factory, Flint, Mich.

Some distinguishing features of the Chevrolet Six

50-horsepower six-cylinder motor . . . 48-pound crankshaft . . . Oil pressure gauge . . . Hot-spot manifold . . . Fully-enclosed motor . . . Gasoline pump and filter . . . Crankcase ventilator . . . AC air cleaner . . . Accelerating pump . . . Bronze-bushed pistons . . . Modern chassis . . . Full-length frame . . . Four semi-elliptic springs . . . Banjo-type rear axle . . . Ball bearing steering gear . . . Fully-enclosed 4-wheel brakes . . . Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers . . . Fisher hardwood-and-steel body . . . Non-glare VV windshield . . . Dash gasoline gauge . . . Motor temperature indicator . . . Adjustable driver's seat . . . Foot-controlled, adjustable lights . . . Duco finish . . . Gasoline tank in the rear . . . Ignition and gear-shift lock . . . Highest grade steels . . . Self-lubricating clutch . . . Self-adjusting spring shackles . . . Low service cost . . . Low parts prices . . . Low oil consumption . . . 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline . . . and, for your protection, a new and liberal service policy.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

CHEVROLET SIX

Sport Roadster . . . $555
Coach $565
Coupe $565
Sport Coupe $655
Club Sedan $665
Sedan $675
Special Sedan $725
(Six wire wheels standard on Special Sedan)

ROADSTER or PHAETON
$495

Sedan Delivery . . . $595
Light Delivery Chassis $365
Roadster Delivery $440
(Pick-up box extra)

1½ Ton Chassis . . $520
With Cab $625
Prices f. o. b. factory Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra

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came back to him—a woman turning at the sound of a voice, a child in its crib, someone watching at a window. They were so alive—the pictures. They gave you so many people to know intimately, to understand and like, when you had been lonely always.

And he had lost his job just when he first began to appreciate it! How strange that was!

He rose early and cleaned and swept, a cheap cigarette in his mouth, thinking always, always of Virginia. It was not the least of the things that had happened to him that he found his love for Virginia a cruel, relentless longing that had nothing to do with romance, moonlight or music. She was through with him, all right. She hadn't given him a sign all winter. He didn't blame her. But he was so lonely for her that it was an actual physical ache and emptiness.

One day in March the wind blew up warm and sweet from the south. The snow melted and ran in the roads, nothing but muddy water. It was a false spring, to be followed with more winter, but it filled Richard with great restlessness, sharp and keen, after the long, dull misery of winter. And there was in him a new thing, a resistance to his fate, a flare-up of his old desire for great things, but with a new discipline and force behind it. That night he left his mother and went to the show.

Miss Pitcain took his silver coins and greeted him with genuine pleasure, smiling and nodding from her glassed-in cage. Inside, Tom shook hands with him and, cap in hand, he turned instinctively away from Virginia's side to Ruth's. He sat in the shadow in the back row and watched Virginia moving up and down the aisle. He had seen her once or twice on the street and she had spoken to him courteously. He moved across the empty row of seats to her side, but she did not see him at once. But Ruth must have told her, when she was at the door, for she came back in, the banners bright in her cheeks, and spoke to him. He did not take his thirsting gaze from her. Finally the house was full, the long picture running, and Virginia came and sat down by him. She sat stiffly.

Richard said in a whisper, "I just had to see you."

"How are you?" she asked, whispering back. She was quite prim. Then they looked at each other and their hands were clasped, their faces touched, and they kissed each other in the darkened theater.

"Oh, Richard!"

"I've no business here with you."

"I've been so lonesome. I've looked for you every night. I felt as though I couldn't go on living if you didn't come!"

Richard crushed her fingers in his own, and then got up abruptly and went out of the theater into the foyer. He stopped outside the office, and an old picture of William S. Hart looked at him sardonically. Mr. McLaughlin was sitting at his desk, writing and figuring. How strange people were that they were influenced by the possible opinions of those who didn't matter—he was thinking of how he had been governed by those student conversations in his standards! Richard listened to the organ music, shaking his head.

He said, "Mr. McLaughlin, can I have my job back again?"

Mr. McLaughlin turned and looked up at him. "Oh, it's you, Richard. How are you?"

"Mostly, I'm sorry."

Mr. McLaughlin frowned a little.

Richard said, "I'm teaching piano. I have thirty-two pupils now."

"I know. I know all about you."

"I'd like to keep some of my young ones—those that work hard and really want to learn. I think I could keep about ten of them and do this job too. I'd like to play the organ for you again. I—every night when it's time to open the show I get such a homesickness, or something. I've planned out some swell programs for the spring and summer. I've got them all written down—a kind of series ——"

Mr. McLaughlin nodded.

"That's the way it is with us professionals," he said, and Richard saw nothing funny in this comment. Mr. McLaughlin sat silent, thinking. Then he said:

"This boy we got—this Jean—he can't play for sour apples! It's terrible! But he's tried so hard. He's been here every night. I don't see how I could fire him fair, do you, Richard?"

"No," said Richard, "I don't."

"I'll tell you one thing, though. He's through, come spring vacation. He'll be busy up there after that, and he's not coming back to DePauw next year. If you want to wait till he's finished—till Easter—you can come back."

"How long is that?"

"It's only six or seven weeks."

"I'll be glad to wait for it," said Richard, and they shook hands, a strong and lively affection between them.

Richard was standing outside, talking to Miss Pitcain, when Virginia came out, and arm in arm they turned and walked away in the early spring darkness.

IT'S IN THE BLOOD

(Continued from Page 15)

"Have you—have you got it with you?" Mr. Briskett asked when at last the story ended.

Joe smiled indulgently. "Scarcely," he replied. "It is at home, safe with the bit of wing I got from the transcontinental plane, a cigarette thrown away by George Bancroft, a button from Clara Bow's coat, and several other little items I picked up here and there."

"Gad!" exclaimed Mr. Goddard, "but I'd like to see that collection!"

"I'd be honored," Joe said.

"Goddard is by way of being a souvenir collector himself," Mr. Briskett explained.

"Nonsense, Hiram," Goddard said impatiently. "I putter a bit at it, to be sure, but I make no pretense of being a collector in the sense, say, that Mr. Moak is. Mine is child's play—no more."

"He has some very interesting items," Mr. Briskett insisted. "He has a spoon from nearly every hotel in Europe. That's certainly something."

"Luck," Mr. Goddard said curtly; "pure luck, that's all."

"I should think," Mr. Briskett said, "that you and Mr. Moak would have a great deal in common."

"I should like to see your collection sometime," Joe said politely, and Mr. Goddard swelled visibly. "We can all learn from each other," he added, "no matter how successful we are. None of us is so perfect that he cannot improve himself."

"We must get together at the very earliest opportunity," Mr. Goddard promised. "But what about that luncheon, Hiram?"

The gentlemen had met, it seemed, to attend the regular Thursday meeting of the Merchants' Luncheon Club together, and Mr. Briskett, inviting Joe to be their guest, would not take no for an answer.

"If you'll forgive us for taking this young man away, my dear"—Mr. Briskett turned gayly to his daughter—"we would like the honor of presenting him to the club members."

"If he will come back some day," she smiled roguishly.

"Come back!" Mr. Briskett exclaimed. "He is to be associated with us here in the executive offices—or somebody's got to put in a much higher bid for his services!" He placed a fatherly hand on Joe's shoulder. "My boy," he said, "Briskett's Delicatessen Store needs men like you—men with vision and force. Before you take any step looking to the future, I want you to promise to talk the matter over with me. Will you promise me that?"

"I will, Mr. Briskett," Joe promised.

"And don't call me Mr. Briskett," the fine-looking old gentleman added; "just call me Hiram, or Hi, for short."

"Hi," Joe said.

It is my understanding that the little scene with Estelle then was purely accidental, that Joe really had forgotten his cigarettes when he excused himself from his new friends, when they got outside, and stepped back into the executive offices. At any rate, the patrician beauty was still there, alone, and her hand, slim, pale, tapering, leaped to her mouth as he entered the door.

"You!" she gasped.

Joe stared.

"I'm glad!" she breathed. "Glad, glad, glad!"

Joe continued to stare.

"I couldn't—I couldn't tell you while they were here," she went on hurriedly. "But I do think—I do want you to know—that what you did—your courage, your daring, everything—it was glorious, glorious, glorious! I—I just wanted you to know!"

"Estelle!" he faltered.

The next second she was gone, frightened, no doubt, by her own forwardness; and collecting his cigarettes slowly, as well as a fountain pen he noticed on the desk, Joe walked from the room, shaken to his very foundation by the light he had seen in the girl's eyes.

To judge from the reports of my operatives, the luncheon that day turned into a gala reception for Joe Moak. Intended originally as a tribute to a visiting English author, the occasion resolved, with the laughing permission of the distinguished writer, into a party in honor of the young man whose feat was still the talk of the town. Big men, all of them, they recognized in Joe the spirit of Young America, and were generosity itself to him.

Under the sheltering guidance of the beaming Mr. Briskett, he was led from table to table, a veritable triumphant march as the captains of industry, many of them souvenir collectors themselves in a modest fashion, rose happily to shake the hand that had snatched the garter from the leg of the famous murderer.

It was with difficulty that the laughing officers of the club finally got the members seated and begun on their luncheons, what with the autographing of menus, visiting cards, old letters and what not. One or two had souvenirs with them, quite by chance, and shyly showed them to him. Old Mr. Blanding had his baseball autographed by Babe Ruth, but in as much as there were reputed to be seventy-eight thousand of these in circulation, Joe was compelled to laugh to himself. A Mr. Darling had a bit of marble which he claimed to have chipped from a statue in the Tuileries Garden, but as Joe had always specialized in Americana, he was impressed but slightly.

After the luncheon, which he had spent at the guest table, seated next to the English author, who himself had a match claimed to have lighted Joseph Conrad's cigar, Joe was called upon, all unexpectedly, to address the club, to tell something of himself, as much as he would of the coup of the day before, and any advice he could think of for the instruction and encouragement of other souvenir snatchers.

It was after four o'clock before he got away, for news of his identity had reached the newspapers, and reporters descended on the dining room while he was speaking. Later they insisted on greater detail, on information of a personal nature with which to feed the voracious appetite of their great circulations, and, finally, on his posing for photographs. The papers that afternoon were full of him.

"Joe," said Mr. Briskett when finally they got away.

"What is it, Hi?"

"About tomorrow," Mr. Briskett said; "don't bother about coming in. Just take it easy for a few days. You must remember that you no longer belong to yourself alone; you belong to the public too. So get some rest while you can. Take your time, and then, when you're ready, come in to see me and we'll have a nice long talk about the future."

"That's mighty white of you, Hi," Joe said gratefully, and hesitantly, "and meanwhile ——"

"Yes, Joe," the fatherly old man said gently, "you have my permission to call upon her."

The world is always looking for heroes. There are times when this eager search seems to have been overweening, when those figures elevated to pedestals have become, under close scrutiny, cracked and unworthy. But these are the errors of anxiety, which the world confesses with laughter and forgets, and continues on without having learned anything from its mistakes.

Of those heroes who had been raised to eminence within recent years, Joe caused his public as little concern as any. He came during what might be called a drought of heroism, and if blind chance lifted him, still the field in which he had won supremacy was one that extended, if sometimes lightly, into nearly every home, and his supremacy in it was one that was scarcely open to question.

Public adulation, moreover, left his head unturned, his ego unimpaired. Conscious of the claim that the public had on him, he evaded no part of his responsibility; nor, on the other hand, did he move a single inch toward courting it. He was patient, he was courteous, he was modest, he was simple—above all things, he was simple. To a public that asks simplicity in its heroes even before it asks merit, Joe was exactly what the doctor ordered, whether he knew it or not.

All that a man might ask was his in the days and weeks that followed—fame, money, adulation. News of the honors showered upon him was in every paper, and throughout the land souvenir snatchers, young and old, were encouraged and inspired by his example, and any person whose name had extended no more than beyond his front door ran the risk of his life when he appeared on the streets, with Joe Moaks leaping at him from out of ash cans, from up alleys, from the limbs of trees, to tear away a souvenir of the occasion.

Everywhere, as I traveled to California, I heard nothing but praise of him—generous praise, whole-hearted praise.

"A splendid fellow!" I heard in a club car.

"The salt of the earth!"

"And daring!"

"As a lion!"

"And modest withal!"

"A veritable violet!"

"There is something about him that reminds me of Lindy."

"But Lindy only flew the ocean, while ——"

"While Moaky," the gentleman agreed, "snatches extraordinarily difficult souvenirs."

"There is little comparison."

Mash notes came, naturally; a morning mail of gushing messages from silly flappers and romantic housewives; but all my reports are unanimous in that he remained single-hearted in his devotion to the aristocratic beauty—now just a real woman in love—whose intuition had pierced the shabbiness of his garb that first day and found the powerful heart that beat beneath it.

Though nothing got into print about it, the romance was, naturally, a matter of vague general knowledge. Word and rumor got out here and there, and crept along until many a maid closed her eyes in sheer

(Continued on Page 56)

1½ TON DODGE TRUCK

A NEW QUALITY TRUCK
WITH FULL-FLOATING REAR AXLE
48-HORSEPOWER MOTOR—INTERNAL HYDRAULIC BRAKES—4-SPEED TRANSMISSION

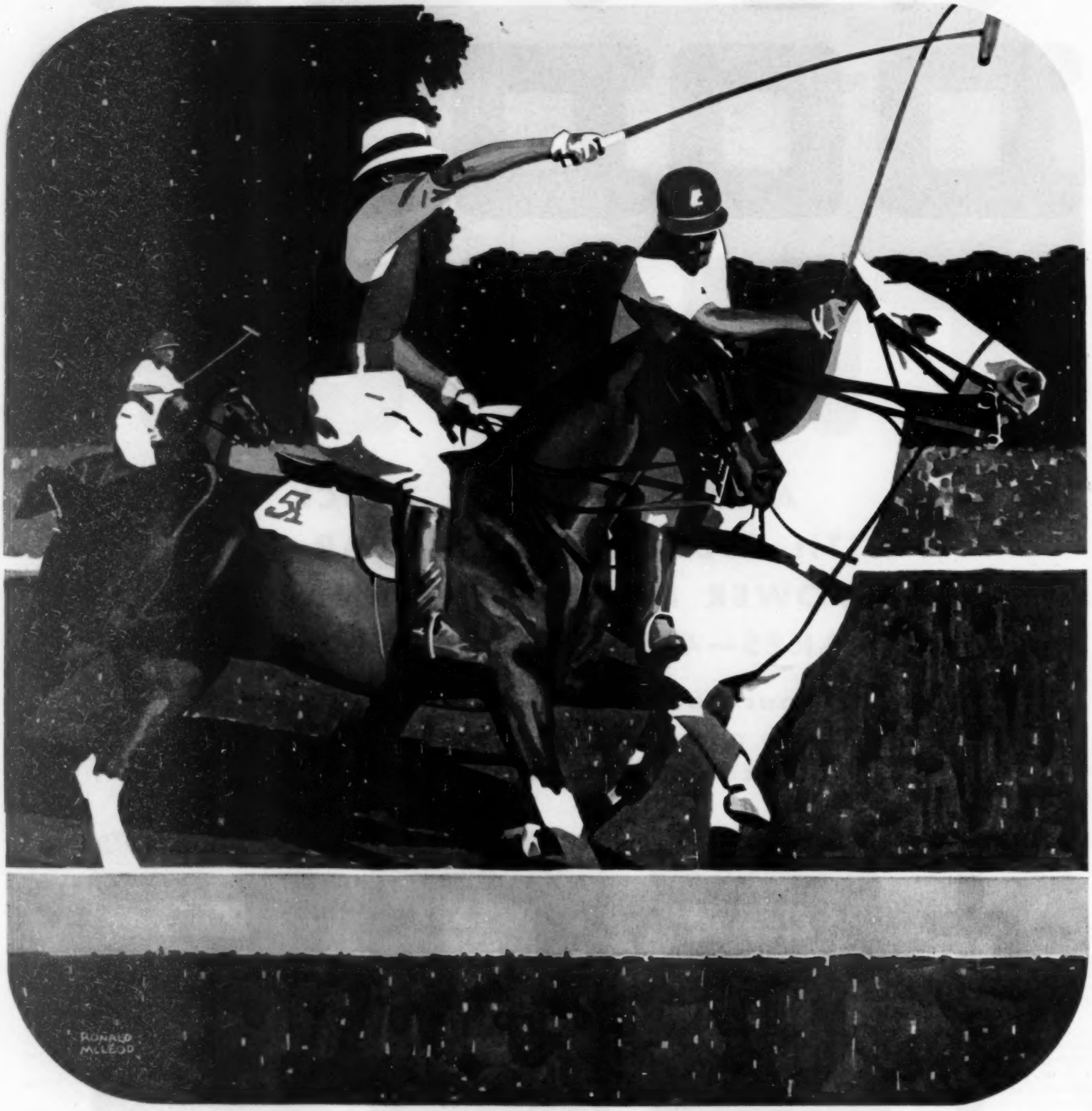
See your Dodge Brothers dealer—See and test this new truck—It is typically Dodge in economy and dependability

$595

F. O. B. DETROIT . . DUAL REAR WHEELS AT SLIGHT EXTRA COST

THE COMPLETE LINE OF DODGE TRUCKS RANGES IN CAPACITIES FROM 1000 POUNDS TO 11,800 POUNDS

Lean bodies bend in rhythm...



HAVE YOU TRIED — ?

Canada Dry's new Golden Ginger Ale. Never before have you tasted a golden ginger ale with such a marvelous flavor. The secret of its delight comes from a secret and exclusive process of beverage making. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

Canada Dry's new Sparkling Lime. This wonderfully refreshing beverage brings you the lure and romance of the tropics. Let it win you with its keen, cooling lime taste as it is winning countless others daily. Buy it where you buy "Canada Dry."

the ponies wheel

... thundering hoofs strike on the sounding ground

THE sunlight flashes across the field . . . the horses thunder across the turf . . . the crowd is gay with color . . . smart frocks . . . well-turned-out men . . . the sparkle of cheering stands . . . and the presence of "Canada Dry" in such a company!

What manner of men are these who drink this fine old ginger ale . . . lean bodies bending in rhythm as the ponies wheel . . . clear eyes and sun-tanned faces which speak of health and vigor! No wonder they drink "Canada Dry"—a beverage which makes them keener, more fit to play the game of kings and princes. And it is so in many other sports, for this fine old ginger ale is the vigorous, healthful beverage for vigorous, healthy men and women.

Excellence is the heritage of sport and excellence is the heritage of "Canada Dry"

Basic excellence gives "Canada Dry" its stimulating effect to bodily vigor. Its very foundation is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavor and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its sparkle long after the bottle has been opened. Notice this fact, yourself.

Like the aristocrat it is, there's drive and energy to "Canada Dry"

Prove it for yourself! "Canada Dry" is served in the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa . . . in great hotels and clubs the world over . . . in short, wherever aristocrats gather there you will find the Champagne of Ginger Ales. So, matching the drive and energy which put these people where they are today, is the drive and vigor of this fine old ginger ale.

Let "Canada Dry" grace your table, whether you dine at home or abroad, as it does the tables of connoisseurs the wide world over. Order "Canada Dry" today.

Over the Labor Day holiday, when you go on a motor trip, or a picnic, take along the convenient Hostess Package of 12 bottles. Its size makes it easy to pack in your car.

"CANADA DRY"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

© 1930

(Continued from Page 52)

envy of Estelle Briskett. To the few direct questions put to him, Joe's reply was always the same—a cold, studied stare and a brief rebuke:

"Let us not bandy a good woman's name in public."

In all this time voices from only one quarter were lifted to disparage the lad who was rapidly coming to be known as America's Souvenir-Snatching Sweetheart. Radical newspapers, sullenly silent at first, began presently to cast insinuations. There were hints in them that he was "a flash in the pan," that his record would scarcely stand looking into, and then they began referring to him as "Lucky Joe," with a leer.

No one realized how keenly this cut Joe, despite the source of the criticism, until one day there gathered in his chambers Mr. Briskett, Mr. Van Kent, Mr. Gray and Mr. Goddard, summoned by a curt and mysterious invitation.

"Gentlemen," he said then, after locking the door carefully, "you may be aware that there has been some question as to my exploits. In justice to you, my first friends and supporters, I have asked you here"—he held up his hand as Mr. Briskett started to protest—"to show you, personally, some of my trophies."

Then, heedless of their protestations that no such proof was needed, he flung back from a table a black velvet cloth, with his initials embroidered in gold on it, and before the dazzled eyes of his guests lay the bit of wing from the transcontinental plane, the button from Clara Bow's coat, the cigarette tossed aside by George Bancroft, hundreds of other trinkets, all labeled with dates and circumstances.

"Gentlemen," he said simply, "my collection."

He stood back, straight and proud, while the four gentlemen, their tall silk hats amusingly askew in their excitement, crowded about the table and touched the items carefully, reverently.

"Behind each of them," he continued, "is a story. Behind some of them is suffering. You recognize, of course, Hartman's garter. That odd-looking hat was once tried on by Rudy Vallée; I got it while the clerk was not looking. That golf ball was driven by Bobby Jones; it cost him a stroke in the National Open"—he laughed good-humoredly—"but I got my souvenir! That score card is autographed by every member of the University of Southern California football team; they were very busy that day, but I kept after them until they gave me what I wanted. Indeed, if there is any secret of my success, it must be my stick-to-it-ivness."

"This bit of burnt cork," Mr. Goddard whispered, "you don't mean to say was actually ——"

"Yes," Joe replied quietly; "it once belonged to Amos 'n' Andy."

"Mercy—mercy, me!" Mr. Goddard exclaimed.

For nearly an hour they pored over the treasure, asking questions, begging stories, and with a never-ending patience Joe explained everything. In the end they turned back to him, excited but satisfied, their faces wreathed in admiration, their hats in their hands. Then, in a twinkling, Joe had pulled open his shirt and stood facing them with bared chest, and, peering closely, the gentlemen saw a short scar directly over the breastbone.

"To show you," Joe said, "that success in the souvenir-snatching game is not to be won without suffering."

"But how?"

"A policeman."

"You mean a policeman struck you there?"

"It was at the wedding of that Pasadena society girl and the British cup racer," he explained. "I was up to get a bit of the wedding cake, just as a souvenir. In some way my plans slipped up and a policeman pushed me out of the front door. Just ahead of me, also pushed out in the course of his visit, was another of we boys, but he'd been successful; he'd got a butter spreader. He went down the steps first, me after him, and when we fell together his butter spreader cut me."

"Great heavens!" gasped Mr. Briskett.

They stared at him, horrified.

"And the piece of wedding cake," Mr. Goddard said slowly—"you—you didn't get it?"

Joe's shoulders sagged wearily. "No," he whispered. "I failed."

For a moment there was silence, and then Mr. Briskett patted him comfortingly on the back.

"We must take the bad with the good," he reminded him gently.

"Into each life some rain must fall," Mr. Goddard added.

"Life is—er—life is a mystic maze," Mr. Van Pelt pointed out.

"Oh, it's past!" Joe suddenly smiled. "And now, gentlemen, you've seen these little things, I wish only to show you one other, one you may not have heard about. If you will come with me ——"

They drove in Mr. Briskett's big black limousine several blocks down the street, turned west to the business district, and stopped, at Joe's instructions, before the Soldiers' Monument. They all got out, frankly puzzled, and Joe, leaping lightly over the low marble balustrade, led them to the base of the towering memorial. At that moment a traffic policeman approached them.

"It's all right, officer," Mr. Briskett assured him. "This is Joe Moak."

"Begorrah, and is it!" exclaimed the policeman, who was Irish. "And sure and I'd loik to shake the hand of him!"

Laughingly Joe turned from the monument and the two shook hands. There were handshakes all around then, and some confusion, and when Joe once more faced the monument, the policeman's badge was missing.

"He's showing us a trophy," Mr. Briskett explained.

"If you gentlemen will just step up here ——"

They all mounted to the highest of the three steps that formed the base of the monument, the policeman also, and stared curiously at the huge corner stone, marked with hundreds and hundreds of names. "Max Hauser, Augusta, Ga."; "A-No. 1, Going West." "Ollie and May Beach on Their Honeymoon." "Henry (Hank) Gulp of Arkansas—God's Country"—hundreds of others. All in pencil, all etched in the stone first with knife scratches.

"I want you to note these names first," Joe told them. "These are, if I may say so, the ordinary ones."

They all nodded.

"And now," he said, "I wish to call your attention ——"

He stepped back and pointed, and the four gentlemen and the policeman leaned forward.

There, where he pointed, far above the top of the corner stone, almost to the memorial statue itself, was "Joseph Moak, May 28, 1928"—higher than any other, deeper than any other.

"By this, gentlemen," he said quietly, "I stand or fall—a name scratched so high and so deep that the only way it can be removed is by taking the entire memorial down."

Silently they all put out their hands to him.

I had reached California some time before and had made my way to his presence through official channels, aided by several influential letters of introduction from big men in the East. My scientific interest in him had occasioned several meetings, and we had struck up a friendship that extended, as it were, beyond office hours. So, in his chambers one night late, I felt privileged to ask him a personal question, one prompted by the restless, trapped look I had noticed in his eyes of recent.

"Joe," I said, "it has been a month since your big trick—a month of excitement and honors such as come to few men during their lifetime. Now tell me, what does it all mean to you? Does it taste good, or do you sometimes long for the old days when your life was your own?"

"A month!" He rose, his face suddenly grim and thoughtful, and began to pace the floor. "A month! A month of idleness!"

"Idleness?"

"Idleness." His voice was choked with emotion. "What, after all, is this thing called fame?"

"What men die for," I replied.

"Pfaugh!"

"What?"

"Pfaugh!" He caught his narrow chest in both hands, as though gasping for air in a room that, as large as it was, was yet too small to chamber his mighty spirit. "Montgomery," he said, "I am growing stale—stale, I tell you! Life is passing me by! Every day a thousand souvenirs pass, and where am I?"

"But, Joe ——"

"I'll tell you where I am," he said, eying me sternly: "I'm lying back, sleek and lazy—sleek and lazy—when I might be out on the prowl, playing the game that I love more than life itself. Listen." He drew a chair to my knees. "Yesterday that kidnaper was brought back to town. A rich prize if ever there was one. But did anybody snatch a souvenir from him? No! Three days ago that princess passed through. A noble prize! Did anybody snatch anything from her? No!" He rose restlessly. "That's what I mean, Montgomery." He smiled sadly. "The game isn't what it used to be, old boy. The giants are gone; the pygmies are left."

"You remain, Joe," I reminded him.

"I!" He laughed bitterly. "Yes, I remain, living a Babbitt's life, hobnobbing with old men whose idea of souvenir snatching is taking spoons from hotels!" He shook with mirthless laughter. "Spoons from hotels and baseballs autographed by Babe Ruth!"

Then he sat down and covered his face with his hands, while I remained sympathetic but helpless, and somewhat embarrassed, too, if the truth be told, at this rending of the veil from the soul.

"Joe," I said, "pull yourself together."

He lifted his head. "I'm sorry," he muttered. "But my nerves are a bit—taut. I've been under a strain. Forgive me."

"I think I understand, Joe," I said.

The wedding was in October. I did not see him again until that day in church, but I received my invitation and I followed with interest the newspaper scribbling that preceded it. Here, once more, was romance as a romantic public liked it—the hero and the beauty, the humble American boy who had lifted himself to the top and the bewitching aristocrat of great wealth.

I watched the ballyhoo, for that was practically what it amounted to. The names of the bridesmaids were news; the names of the ushers were news; the bride's trousseau was news. Old Hiram Briskett's joy and pride in the union seeped through every story; it was to be a wedding befitting the occasion—the most beautiful and magnificent wedding that money and imagination could provide.

To me—probably to many others—the most touching evidence of this was the engagement of Bishop Bradford to perform the ceremony. He and Hiram Briskett had been classmates and roommates at school, close friends all their lives, even though their paths in life had separated early. There was something sentimental in this call upon his old chum to officiate in the wedding of his only daughter that excused the fact that Bishop Stanley Braithwaite Bradford was by far the most eminent and distinguished ecclesiast in the country, which, in itself, naturally, added to the drama of the occasion. He was making the trip from New York for the especial purpose of officiating.

All the impressiveness promised was there when, cutawayed and top-hatted, I arrived on the afternoon of the wedding. Crowds that Joe Moak himself might have been among, and almost assuredly would have been among only six months before, gathered about the canopied entrance to watch the invited guests arrive, stepping from solemn black limousines at the end of the red carpet.

I was seated in the second pew on the side, and occupied my attention with the beautiful flowers, the gloved ushers whispering up the aisles, and the rustling, restless pattern of colored frocks. Once, through a door at the side, I caught a glimpse of Joe, red and upset, and then he disappeared somewhere.

At last, after what seemed an interminable wait, the great pipe organ, which showed its columns for a few inches near the ceiling, paused in its sonorous, drowsy melody, and when it resumed it was playing Lohengrin, and a hush settled over the gathering.

I craned my neck; we all craned our necks. With weddings, home or church, I am not familiar. There were doors on the side and doors in the rear, and while I twisted from one to the other to see the entrance, Joe entered with his best man, and when I saw them first they were standing at the altar, and facing them, Bishop Bradford, large, fat, benign, a prayer book in his hand.

Murmurs rose, and I sensed that the bride was entering, but my eyes were on Joe, flushed and damp, as a groom should be; but his eyes, instead of roaming the walls and ceiling desperately, as the eyes of all the grooms I could remember have been, were fixed, in an insane light, on the sweetly smiling face of the bishop, directed at the moment down the aisle up which walked Estelle Briskett on her father's arm. A chill came over me; I know not why. I stared, entranced.

There were more murmurs as others caught the beautiful picture the girl made, but it was Joe that held me. The bridesmaids aligned themselves at the flower-decked altar, and then the ushers—diversions which should always render the groom faintly and inexplicably panic-stricken—but Joe never turned. He stood like a petrified man, eyes boring into the bishop's face.

Then they stood together, bride and groom, and still Joe stood immobile, and the best man touched his arm. Not until then did he look around at the girl—a pale white dream—and then but for the most impatient of glances. Back went his stare, and at that second he began to tremble—began to tremble visibly. Everybody saw it—that is, everybody but the bishop, who, lifting one hand, began his solemn incantation:

"Dearly beloved ——"

That was as far as he got. A choked cry, more like an animal's than a human's, escaped from Joe's lips; it was a moan, half of anguish, half of triumph. Then, with a quick step he brushed the bride aside, and, to the horror of the assembled congregation, and, most of all, to the horror and terror of the bishop, he gave a fast rake over the bishop's face, and when his hand came away it clutched the bishop's pince-nez.

He turned like a flash, stood bent over, legs apart, like a trapped rat. His eyes darted left, right, and then down the center aisle, and in the gasp that swept us all he was down this aisle like a shot, shifting as he ran. At the door he paused for a second, turned to face us all, and above his head, before his shining eyes, he held the bishop's glasses.

"Whoopee!" he shouted, and was gone.

When I looked again the bride lay in a crumpled heap at the altar and the bishop was groping around helplessly.

They tried to keep the thing quiet, which was, of course, ridiculous. The reporters—a whole slew of them—were there, and the first pages were smeared late that afternoon and the next morning. Myself, I was shaken, as who wouldn't be?

Oddly enough, as I heard it, it was Hiram Briskett who took it with the greatest grace.

"It was hopeless from the start," he confided to intimates. "We tried to tame the

(Continued on Page 59)

"The freshness of Chase and Sanborn's *dated* Coffee puts it in a class by itself," says CHARLES KING, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star.

"I drink Chase & Sanborn's Coffee—have for twenty-five years," declares JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG . . . "never found one better."

CLIVE BROOK, Paramount star, says: "Most men demand that coffee be fresh. That's why so many insist on their coffee being dated."

"A pungent, delightful flavor that lives up to its tantalizing aroma," says JOHN BOLES, Universal Pictures star.

DATED Coffee
corrects the usual cause of disappointment in flavor

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE . . . noted newspaper man, explorer and author, jovial host at famous "Sunnybank," says of Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee: "I like this coffee. All of us do—even my Martinique servants who know a thing or two about coffee. Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is good. There is a freshness to it which, I think, makes it so."

Brilliant Men and Women hail new popular luxury . . . Freshly Roasted Coffee distributed like a Perishable Fresh Food

LIKE "fresh milk," Chase & Sanborn's Coffee comes to you now *dated* to guarantee freshness.

For sixty-five years this fine blend of coffee has been preferred in New England and many sections of the Middle West. Now . . . with the delivery date plainly marked in large type on the label of each can . . . it comes to your grocer *fresh twice a week.*

Direct from the roasting ovens . . . by the "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., organized for the swift distribution of fresh foods! No storage stop-overs! Just enough at a time to last until the next delivery! And if a can is left at the end of ten days, it is collected and replaced by fresh.

Real, "fresh from the roaster" freshness . . . the final perfection coffee lovers have craved! Until you have used the last spoonful, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has fresher, fuller-strength flavor . . . *because it is weeks fresher at the start.* Get a can from your grocer and enjoy this delectable, real-coffee taste tomorrow in your own cup.

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

ALMA GLUCK, whose golden voice and rich personality have been welcomed into the very heart of American home life, draws her own deepest inspiration from her home. A discriminating judge of good coffee, she says:

"Chase & Sanborn's *dated* Coffee is the answer to a long-felt coffee need, for perfection of flavor presupposes absolute freshness. Chase & Sanborn's has the briskest, freshest flavor I have ever tasted."

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee —DATED

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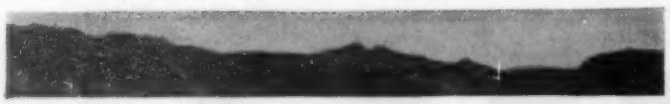
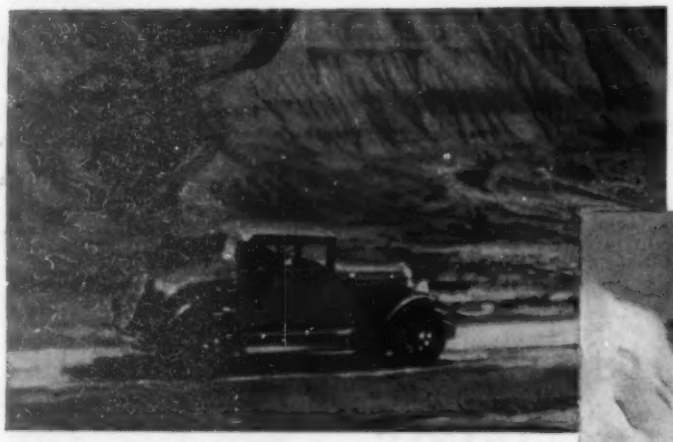


"IT'S CRACK-PROOF"
FIND UNIVERSITY SCIENTISTS



Driver J. F. Bevione of test car No. 10 reported terrific heat, head winds and sand storms while crossing the Great Salt Lake Desert.

The same car was delayed for a day at Reno by five feet of snow in Yuba Pass. Finally got through on a one-way road.

At 8:30 on the morning of April 8, 1930, thirteen stock cars left Lawrence, Kansas, on a nation-wide road test conducted under the supervision of 14 university professors. The crankcases and filter pads were carefully sealed. Each car traveled at least 1500 miles, some over 2400 miles, before the seals were broken at their destinations by professors who conducted tests on the oil.

"SNOWBOUND one day at Reno"—wrote the driver of test car No. 10. "Mountain roads in terrible shape— stuck twice" —test car No. 13. "Temperature at 92°, sand storm, 45-mile gale"—test car No. 11. These are typical entries in the logs of the thirteen stock cars used in the nation-wide road test of the new Texaco Motor Oil.

Yet, despite these exacting conditions, impartial university professors found that the new Texaco maintained the remarkable average of 790 miles a quart. After thorough laboratory and road tests it was found that this new motor oil was tougher, longer-lasting, crack-proof—a motor oil that flowed freely at zero and reduced the carbon to a new low minimum. Even in the most advanced high-speed, high-compression engines of today this remarkable new oil will not crack or break down.

Today, test out for yourself the new Texaco. Notice the greater mileage it gives. That is economy! Observe the smoother, cooler running engine and its more responsive power. That means added driving pleasure and longer car life. All Texaco dealers have a chart which shows exactly the grade of the new Texaco your car needs. The price is only 30¢ a quart for grades C, D, E, and F—35¢ for Grade G. THE TEXAS COMPANY · *Texaco Petroleum Products.*

THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

LONGER-LASTING, "CRACK-PROOF"

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(Continued from Page 56)

restless spirit of a genius. We were foredoomed to failure. It is tragic, yes, but we have only ourselves to blame. We attempted the impossible."

Of Estelle I heard next to nothing. Shortly afterward she left for abroad—some said to Siam—to forget. That she still loved the turbulent soul she had almost brought to the altar I have no doubt. She was a woman, and Joe Moak was—Joe Moak. She was not the first woman to be burned in the fires of genius.

It was a week before I succeeded in running him to earth—a week of futile telephoning and writing, and then, suddenly, came the note, delivered by messenger:

Come at seven. MOAK.

I found him in his old room—the room he had occupied until success had forced him into the fine quarters where I had called on him before. There, about the room, were the old pennants, a corner street sign, two or three towels from the best hotel in town, a few other knickknacks wound up in his old life.

"I warn you," he said abruptly as I came in, "if you come from them, it is useless."

"Them?"

"I'll not go back," he declared. "I thought I could do it. I thought I could bend my spirit to conventional living. And I loved Estelle, love her still, with all the love that is possible in me, but I can't go back. I can't, Montgomery!" he shrieked. "I can't!"

"Please!" I begged. "I come of my own accord. They know nothing of this. I come because I am your friend."

"Thank you," he said wearily, waving a listless hand. "Sit down, old boy, and tell me how things go."

"You want to know?"

"No, no!" He started his familiar pacing again. "What does it matter? What does anything matter, but my souvenirs!" Striding to the closet, he unlocked the door and dragged out a trunk. With trembling hands he opened it, and from inside he drew a small cardboard box. This, too, he opened, and from a bed of cotton lifted a pince-nez, a thin gold chain drooping down with it.

"Here it is!" he whispered. "The bishop's eyeglasses!" He lifted it so the light glinted from its glass and gold. "A bishop's eyeglasses—Bishop Stanley Braithwaite Bradford's eyeglasses! Who else has such a trophy? Who else would dare!" He handed them to me.

"Gorgeous!" I breathed. "Gorgeous beyond words!"

He took the eyeglasses back reverently and placed them once more in their cardboard box.

"I tried, Montgomery," he said in a flat voice. "I did my best." He drew a deep breath. "But what could I do? Am I not flesh and blood? It was all sweet, marvelous. She is the most wonderful girl in all the world, but—but what could I do? Does a tiger become tame because he is put in a cage?"

He broke off.

"What was that?" he demanded.

"I didn't hear ——"

"Fire engines!" His eyes began to glisten. His whole being changed, and he began to tremble. "Fire engines!" he repeated so softly I scarcely heard him. "I always follow the fire engines! It may be a big fire—you can't ever tell—and I'd be there ——"

He thrust me aside, stepping as lightly, as quickly, as a lightweight boxer toward a clothes tree, muttering to himself as he went. He thrust his arms into a coat impatiently, jammed his hat on his head. At the door he paused.

"Put the rest of the things up," he said quickly. "I'm going to this fire."

The slam of the door ended the sentence. After a moment I did as he had asked. Then, at the same door, I took from my pocket the clipping that had first brought him to my attention—the account of his incomparable capture of Hartman's garter—and read it over again. I did not know it, but that was to be the last time I should ever see him.

Outside, on the sidewalk, I started to button my overcoat. Two of the buttons were missing.

I smiled happily. After all, it was something even to be noticed by the greatest souvenir hunter of his time. I walked on down the street, understanding.

LEAVES FROM THE LIPTON LOGS

(Continued from Page 17)

Lockhart's drawings were so successful that I put him on to do pictorial price cards for the goods in the windows. Some of these were most amusing, particularly one entitled: "Great Fall in Eggs." This showed a fat policeman who, foiled in an effort to climb a wall over which a burglar was escaping, had fallen slap into a crate of eggs. It was rumored that Willie Lockhart had taken for his model a certain Glasgow policeman against whom he had a grudge. Be this as it may, I know that every policeman in the city came to have a look at the picture, and many of them became customers at my shop.

Nor was it solely in cartoons and pictures that Lockhart's gifts found their full artistic scope, for under my guidance and encouragement he blossomed forth into a sculptor on highly original lines. The Lipton statuary in butter was soon known far and wide. Lockhart could convert firkins of butter into a dozen different and pleasant designs; perhaps his greatest triumph in this line being a tableau representing a stout policeman making love to a pretty dairymaid. Lockhart's policemen and all his other male characters—whether drawn by pencil or brush, or built up of butter, cheese, sausages even—were without exception happy-featured, heavy-paunched and jovial to the last degree. Neither he nor I had any use whatever for skinny, miserable types; these were entirely foreign to our ideas and to the wares sold by Thomas Lipton.

A Too-Big Butter-and-Egg Man

To secure adequate and constant supplies to meet the increasing demands of a rapidly extending body of customers was a problem which I early had to face. At the outset of the business I had, of course, to depend to a great extent on wholesalers, or middlemen, for the goods sold over my counter. But it did not take me long to realize that there was a far more satisfactory way than this. Why not be my own middleman and buy direct from the producers? The advent of more assistants now left me free to attempt direct relationships with the Irish peasants and farmers from whose farms so much of the Glasgow-sold produce originally came. Thus it was that I started making regular trips to the North and West of Ireland. I personally attended the markets in the different towns and villages, and paid spot cash for all the stock I wanted. I was sure in this way of getting the best provisions at the lowest price.

A rather curious experience once befell me at a place called Lisnaskea, not far from Enniskillen. It was famous for its fine butter, and it so happened that I wanted quite a lot of butter at the time. As a matter of fact, I got much more butter than I wanted. Here is the story: On the journey from Glasgow to Belfast I fell in with an English commercial traveler who was also bound for Lisnaskea. We became very friendly. He told me all about himself and I told him about my business in Glasgow and how I was now doing my own buying in the Irish markets.

"Well, Lipton," said my companion, "I'll put you wise to a wrinkle for taking a rise out of all your rival butter buyers at Lisnaskea market tomorrow morning. I know Lisnaskea well and you can collar the market if you do as I tell you."

I listened to his plan with intense interest. It seemed quite good to me. Next morning I was up betimes and proceeded to put my friend's scheme into operation. First of all, I hired a stall in the village square, and also a set of scales and some weights from one Noble, the manager of the market. Afterward I cast round for a smart, alert young man, and having found one I offered him five shillings if he would go outside the town, meet the farmers on their way in and make deals with them for their butter and eggs before they entered the market.

The price I was offering was written down on different tickets, so much for butter and so much for eggs, and these tickets were to be given to the dealers with the information that cash down would be paid by Thomas Lipton, of Glasgow, for all the supplies they cared to take him.

In less than half an hour the farmers began to roll up to my stall, passing all the other would-be buyers, much to their mortification. I was kept hard at work weighing the butter and counting the eggs and paying out the agreed-upon prices. After about two hours' steady business I was horrified to find that my supply of cash had run out. My competitors were not slow to discover my predicament and they started to jeer at the young merchant from Glasgow who had pulled such a sharp one on them. The truth was, however, that I was only thirty shillings short if I was to complete my bargain with the last two or three farmers. I refused to be beaten. I had promised cash down, and cash down I would pay. So I stepped across the village square to a pawnbroker's shop and "popped" my silver watch for the vital and necessary thirty shillings.

I had to telegraph home for funds and remain at Lisnaskea until the money arrived for me to settle my hotel bill and redeem my watch and chain from the pawnbroker. This was my first and last experience of the inside of a pawnshop.

As may well be imagined, I had very little leisure time on my hands. It was a case of work, work, work from sunrise—and frequently before it—until late at night. But what glorious fun it was! I never felt that I wanted more amusement or excitement than my business afforded me. After the first few months I stopped sleeping in the back shop and went home to the old rooftree in Crown Street. No matter how late I arrived home, my father and mother were anxious to know what had happened down at Stobcross Street, what new scheme or idea I had hatched, and generally how things had prospered or gone agley—to use the word Robbie Burns employed so effectively. After supper I would get out an old fiddle and scrape awa' for the better part of an hour; if I didn't practice on the violin, I would give myself a French lesson, for at this time in my career I was most anxious to learn another language or two.

A Fugitive From Justice

Indeed, I was so full of this zest for self-improvement that I would willingly have spent several hours a day to that end, had I been able to spare the time, which, of course, I was not. All the same, this did not prevent my once making an arrangement with a certain German gentleman to come to the back shop at Stobcross Street and give me a series of lessons in the Teutonic tongue. I paid him in advance for the lessons. This was a mistake. The wily German did not turn up on the evening we had arranged for the first lesson. Evening after evening went by and still there was no sign of him. My patience becoming exhausted, and my wrath rising in proportion, I went one night in search of this swindling professor. I tracked him down to his rooms. He was a very astonished man when he personally answered my ring at the doorbell.

"I have been waiting for you to teach me German," I announced without further parleying, "and now I'm going to teach you a bit of something else!" *My* lesson didn't occupy more than a couple of minutes. But it was a good one.

The incident did not end here, however. Next morning my mother happened to be in the shop when Sergeant Swanson, of the Western Police Division, came in and alarmed her dreadfully by telling her that a German professor of languages had lodged a complaint against me for grievous bodily assault. The sergeant, who was a great friend of mine, urged my mother to prevail upon me to make myself scarce for a few days until the affair blew over. This she did with all the pleading at her command. The mere idea of her Tom being in trouble with the police badly upset the poor soul. For my part, I was very unwilling to flee from justice, because I knew I had done no wrong in chastising a swindler, but in the end I decided to clear out temporarily, and I took the train the same day for Dundee.

While enjoying an enforced holiday in the fine old Tayside city, I did not waste time, for while there I saw a vacant shop in the Murraygate which I thought would make a magnificent Lipton market. I got the keys from the factor, examined the premises and practically completed arrangements to take them over on a long lease. As a matter of fact, the final leasing of the shop did not take place for a considerable time afterwards, but this shop, as it happened, was my first branch establishment outside of Glasgow, and an exceedingly prosperous venture it proved to be. When I had been in Dundee four days, I got a telegram from my mother telling me that I might safely return home, as the police had discovered my German friend to be a rogue of the first water. He had swindled many more people than Tom Lipton and had himself bolted from the city. Far from being censured for taking the law into my own hands and administering a sound leathering to the rascal, I was highly commended for my action; a well-known Glasgow magistrate even went the length of saying that I had performed a useful public service.

This story is only worth telling at length because the circumstances surrounding it had a very important bearing on my whole future career as a merchant. Had I not gone to Dundee, and had I not taken a determined fancy for that shop in the Murraygate, it is no certainty that I would ever have extended my activities outside the radius of Glasgow. Up to this stage I had more than once pondered over starting another shop as soon as I had saved sufficient money for the purpose, but it was not until I had visited Dundee that the vision of a nationwide enterprise—Lipton stores in every large town in the kingdom—gradually began to take possession of me.

The old argument I had advanced to my father and mother about two shops, or six shops, or ten shops, all being run to show a profit, came back to me with double force. It was only a question of brains and organization, I told myself; of making profits and conserving them to make other profits in precisely the same way and by the same methods.

Three years after opening the Stobcross Street shop I had sufficient funds in the bank to open another and much larger establishment in Glasgow High Street, a mile or thereby to the east of my original premises. In many respects it was a replica of the first, being clean, bright and attractive, with the goods presented in a manner that compelled the attention of the passer-by. This shop was an instantaneous success

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(Please print plainly)

from the start. A few months later I took over a magnificent store in Jamaica Street, one of the best shopping thoroughfares in the city, and here again it was a case of scoring a complete and sensational triumph from the very opening hour.

Nothing like the Lipton Markets, as I called these establishments, had been seen in Glasgow, and it is certain that nothing like the Lipton propaganda, or publicity, had ever been thought of by any other trader or firm of traders.

Press and public combined to applaud my enterprise and originality; the name of Lipton was a household word in a city where, three years before, it had been totally unheard of.

The impetus given to my ambition by the success of these two new shops proved irresistible. But I refused to be carried away into deep waters by a tidal wave of prosperity which, some people were only too willing to suggest, might recede as suddenly as it had sprung up. I had laid my plans so well beforehand that when these sudden developments came along, they did not find me breathless and flustered. From the very first day of trading at Stobcross Street, my chief business motto was: "Cash down; no credit"—and this, mind you, applied not only to the customer but to myself, for every shop of the many hundreds I was destined to open started without a penny of debt.

Many years ago it was publicly said of me that "Lipton never gambled a penny or backed a bill in his life." The first half of the statement is correct. But there was one occasion in my early career when I did put my name to a bill for a comparatively trifling amount. I forget what the occasion was; if I state that probably I had been buying goods in fairly large quantities and had not sufficient money at the moment to foot the bill, I do not think I will be far wrong. At any rate, the thought of this bill became a millstone round my neck from the moment I had put my signature to it. I went off my sleep. I couldn't eat. I couldn't work. To my fevered brain those awful words, "One month after date," seemed a phrase of impending doom—the writing on the wall. Three days after arranging the bill I redeemed it and so restored my peace of mind. I remember to this day the feeling of intense relief with which I tore up that dread document.

Thomas Lipton in Person

There was only one big problem which I feared I would have to face in connection with the opening of these new shops. It was the question of staff, of finding reliable assistants. The general supervision of the branches, the buying, the policy of the business—all these presented no difficulties so long as I could be sure of getting the right stamp of men and boys. But I need have had no fear on this score, for all my life I have found that there are always plenty of good men everywhere, if you know how to select them and enthuse them with your own ideas. I may have been particularly lucky in my selection of colleagues and assistants in these days, for it is certain that no employer in Glasgow could have had a more loyal band of helpers than I gathered round me in my first three shops. In point of fact, I was so satisfied on this score that I went right ahead extending the scope of my operations, and in less than five years I was the sole proprietor of twenty establishments in Glasgow and the West of Scotland, all doing a big business and each showing a handsome profit. I celebrated my twenty-sixth birthday by working for fourteen hours on the opening day of a new shop in Greenock.

I have already told you how my compulsory visit to Dundee some years previously led to opening a branch in that city, and it was the phenomenal success of this step which definitely sealed my determination to take the entire United Kingdom as the field of my business operations and make it pay toll to the one-man firm of Thomas Lipton. By this time I had, of course, possessed myself of a central depot—a large, well-equipped building in Lancefield Street, Glasgow, formerly a mill—and here I saw grow up, mushroomlike, I must admit, but based on the most solid foundations, a provision factory compared with which the whole of Scotland had nothing to show.

The organizing of this great headquarters depot kept me engrossed for many months. I was there from early morning until late at night most days of the week. And if I ever did desert my post, it was to make a hurried trip to Ireland to buy goods in constantly increasing quantities or to be present at the opening of still another branch in some distant part of the country. This was a rule I set myself in the early days and did not break for many years—the rule that Thomas Lipton in person should be behind the counter on the opening day of every new store. More than that, I made it a practice to serve the first customer myself. By this time my reputation was pretty firmly established, thanks to the press publicity my modern methods of shopkeeping had won for me, and thanks also to the unique advance booms I organized in each new town marked down for attack; the result was that there was generally a rush of custom the moment the doors were opened. Replete with white jacket and apron, I watched the entrance of the first housewife—and personally welcomed her!

A One-Plank Platform

In New York a few months ago I met a very well-known American Scot, and in the course of conversation he told me that he remembered, as if it were yesterday, the occasion of the opening of my Aberdeen branch in Union Street, more than forty-five years ago. His father and mother, according to his story, took him and his young brothers and sisters to see the "wonderfu' new shop, bleezin' wi' lichts, and ilka man ahint the counter dressed in white frae heid tae heel." The old folks had at first no intention of buying anything, being members of the Northern Coöperative Association and keen on the quarterly dividends, but they couldn't resist some of my bargains, and the whole family trooped into the new store and, as it so happened, were served by myself. Not only so but I gave each of the children a new penny—an unheard-of thing for an Aberdeen shopkeeper to do!—and this memorable evening, my friend assured me, had never been forgotten by the family.

Looking back on those days now, I often marvel how I found the time for all the things I did. Branches were being opened up with clockwork regularity. Property owners all over the kingdom wrote to me whenever they had a shop to let. If the town was of any size at all, I paid it a visit; it did not take me long to decide one way or the other, and as often as not I arrived by one train and left for home by the first available one thereafter, having in the meantime fixed up all necessary details for opening still another Lipton branch or, as occasionally happened, turned the proposition down altogether. While thus engaged in extending my activities in every direction, I was once asked by a prominent member of Parliament what my political convictions were.

"My politics," I replied, "are to open a new shop every week." And just at this stage I must have been approaching that very healthy average.

In the admittedly very great business success I found myself achieving before I had reached my thirtieth birthday, I feel I cannot too strongly emphasize once more how much I owed to my firm and persistent faith in the power of advertising. Mr. Gladstone was the great personality in British politics in those days. For myself, I took not the slightest interest in anything apart from my business, but a remark of the Grand Old Man's in a speech at Glasgow appealed to me very much indeed. He said: "Advertising is to business what steam is to industry—the sole propelling power. Nothing except the mint can make money without advertising." The more I thought of these words the more impressed I was with them. They marched so closely with my own views. I have told you some of the earlier ideas which had proved potently effective in drawing the attention of the public to my shops and wares. These, however, were but the preliminaries, merely the heralds, to bigger schemes which I had long had simmering in my brain.

One of the most spectacular of these was the issue of tens of thousands of Lipton one-pound notes. The notes were, outwardly, an almost exact reproduction in size and feel of the one-pound bits of paper issued by a leading Scottish bank. They were so well engraved and printed that at first glance an unsuspecting person might have been excused for regarding them as sound currency. One had only to read the letterpress, of course, to discover that each note was an advertisement in which I, Thomas Lipton, "promise to pay on demand to the bearer at any of my establishments, for fifteen shillings, ham, butter and eggs as offered elsewhere for one pound sterling." The broadcast issue of the Lipton notes caused a sensation and led to many unexpected and comical happenings. Many of the notes found their way into circulation as genuine representations of real money. Rival shopkeepers found them in their tills at night, and even the cashiers at one or two Glasgow banks were deceived. I myself was hoist with my own petard, for no fewer than five of my own spurious notes were discovered among the takings at my High Street shop one Saturday night.

Traveling in the train on a Monday morning from Cambuslang to Glasgow, I was given a firsthand example of one use, at least, to which the Lipton notes were being put by highly philanthropic Scots. In my compartment were three men to whom I was unknown. They started to speak about the previous night's service in church and extolled the eloquent appeal of the preacher on behalf of the Fund for Clothing the Savages of Rotamagunda, or some such deserving purpose.

"Aye," unctuously remarked the most solemn-faced member of the trio—the ruling elder, as I afterward found out—"it was indeed a searching and a powerful sermon which the meenister delivered. But it deserved a greater response financially than, I am sorry to say, it received!"

"That's funny, elder," said one of the other men, "for I just said to Jeems here as ye went round wi' the plate that I never seen sae mony pound notes in oor collection since I was a member o' the kirk."

"Imphm! That's so!" said the ruling elder with a sigh. "There were seeven pound notes in the plate, richt enough, but six o' them were Lipton's."

Accessory Before the Fact

All sorts of extraordinary stories about the Lipton pound notes began to appear in the newspapers, many of them of the most amusing description. A woman had her purse snatched by a thief, and she herself gave chase and assisted to capture him. At the police court next morning she was asked how much money there was in the purse.

"Four Lipton pound notes and twopence in coppers," she told the magistrate solemnly, and she couldn't understand the shrieks of laughter which her statement evoked.

One afternoon I was driving through Dumbarton with some friends, when, in a traffic holdup, a tramp came along, begging. Jocularly I offered him one of my own pound notes. This he greedily seized and disappeared before I could throw him a copper or two. Next day I read in the papers that a vagrant had been up before the local magistrate and sentenced for trying to pass a Lipton pound in exchange for a glass of beer at a public house. This incident also helped to bring home to me the dangers of my latest form of publicity. In addition, respectable people everywhere began to be looked at askance the minute

(Continued on Page 62)

ON THE BRINK OF A HILL . . .

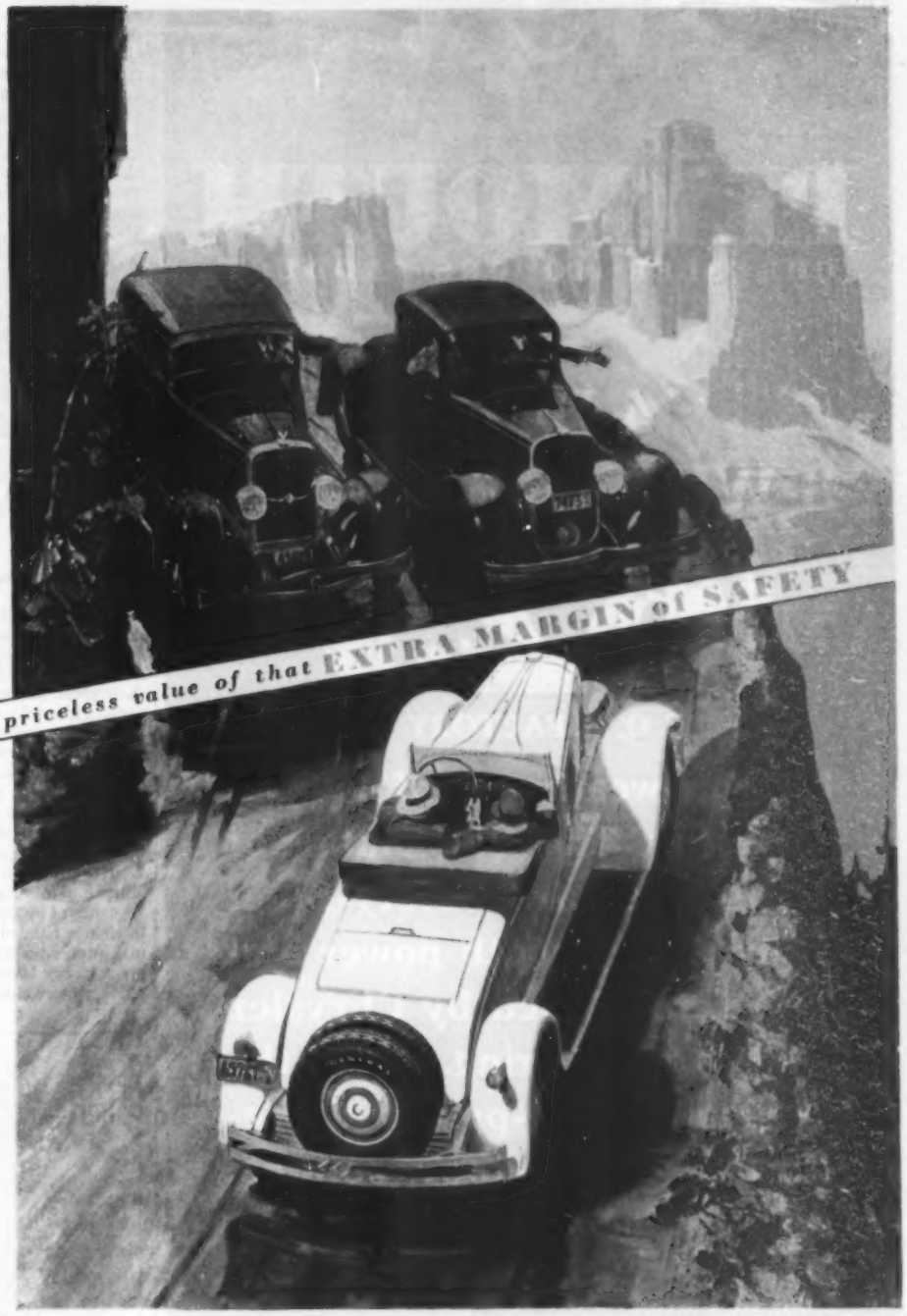
AT *any* SPEED . . . *a blowout is bad news*

The New General *Dual*-Balloon—the Blowout-Proof Tire means double safety in those split second emergencies when a quick, hard push on the brake throws the full strain on your tires. The new *Dual*-Balloon protects you from the many hazards of blowouts for the full average term of car ownership.

When a front tire "blows" at high speed, you're into the ditch before you can reach the brake. No time to think—less time to act—a split second from road to wreck. Even at moderate speed you're off the road or head-on into approaching cars in a flash. Then—costly damage, permanent injury. It's a cruel penalty for a tiny temporary economy! Don't risk it . . . No longer need any motorist face the hazard of a fatal wreck through blowout.

Only the new and patented construction of the *Dual*-Balloon eliminates the customary use of the breaker strip. The ordinary breaker strip design causes tread stiffness and sharp bending in the side wall at a single point. It creates a hinge. Whenever the air pressure becomes low, the result is internal heat and friction that cause blowouts in ordinary tires.

Only General's patented *Dual*-Balloon construction prevents that hinge. The *Dual*-Balloon is Blowout-Proof first of all because of its all-over flexibility.



It bends evenly at every point—no sharp bend at a single point. It can run at the lowest air pressure in tire history without sacrifice of tire life. And not only that—the Blowout-Proof *Dual*-Balloon is fool proof! It can run at half-pressure for days at a time without the disastrous carcass fatigue and danger of blowouts that a few miles of such treatment would invite with other tires.

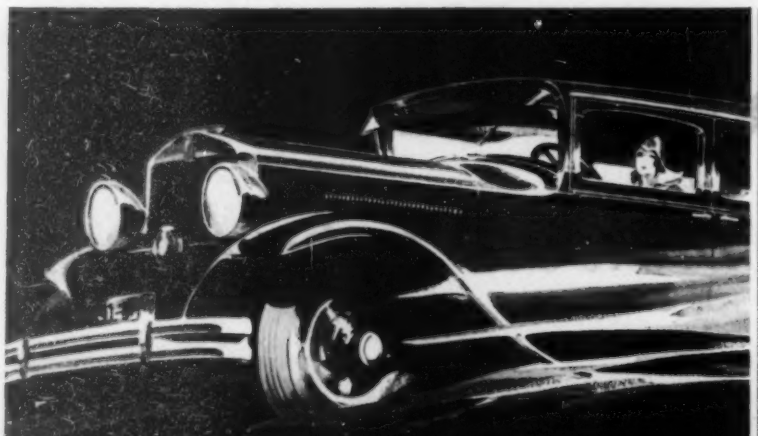
See the General Tire distributor today for facts and demonstration of the tire that makes you safe. You can trust it at any speed, on any road, in any weather.

The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

—goes a long way to make friends

THE BLOWOUT PROOF TIRE

The GENERAL *Dual*-BALLOON



PLYMOUTH
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

4-DOOR
3-WINDOW SEDAN
$625
F. O. B. FACTORY

Internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes. The real comfort of a full-size car. Safety-Steel Body. The smooth power and speed developed by Chrysler Motors engineering. One of the world's lowest-priced three-window, four-door sedans.

ROADSTER	$535	SEDAN (4-Door, 3-Window)	$625
COUPE	565	COUPE (with rumble seat)	625
SEDAN, 2-DOOR	565	SPORT PHAETON	625
SPORT ROADSTER	610	CONVERTIBLE COUPE	695

F. O. B. FACTORY

SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

On order Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

(Continued from Page 60)

they proffered a pound note under any circumstances whatever. To say the least of it, it must have been disconcerting to decent citizens to have their money peered at and most carefully examined before they were given change for perfectly legal pound notes.

But perhaps the best story in this connection was never made public, although I have told it repeatedly in private. The most popular music hall in those days was the old Scotia. Near by was a public bar known as Shelley's, and here all the professionals were wont to gather after the performance was over of an evening. To the bar also came all the young bloods of the town with theatrical leanings. One night at Shelley's, a very popular and generally cheery comedian was found to be in the blackest of moods. Urged to dispel his melancholy in the flowing bowl, the comedian rolled out a most tragic story about domestic misfortunes, lack of engagements, and so on, and ended up by saying dramatically that his career was ended, finished, blasted, and all for the sake of a few pounds! The generous heart of young Glasgow was touched. Somebody suggested a whip round with the hat.

"Here's a pound to start with!" said one.

"And here's another!" chimed in his neighbor.

The comedian could scarcely believe his eyes or his ears when, a few minutes later, he found himself the recipient of thirty-five pounds, one shilling and a halfpenny, the odd money being all in coppers.

"Why, this is the most wonderful testimonial I have ever received in my professional life!" exclaimed the overjoyed comedian. "Every man jack in the bar must now have a drink with me. Give it a name, boys, and don't stint yourself. Glasgow forever!"

Thirty-five Pounds Lost Over Night

It was not until next morning that the unlucky comedian discovered that every one of the thirty-five pounds was a Lipton note! He came up to my headquarters in such great distress that I was moved to console him with a few real notes, and even these he examined most carefully before taking his departure. As a matter of fact, by this time I was becoming fed up with the stunt and began to do my utmost to withdraw the Lipton notes from circulation. I was hastened in this endeavor by an action being brought against my firm in the Small-Debt Court for the sum of one pound—"the amount of loss sustained by pursuer in consequence of his having inadvertently taken in change handed to him at a bookstall one of Lipton's pound notes." Judgment was given in my favor because the sheriff held that "a mere moment's examination would have proved to any intelligent person that the note was only an advertisement."

"Only an advertisement!" Yes, but what an advertisement! I have never been able to compute its value in the building up and consolidation of my business.

The Lipton bank notes having served their purpose, I waited a few months before hitting the public with something new. All this time I was a very large user of space in the morning, evening and weekly papers. This form of publicity cannot be improved upon for sustained effectiveness but if you can back it up with a practical novelty, particularly one that will make the people laugh, you have solved the problem of complete and successful advertising.

To and From Lipton's

My next surprise was the Lipton mirrors. One was a convex and the other a concave, and both were fitted up at the entrances to my various shops. The one marked "Going to Lipton's" showed the faces of all who looked into it elongated and melancholy to the extent of a couple of yards. The other, entitled "Coming from Lipton's," puffed everybody out to an enormous girth and made the faces round, jolly and carefree. These mirrors were a sensation for months. Millions of people must have looked into them, children came from far and near to enjoy the free novelty, and there was more spontaneous laughter outside and inside my shops than there was in any music hall or theater in the town. Once more originality and enterprise reflected themselves immediately and conspicuously in my turnover.

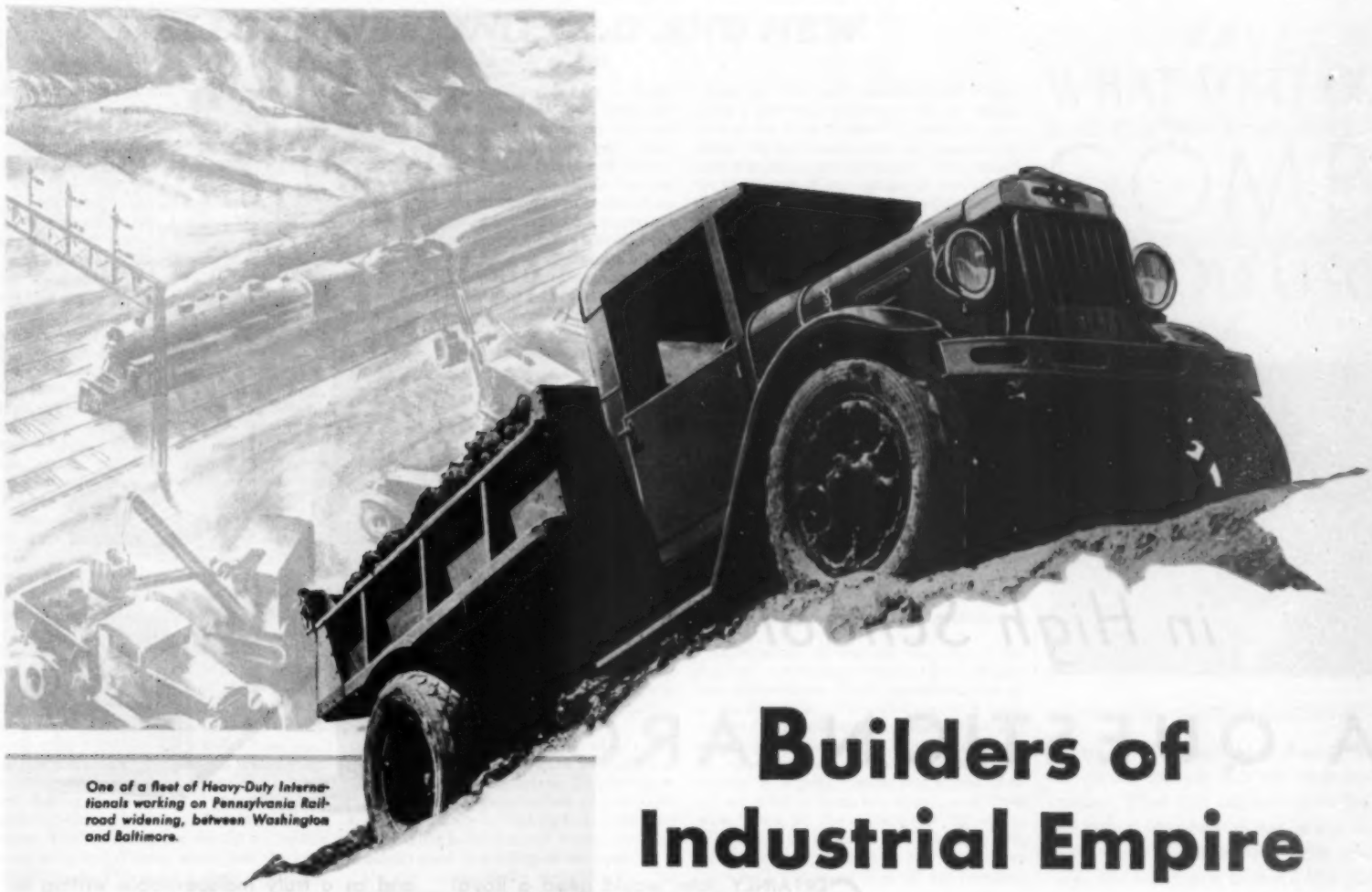
There were many ways in which I worked this going-to and coming-from idea. Apart from having it in cartoons and drawings for my windows and for newspaper advertisements, I played it up on the streets of all the cities where I had branches. At one time I would employ perhaps a dozen of the comeliest-looking women I could find, dress them all the same and provide them with baskets on which were written the words, "I'm bound for Lipton's." A procession of these plump ladies, walking along the side path in single file and smiling most genially, as if engaged in a delightful task, seldom failed to attract widespread attention.

Another angle to this idea was to hire a crew of the slimmest and most cadaverous males that could be collected in any town or city and have them walk up one side of the street. They were each ticketed "Going to Lipton's." Parading along the other side was an equal number of the fattest and best-fed and jolliest-looking fellows we were able to lay hands upon, and they were all ticketed "Coming from Lipton's."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Blackwood. The fourth will appear next week.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM HUNTER

First Fish: "Smile Fellers, SMILE! Do Y' Want to Stay on Cracked Ice All Yer Life?"



One of a fleet of Heavy-Duty Internationals working on Pennsylvania Railroad widening, between Washington and Baltimore.

Some of the Owners of International Trucks and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors in the Transportation Field

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe
Baltimore & Ohio
B & O Chicago Terminal Ry.
Big Four
Boston & Albany
Boston & Maine
Boston Elevated
British Columbia Electric Railway
Canada Steamship Lines
Canadian National Express
Canadian National Railway
Canadian Pacific Express
Canadian Pacific Railway
Cedar Rapids & Iowa City
Central of Georgia
Central of New Jersey
Chesapeake & Ohio
Chicago & Eastern Illinois
Chicago & North Western
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy
Chicago Great Western
Chicago Junction Ry.
Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific
Chicago, North Shore & Milwaukee
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific
Columbia Terminals Company
Delaware & Hudson
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western
Denver, Rio Grande Western
East Mass. Street Railway
Elgin, Joliet & Eastern
Erie Railroad
Gary Railways
Great Northern
Illinois Central
Illinois Traction Company
Indiana Service Corporation
Interstate Public Service Company
Lehigh Valley
Louisville & Nashville
McCormick Steamship Company
Michigan Central
Milwaukee Electric Ry.
Minneapolis & St. Louis
Mississippi Warrior Service
Missouri, Kansas & Texas
Missouri Pacific
Mobile & Ohio
Monon Route
Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis
New York Central Lines
New York, New Haven & Hartford
Nickel Plate Road
Norfolk & Western
Norfolk Southern
Northern Ohio Traction
Northern Pacific
Norton Lilly Steamship Company
Oregon, Washington R. & N. Company
Pennsylvania System
Peoria & Pekin Union Ry.
Philadelphia & Reading
Piedmont & Northern
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie
Pullman Company
Railway Express Agency, Inc.
St. Louis Southwestern
Salt Lake & Utah
Seaboard Air Line
Soo Line
Southeastern Express
Southern Pacific
Southern Railway
Texas & Pacific
Union Pacific
Wabash

Builders of Industrial Empire

EMPIRE BUILDERS of the new order . . . *International Trucks!* Once the railroads, forcing back the wilderness, held sole title to the term, but now the heavy-duty motor truck shares the honor.

Indeed, while the railroads still build empire *the trucks are building railroads.* Granted that the great pioneer trunk lines were laid before the birth of the truck, today the truck is indispensable where new projects face the construction engineer.

Problems of the 'Sixties and 'Eighties somehow found their slow and painful solution, *but the truck is of today and tomorrow.* The advancing success of the *International Truck* is a case in point. With its flexible power and proved efficiency, the mountainous labor of transportation has been tremendously simplified.

Since 1919, beginning with an output already impressive, International Harvester truck production has increased sevenfold, while the total production of the truck industry has only doubled. • • • • The International Truck Line includes the ½-ton Special Delivery, the 1-ton Six-Speed Special, Speed Trucks to 3-ton, and Heavy-Duty Trucks to 5-ton. Service through 180 Company-owned branches in the United States and Canada, and a large dealer representation. Catalogs and special information will be sent on request.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

With John entering College.. And Mary in High School ...

A QUESTION AROSE

CERTAINLY John would need a Royal Portable at College, even more than in his Senior year at high school. He well knew the advantages and convenience of typing themes, essays and classroom notes.

But — when he started to pack the family's Royal Portable Typewriter, Mary appealed to her mother. She, too, had used it daily with increasing reliance upon its helpfulness. Must she be handicapped by tedious handwriting; must father and mother again pen their letters?

Obviously, two Royal Portables were needed. For the growing importance of this handy, home typewriter is everywhere recognized—both as an aid to high school and college success,

and as a truly indispensable writing accessory for the home.

Visit your nearest dealer today. Once you have seen how simple and easy a Royal Portable is to operate you will never be without one. Superior in design and construction — sturdier, quieter and more beautiful, the Royal Portable is the finest of home-sized typewriters. Available in a wide variety of Duotone colorings; equipped if you wish with "Vogue," Royal's new type-face created for personal correspondence. The price is only $60 with standard 4-bank keyboard and carrying case. Convenient monthly payments if desired.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
• NEW YORK CITY •

More than 2000 Royal Portable Dealers in United States

Royal Portable TYPEWRITERS

ELECTIONEERING, OLD AND NEW

(Continued from Page 11)

the senator called me by my short first name, whereupon his wife turned to me and said:

"Are you Al Smith, the assemblyman from the Bowery?"

I replied "Yes."

I could see by the look on her face that she was puzzled, and I asked her what it was all about, and she said:

"Well, I will never form an impression of any man again from what I read in the newspapers."

I thereupon asked what she thought I ought to look like.

"Well," she said, "I thought Al Smith, the assemblyman from the Bowery, was a big, stout man, weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds and had a roll of fat hanging around his neck, and I was sure he would appear dressed in a loud checked suit with a big diamond in his tie, and would possibly have either short black hair or a black mustache."

One prominent upstate Republican in the 1918 campaign remarked that it was exceedingly difficult to use the old time-worn and threadbare arguments against Al Smith that were usually employed against Tammany candidates, for the reason that they themselves had at some function, at some time or another during my legislative career, praised me for my legislative record. It is a matter of history that prominent former members of the legislature in the Republican Party openly advocated my election in 1918. Those who, for party reasons, did not deem it expedient to come out in the open quietly supported me, during the progress of the campaign, with old-time friends and legislative associates. This, in a measure, repaid me for the hard work and diligent study and the long hours required to make a state campaign.

Trials of the 1918 Campaign

During the 1918 campaign, there was an epidemic of influenza throughout the country sections of the state. This, added to the miseries of war, made it very difficult to enlist popular sympathy in what people consider the ordinary problems of government. Even a calamity at times can be used to political advantage, and it was a noticeable fact that an announcement of my intended appearance in certain cities and villages upstate was responsible for hurried meetings of boards of health, at which meetings resolutions were invariably passed, closing up the theaters and all places of public amusement, ostensibly to prevent the spread of the flu, but, in reality, to stem the tide noticeably running in my favor.

That was twelve years ago, and the candidate was compelled to rely entirely upon the spoken word to the audience and the carrying of the speech in the newspapers. Many of my speeches supposed to have been delivered to overflowing audiences were really delivered to small handfuls of newspapermen in the parlors and sitting rooms of the various hotels, where the town, county or village board of health was unable to interfere, because they were not places of public assembly as defined by law.

The 1918 campaign was somewhat harder on me than succeeding ones, because of my inexperience in state-wide campaigning. In the first place, I had no definite program, and I attempted to meet the demands of the county leaders that I appear at all their meetings and attend every function, political or otherwise, in which they were interested. As a result, I found myself jumping from one part of the state to the other, with the consequent delays and hardships of waiting for trains, or drawing upon my surplus energy by long automobile rides.

I made my last speech of that memorable campaign at Staten Island at eleven o'clock Saturday night before election, and when the ferryboat pulled into the slip in the old district in which I had resided for so many years and I was home, at least until the result was known, I expressed my joy and satisfaction to the neighbors who came down to meet me. Mrs. Smith and I went home to Oliver Street, and while she was apprehensive about my physical condition after the rigors of the campaign, I reassured her with the statement that it was all over and no matter which way the results might turn, I had made a good campaign and had done every human thing I could to justify my selection for the nomination by the members of my political party.

Succeeding state campaigns, after my first one, were comparatively easy. They were laid out after a definite plan. By that I mean that the first week was devoted to campaigning on the so-called southern tier, or in the counties of the state bordering on the state of Pennsylvania. The second week was spent on the line of the Erie Canal, between Buffalo and Albany. The third week was given to the capital district, and the last week of the campaign to the city of New York.

Early in my electioneering experience I learned that it is impossible to estimate the value to a candidate of a good memory. The human family is naturally susceptible to flattery, and when you can remember a man by name he feels that he is not only known to you but that he has a place in your memory. The knack of remembering names is a tremendous asset.

Many stories have been told of advisers to candidates who attempted to stimulate the memory of the candidate. This being artificial, there is al ways the fear of detection, and one misstep in that direction does infinitely more harm than an honest memory could do good in a dozen other cases.

On one occasion my opponent for the governorship, acting too speedily on the suggestion of an adviser, congratulated the wrong football team on the outcome of a match. When the audience proceeded to correct him, he turned to the group surrounding him and said, "Who told me that?"

Immediately I took that up and used it with great effect in a speech in which I corrected a dozen misstatements made about conditions in the state government, and wound up each point with, "Who told him that?" As I went along, the audience caught the idea and liked it. When, near the end of my speech, I was about to ask the question again, the audience themselves chorused, "Who told him that?"

Costly Stupidity

A constant source of worriment to a candidate is the ever-existing possibility that some of his enthusiastic followers may make some stupid mistake, either in a speech or in the preparation of literature or in the wording of an advertisement. Political committees tend to make the mistake of using advertising men without political experience to word their campaign advertisements. While these agents may be all right to advertise the sales of commodities and invent slogans, they are unable to make advertising matter fit the qualifications of a candidate for public office. The most serious error of that kind that I remember was when somebody suggested that one of my adversaries for the governorship advertise the fact that he did not have to work and that I had either to work or starve. You can imagine the reaction to that advertisement of the overpowering masses of the people who are in the same position as I was—who had either to work or starve.

A candidate for public office must not only be very careful about what he says, but he must, to the very best of his ability, keep control as far as is possible over what is said by responsible members of his party. In 1924 a prominent Republican leader made a statement concerning me that was absolutely contrary to the facts, and the facts happened to be easily ascertainable. Thereupon a powerful newspaper in the central part of the state denied the assertion, produced the facts and editorially assailed the man who made the statement. The committee in charge of my campaign reproduced that editorial as a paid advertisement in every large newspaper throughout the state, and I am satisfied that the reaction to that false statement did serious damage to the candidate in whose interests it was put forth.

Many interesting incidents are bound to occur in the course of as many campaigns as I have made, and they deal entirely with the personal side of campaigning. On one occasion I was denied admittance at the side entrance of a meeting hall in the city of Rochester. The police officer politely informed me and the party of friends with me that the order from the fire department was not to let any more people into the hall, and it was necessary for us to wait until we could find somebody who could convince the police officer that the people inside that hall were waiting to hear me talk.

Making Room for the Independents

In Syracuse, during one campaign, I was stopped at the stage entrance by a delegation of newsboys. Their leaders stepped up to me and said: "Governor, we're a committee from de newsboys' association and we want to know how this thing's goin' ter be. Our association voted to attend this meetin' in a body, 'cause you're one of us an' we want to hear you speak; and these here fellers at the door won't let us in. Won't you fix it for us?" I certainly did, and I spoke that night to two front rows filled with the eager faces of my newsboy friends.

Experience taught me how to control my voice in the delivery of my speeches in meeting halls throughout the state, because of their lack of proper acoustics. Some of them were never erected for the purpose of speech making. Two of them are notable for this, and both are armories; one in the city of Buffalo and one in the city of Syracuse. Before the days of the radio and the amplifiers, it was necessary that the campaign orator drew upon his vocal ability to the very last degree, because nothing is worse at a political meeting than to deprive any part of the audience of an opportunity of hearing what you say. The Syracuse armory has a floor of tanbark, and it usually seemed to me that it absorbed all the sound of the voice, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could convince myself that the vast audience which came there was able to hear me. I usually finished up in Buffalo on Saturday night, because of the size of that armory, thereby giving me a chance over Sunday and Monday to treat my throat after the strain put on it by the difficulty of being heard.

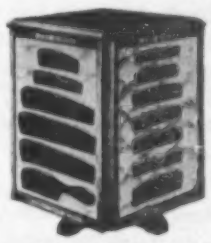
In Albany, the demand for tickets of admission to the hall was so great that the local Democratic organization staged a parade and timed it so that the paraders would reach the hall after it was filled; thereby giving, as the political leaders themselves said, the independent voters who wanted to hear me, but who could not see their way clear to take part in a partisan political parade, a chance to get a proper seat in the hall. Over and above that, another difficulty had to be surmounted. The most suitable hall in Albany was a motion-picture theater, and the regular performance had to be concluded before the speech making could begin. Frequently a large part of the house was filled by people who paid admission to the show just preceding the meeting. They simply refused to leave, indicating that they were quite willing to pay to hear the speech making that followed by the expedient of paying to see the movies.

Probably the day will never come when enthusiastic admirers will cease to believe

"WHAT SORT OF COMB DO YOU USE"

THERE is a decided difference in combs, the way they are made and finished. What they can do to your hair and scalp is important to you. It is really worth while to choose your comb critically. The safe way is to make sure you buy an Ace Comb.

Ace Combs are moulded from hard rubber. Moulding gives the smooth, rounded, even teeth without sharp or jagged edges, so the comb passes easily through the hair without snarling it or pulling it out. This enables you to arrange the hair exactly in the lines you want it. You can find a complete assortment of Ace Combs ready for your selection at drug stores and department stores.



The assortment of Ace Combs on display in this cabinet at your local stores presents a wide selection of sizes and styles for men and women.

ACE COMBS

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NEW YORK—LONDON

that it is necessary for you to take home some souvenir from each city or county that you visit. I harbored a donkey at the Executive Mansion from the Houston convention. I was unable to resist an offer that I exchange one brown derby, costing about five dollars, for a Great Dane dog, which I have always considered to be infinitely more valuable. I cheerfully parted with the derby and took the Great Dane aboard the train. He had the pleasure of living and sporting about upon the grounds of the Executive Mansion.

Identified with all my campaigns has been the brown derby. There is no doubt in my mind that millions of people throughout the country must be seeking a reason for it. It is really quite simple. I was always partial to a brown derby as a matter of choice and taste. In 1919, the first year of my governorship, the newspaper correspondents at Albany, in the course of their annual banquet, in which they portray prominent characters, presented a skit in which one of the reporters played the rôle of Governor Al Smith. He wore a brown derby and it made a hit with the audience. In the second year of the administration of Governor Miller one of the newspapermen portrayed Governor Miller in a new skit in which the governor was reminded by his secretary that it was campaign time. Thereupon Governor Miller—the character—turned to his secretary and said, "Go out and buy me a brown derby."

Since that time there have been songs and stories written around the brown derby. I used upward of twenty of them in the national campaign.

It must always be borne in mind that every political itinerary, no matter how carefully worked out, is subject to change because of the personal equation and because of influence, either political or otherwise. During the national campaign I found fault with the operating manager of the special train we traveled in, because of the large number of stops not on the time-table or any other schedule that the train was making. I was not worried about the burden imposed because of the stops, but I was worried about the serious interference with the preparation of speeches which it caused. Finally I asked the operating manager in charge of the train what the trouble was. He went into a lengthy explanation and satisfied me that railroad operation in the Western and Southern part of the country is of necessity different from railroad operation in our Eastern and Northeastern states.

Why the Train Stopped

He had no trouble convincing me that it was impossible to get all the different supplies for the train at one stop, and that meant that we stopped one place for ice, a different place for water and a different place for coal. But after we had gathered all these necessities we made still another stop, and when I sent for him and asked the reason for that one, he promptly replied: "I had nothing to do with that stop and knew nothing about it. The train was flagged by that station master, who happens to be the Democratic county chairman, and he insisted that his constituency see you." After that explanation I made up my mind that there was no use trying to regulate train campaigning by any formula or method. It couldn't be done.

Very often during the national campaign I had been kept up so late at night working on my speeches, because of the interruptions during the day, that I needed to get some rest in the early morning hours. That did not deter ardent groups from appearing at the train stops that took place during those hours, nor did it have any influence in keeping the train under way rather than stopping at these various places. At such times my daughter, Mrs. Emily Smith Warner, would go out and meet the groups.

On one occasion, however, the train had been stopped just outside of Minneapolis. It was not a station stop, but was just held there for a little while. Everybody stayed on board the train, with the exception of my press representative, Joseph L. Cohn, and myself. We got off to take a little walk because we were told that there was to be a ten or fifteen minute stop. We strode about and thought we had plenty of time to stretch ourselves a bit and get some fresh air. Looking around we found, much to our surprise, that the train was just beginning to move. We made a dash and just made it. If we had not succeeded in doing so, there would have been a candidate's train touring the country without the candidate.

It is not possible for a candidate to keep track of the letters and telegrams he receives while en route. Written with a great sincerity of purpose, the advice and suggestions that he receives would form a volume of material that would give to the ordinary mind a cross-section view of the political opinions of countless thousands of people.

The greatest possible help a candidate can have on a campaigning trip is the friendly advice of newspapermen. They are licensed to talk to both parties and to the friends of all candidates, and their advice, their suggestions and the off-the-record news they can provide for a candidate are invaluable.

Keeping Up the Enthusiasm

There have always been spirited debates in the deliberations of campaign committees as to whether or not there is any practical value in the old-time method of electioneering. Taking the state of New York as an example, with three million voters; assuming the candidate for state office talked every night for thirty nights, his average audience would only be a thousand people. While he would get large audiences in the large cities, the small ones in the small cities would strike the contrast, averaging it so that he would talk to only 1 per cent of the people who were to cast a ballot. Still, there is the benefit of having the speech carried in the local newspapers, or possibly by a radio hook-up. It would be difficult to estimate the value of the radio, but it does help to meet the arguments of those who, inside campaign committees, have always advocated the visiting of every possible section during the campaign and making as many speeches as possible. This program is based on the theory that some people, if you do not get to see them or address them during a campaign, may be offended and may harbor the thought that you expected their votes anyway and took them for granted to such an extent that you considered it unnecessary either to meet them, greet them or talk to them.

Of course, speaking from the rear end of trains and from automobiles on what would be called, in theatrical circles, barnstorming tours, to my way of thinking, is not effective. But the candidate always feels that he must assist in keeping up the enthusiasm of the leaders of a particular section, and it is difficult to resist the request, and sometimes the demand, of the local leader that you at least appear in his district in order that he may convince the voters that you are sufficiently interested in him, his followers and his section of the state to think it necessary to go to that particular place during a campaign. This applies to a national campaign as well as to state or even local campaigns.

For myself, I have always held that short, hastily and poorly prepared speeches do more harm than good. I was told of an occurrence in the campaign of William Jennings Bryan when he called at one of the local Democratic clubhouses in Richmond, Virginia, and delivered a short address without preparation. My friend, who was in the hall after Bryan had left, informed me that it was pretty nearly the unanimous opinion of the audience that their own state senator was a better orator, a better talker and had a better grasp of public affairs than had Bryan.

In preparing my own speeches I have always proceeded on the theory that it is well to take one subject and exhaust it. In many of my state campaigns I have spoken from an hour to an hour and a half on one topic alone. The trouble with making general speeches, and attempting to touch upon half a dozen or more topics in a single speech, is that when you are finished with it nobody remembers anything that you said. The doctors in the audience may be interested in hospitals and they will remember what you said about them. Nobody else will, unless a speech upon the subject is sufficiently comprehensive to give them enough detail so they will know what the state is doing about them or proposes to do.

After all, the only sound theory of campaigning is to attempt to convince the public that you are better equipped to fulfill the duties of the office for which you are the candidate than are any of your opponents. The first thing that you must, therefore, put in the minds of your listeners is that you have the requisite knowledge of the divisions of government; and if they have been improperly managed in the past, you must be prepared, in the same speech, to tell what you intend to do about it if you succeed in being elected. If there has been no complaint about conditions or no progress made, you must be prepared to tell what you can do to better conditions to make the public institutions and departments of government that will fall under your control, in the event of your election, more responsive to the public need and welfare.

The old-fashioned form of campaigning is probably still essential and necessary for what may be called local candidates in civil divisions of cities throughout the state. It is impossible for them to hire halls in which to speak, because of the expense; and I might even say it may be difficult, if not impossible, for them to get an audience. The local candidate has to seek them. In my own old district that I represented in the assembly for so many years, I was compelled to talk in the open air because there were no halls in it, and I haven't the slightest doubt that that is true of many other civil divisions, practically throughout the states. Only recently the policy of the New York Department of Education has been liberalized sufficiently to permit the use of public schools for campaign meetings. I was asked my opinion about this policy some years ago and I stated unqualifiedly that I thought it was a good thing. The school is dedicated to education, and it is highly important that the people have a few weeks of education in public affairs before they approach the all-important function of determining the government of their village, town, city, state or nation.

I suppose the time will come when campaigns will be conducted, so far as speech making is concerned, entirely by radio, but we have not arrived at it yet. It will certainly be a great relief to the candidate if that time ever comes. Mr. Hoover saw the necessity for making six speeches in various parts of the country, from Massachusetts and New Jersey to California. I made about twenty-four. Speech making alone, compared to traveling and hand-shaking, is an easy task.

Too Long and Too Short

I do not mean that the speeches of the future could all be delivered from a single broadcasting station. No man, unless he reads it, can deliver a speech to a microphone. It never nods approval. It never stimulates him by expressing dissatisfaction with his statements. It never warms him with a handclap and it never shows its appreciation when he says something in sarcasm. In other words, it is just a piece of cold metal suspended on a string, and it could not produce an original idea or an original thought in a century. That leads to the inevitable conclusion that there must always be some reasonable degree of public speaking to actual audiences, because otherwise the candidate himself might as well rest at home and have somebody say his speeches for him.

As it stands now, at the end of a campaign, a man has this thought in his mind: For the hard labor of it, it was too long; for the amusement that it afforded, it was too short.

Out of the House of Magic

By FLOYD GIBBONS

DR. LANGMUIR AND SENATOR MARCONI IN THE RESEARCH LABORATORY IN SCHENECTADY

HELLO, everybody. As I figure it, the other fellow's job is always more interesting than our own work and that is why I accepted the challenge, when I was asked if I would go as a detective to Schenectady and unravel the mystery of the radio.

My ignorance on the subject qualified me for the job. In fact it was an advantage, because I did not have to unlearn any mis-information. I started even with the board, without prejudice, fear or favor.

It took me some time to boil this mess of scientific porridge down to the consistency where I could digest it without getting any fourteen-dollar scientific terms stuck in my throat, but I think I have it just right now.

It is the weirdest tale of hokus-pokus I ever heard. The trouble with these unsung wizards of the research laboratory is that a cloak of modesty screens their great accomplishments from the public they serve.

Call me dumb, if you wish, but it wasn't until this last year that I ever heard of the names of Alexanderson, Langmuir and Coolidge and yet, if the contributions made by these same General Electric scientists and engineers were suddenly withdrawn from the world, then radio broadcasting, as we know it and enjoy it today, would be impossible and your humble yarn spinner would have to go back to work to earn an honest living.

This is not so much a scientific fact as it is a bookkeeping item, but radio research alone in the General Electric House of Magic in Schenectady, since the year 1914, has cost in excess of twenty million dollars. Annual appropriations for this purely scientific work started out at one hundred thousand dollars and now approach three million dollars every year.

Naturally, I asked why in the face of this great expenditure there had never been a General Electric Radio receiver, and learned that the scientists in the research laboratory had not felt they were ready to produce what they could consider a set having such a high degree of excellence in every part that one could not conceive of it being made obsolete or outmoded by any further development in the near future. They told me that they will have such a set ready and on the market by the time this yarn of mine is published.

And the makers of this set have put into it and behind it the advantage of that twenty million dollars worth of scientific research covering a quarter of a century of untiring effort and continual experimentation which makes this new set the last word in radio.

It's a mighty long road those wizards travelled. Think of it, they were the pioneers who first made it possible for the human voice to be sent through the air electrically. Before that—long before that—Hertz, a German, had succeeded in sending a ray or a spark from one room to another. It was a spark jump—or an arc discharge.

By means of it, an electrical impulse or energy was transmitted through space; that is, from one point to another point comparatively close, without the use of a wire between the points. Today it seems as simple as the spark plug in the flivver, but it was a ten strike then.

Next came Marconi, and he might be called the Morse of the wireless because he developed the Hertz arc discharge—strengthened it—lengthened it, and made it steady and continuous instead of the spasmodic discharge or blast like the sudden shooting of a flash of lightning. By interrupting that discharge—just making or breaking the circuit—just turning it on or shutting it off, Marconi was able to flash dots or dashes, which according to prearranged code, became messages—and the life-saving marvel of wireless telegraphy had been accomplished.

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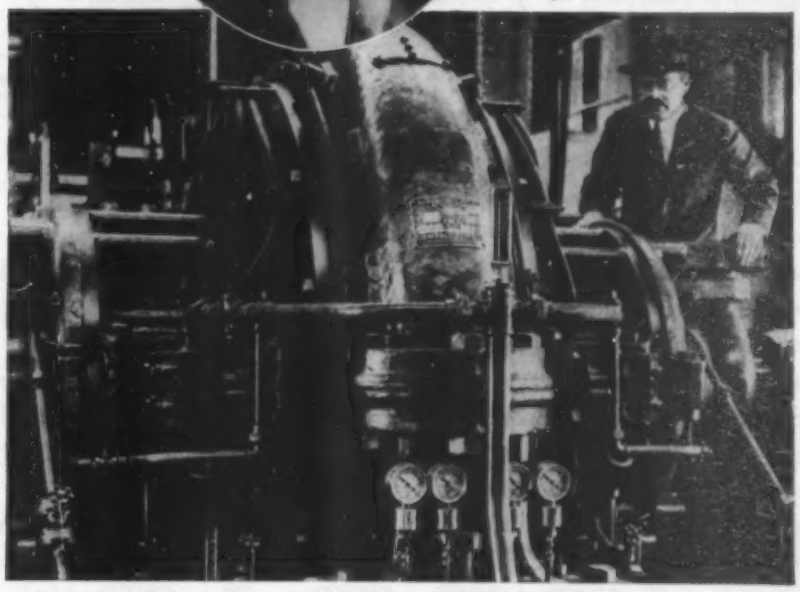
It represented a great advance in communications but it was still in the sign language class, something like an extension over distance of the finger formed letters and symbols used by deaf mutes in conversation, only the Marconi signals were picked up by the ear rather than the eye.

All this happened a quarter of a century ago back in the days of McKinley and Roosevelt—the good old days of Gibson girls and steel-ribbed corsets and long skirts and high button shoes—back in that "once upon a time" when Chauncey Depew's whiskers and John Drew's high stiff collars were the latest word on what the well-dressed man should wear.

The wireless dots and dashes—its ear-splitting arcs and blinding blue sparks were a boon to mankind. Thousands of lives had been saved at sea by the use of this now archaic system of communication, when into the arena of scientific research stepped younger champions to dig deeper into the then unknown, and to break down further barriers standing between man and his insatiable thirst for knowledge and control of the elements.



DR. E. F. W. ALEXANDERSON, IN 1922, WATCHING ONE OF THE FIRST EXAMPLES OF HIS INVENTIONS—THE HIGH FREQUENCY ALTERNATOR—AT WORK. (ABOVE) OVAL—FLOYD GIBBONS

In the first ranks of these was Dr. E. F. W. Alexanderson. The thing that Dr. Alexanderson was aiming at was to improve on Nature. Marconi's sparks set up waves in space—so does Mother Nature when she fires a bolt of lightning from clouds to earth. A good bit of careful study showed that such waves, both the small ones from the spark radio and the larger ones called lightning, were not the best and most efficient waves for radio use. The sparks send out "bunches" of waves like those you would see if stones were dropped—kersplash—in a still pool of water. What Dr. Alexanderson set out to do was to build a gadget that would send out waves continuously—not in bunches, but the way waves would go if you put an enormous tuning fork in the pool and kept the tines moving back and forth.

He produced the high frequency alternator. To me, those three words meant absolutely nothing until they were reduced into my picture language.

To me it is a story more fanciful than anything out of Alice in Wonderland or any of the fairy tales of my childhood recollections and yet this stupendous revolutionary discovery is real and absolute and soundly based on facts which today are the A B C'S of all radio broadcasting. We'll sail right into the almost unbelievable story of it in this space next week, and until then—Hold Everything.

If you are interested in this series by Floyd Gibbons they may be obtained in booklet form by sending your name and address to Section R-628, General Electric Company, Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY PAYS ONLY A REGULAR, REASONABLE DIVIDEND TO THE 500,000 OWNERS OF ITS STOCK

They use it, they believe in it, they own it

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

The Bell Telephone System is representative of the new type of ownership in American business, and of the responsibility to further the nation's welfare and prosperity which such an institution accepts.

Some 500,000 men and women, in nearly every town and city in the country, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. The average number of shares per stockholder is thirty. No single individual owns as much as one percent of the total capital stock. The company pays only a regular, reasonable dividend, which it has not missed paying since its incorporation. Earnings beyond that go into the extension and improvement of the telephone service.

The Bell System is an American institution which consistently builds ahead of the communication needs of the day and year. Its construction program for 1930 requires the expenditure of approximately 700 million dollars.

The scope, speed and accuracy of its service is dependent on the constant research of more than 5000 scientific workers, new methods of operation and construction, and the coordinated efforts of more than 450,000 widely scattered employees. All its efforts are centered on giving the public a steadily improving telephone service at the lowest possible cost. This is the accepted responsibility of the Bell System.

FINDING THE LOST GENERATION

(Continued from Page 21)

and none in politics. They decided that art was not worth very much and commerce less. They saw that science had enslaved itself to the war spirit, and that Socialists had become jingoes, and they found no place for religion. The world to them was a rather tasteless joke.

Behind this there lay a deep feeling that life itself was not only tragic but tragic in a trivial way. Looking back on the writers of that period, Mr. Malcolm Cowley said, "Nothing was left to ourselves—nothing except to deal with marginal experiences and abnormal cases, or else to say the old things over again with a clever and apologetic twist of our own. Nothing remained except the minor note." Everyone felt that the great subjects had been exhausted, and had proved themselves none too great. Patriotism, decency and fraternal sympathy were considered as masks behind which existed cheap and nasty emotions. To be a modern man and to have learned the lesson of the war and peace meant that you reduced everything to the meanest motives and applied to every human emotion the ugliest possible name. "Now," they said, echoing the words of Macbeth—"'there's nothing serious in mortality,'" and dropping a single letter, declared that there was nothing particularly serious in morality either.

A Handful of Dust

If I seem to be a little unsympathetic in this restatement of what young people felt in 1919 and 1920, it is not from any sense of superiority. I was one of them myself, and it happened that there passed through my hands in 1922 a manuscript which concentrated and even ennobled the entire spirit of my immediate generation. If the manuscript had been a book or play, it might have had a tremendous effect on the general public. It happened to be a poem, and one rather difficult to read, but its ten or twelve pages created an exceptional sensation, and although seven years have passed since it was published, The Waste Land, by T. S. Eliot, is still constantly referred to by those who want to know what the intelligent young men of the period were thinking and feeling.

I am not concerned now with the great merits of this poem as a work of literature, or even with its exact meaning. The important thing was what thousands of young men and women, not only writers, but clerks and private secretaries and beginning brokers and chemists, thought that it meant. They thought it meant what they wanted it to mean—that the refreshing waters of life had run dry, and that from now on the world was a desolate waste. They thought that civilization was a series of crumbling edifices, shored up by worm-eaten props, and that the dignity and beauty of human existence were a handful of dust. The old truths were no longer true, the old beauty was no longer beautiful—that had been said a hundred times before, from the days of the prophets of Israel to the days of Ibsen. But the young men said that for the first time there were no new truths and no new beauties, because truth and beauty themselves had ceased to exist. Everything in the modern world was only a foul caricature of the loveliness of the past, and there was no future.

For a long time The Waste Land constituted the Bible—a revelation without a prophecy—of the new generation. The feeling that irreparable disaster had fallen on mankind had been given such intense utterance that nothing more eloquent has been said in the seven years which have followed. In fact, it begins to look as if the generation of despair only waited for somebody to formulate its feelings and then began to forget about them.

At about the same time there was published in this country a survey of American civilization, written by thirty men and women, not all of them of the lost generation in period of age, but all of them unified by their supreme distaste for everything their own world offered them. They called education "the great American superstition," and said that the press was controlled by big business, and, in short, covering thirty of the principal activities of human beings, prepared a sort of encyclopedia of disgust to which the debunkers of the period could repair for ammunition. The survey lacked the high emotion of the poem, and for that reason was probably a better index to what the radical-minded youth at the time was actually thinking.

It was, of course, considered unfair to bring one of the finest minds of the older generation to bear upon these thirty complaints, but the same advanced magazine which published The Waste Land invited George Santayana to discuss their work, and his remarks about their "palpitating doubts" tell us a great deal of the actual spirit of the time. It is the spirit of "offended sensibility," said this detached and skeptical critic. "Things shock them. . . . They are far from expressing the manly heart of America, emancipated from the genteel tradition. They seem to be morally underfed, and they are disaffected." According to this doubting philosopher, who was far more disillusioned than any of the lost generation, but disillusioned about different things, there was in America a "hearty unity and universal hum," and he could not see why these young minds were unable to enjoy it. The fact is that, as in the case of the poem, the moment the book was published, the generation for which it spoke was beginning to run away from it.

The directions in which they ran give some clew to the genuineness of these emotions. A perfectly obvious example is the group—by far the largest of all—which turned its back, in the early 1920's, on all political action. They said that politics was corrupt and it was not worth while trying to make politics honest, because the whole idea of political action was only a false front. Behind this façade of parties and elections lay, they insisted, the grim forces of the economic struggle, and the reason Lenin was right was that he was trying to solve economic problems by economic methods, and not by politics. They suggested that the application of politics to economic facts was as reasonable as applying the laws of counterpoint to diet. They insisted that they were not like the old-style intellectual who considered himself too dainty to mingle in politics; they suggested that politics was not dirty enough, because it did not touch the dirty actuality of capital and wages and commerce. They said, or implied, that no intelligent man could really take politics seriously.

Critics of the Universe

And in the year of grace 1928, the same people were violently supporting Al Smith, because he represented the principle of liberty; were violently supporting Herbert Hoover, because he represented the principle of science applied to government. In England the same generation contested seats for the Labor Party, because it meant international friendship, and for the Conservative Party, because it stood for imperial England. The development in France was even more striking, because the young men who came into prominence by declaring that the war had destroyed all the meaning of life, and that, therefore, the only way to live, and even the only way to write, was in the realm of nonsense, without logic and without coherence—these people turned ardent supporters of French communism and the rights of the submerged tenth. As masters of nonsense, they called themselves Dada—implying that the first word a baby speaks is as sensible as the words of any poet or philosopher—and their whole work was a criticism of the

BEAUTY OF DESIGN

whether graceful

or severe

1-3. *French, English, Spanish styles of architecture—Sargent offers designs for all of them. The Sargent door knocker shown here is only one of many entirely appropriate for the Colonial residence illustrated. Pope & Manning, architects, Wilmington, Delaware.*

2-4. *The Squibb Building, Fifth Avenue, New York City—the Firm of Mr. Jacques Kahn, architects—in which Hardware by Sargent is installed in the modern design illustrated above.*

AN IMPOSING skyscraper on the most famous business highway in the world, an old farmhouse miles from town done over with understanding and sympathy . . . for both of them Sargent Hardware was selected. The outstanding characteristics of this excellent hardware meet all the strictest building requirements.

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Sargent Hardware endures for generations. Of solid brass or bronze, the finish is enduring. Made with the precision of the most modern machine manufacture, Sargent Hardware is easy, smooth and perfect in operation. The name Sargent may be taken as a mark of highest quality. Sargent & Company, 33 Water Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

SARGENT

LOCKS AND HARDWARE

pompous futility of the universe. They arranged the alphabet in lines of three and four letters, and said it was greater poetry than Hugo or Keats. A few years later they had become earnest fanatics about politics and economics, both.

The people who had said that no action of any kind was worth while went into action in defense of principles which they had also said were nonexistent. Liberty was one of them. They had seen and announced that the whole libertarian ideal was wishy-washy, and although they hated tyranny, they insisted that a dictator at least had some grasp of the facts. International peace was another one of the delusions they most angrily rejected, because the war proved that no one wanted peace, and that no one could have peace. And the very people who later rioted in the streets of Paris, as a demonstration against middle-class prosperity, were those who, a few years earlier, rejected all idea of fighting for the under dog.

The Despairing 90's

This means, of course, that the rebellious generation grew up and changed and developed, but the irony of the situation is that most of them seemed not to know the direction in which they themselves were heading. They were unmoored from any traditional shore and decided, perhaps, that their only anchorage would be in science, which they thought had undermined religion and politics and faith and ideals. Science, to them, was attractively cold; it had none of the passions of common humanity and existed in the vacuum of pure intelligence.

I do not know whether the scientists themselves held the same opinion of their work, because within a few years science became less and less sure that it had eliminated the unknown, and nowadays it is the commonest experience to find scientists talking in terms which are almost indistinguishable from those of religion.

The idea of spiting God by embracing science was a bright one, but the scientists, unfortunately, began to think about God themselves. There were others who went in precisely the opposite direction and embraced a decorative religion, in order to spite science, and the present interests of science bring them to exactly the same dilemma. Neither science nor religion seems willing to accept deserters from the other party.

There were a vast number of less thoughtful individuals who felt that all the finer things of life were only made to be jeered at, and that the best thing for them to do was to drink as much liquor as possible. The Eighteenth Amendment played into their hands, because with every drinking bout they were not only drowning their misery, but also thumbing their noses at least at one of the institutions they thought responsible for the breakdown of civilization—the United States Government. I suspect that this was the beginning of the religion of drinking, which is as much a fanaticism for certain people as the religion of not drinking is for others.

I have not the necessary data to say that all these zealous drunkards were dishonest, but they are a particularly good example of one of the fallacies of the lost generation—the fallacy of believing that they were unique.

Historians assure us that when the decline of Rome set in, intelligent people felt exactly the same way; felt, that is, that the bottom had dropped out of existence and could never be restored. The drinking sufferers from delusion, however, did not have to go so far as ancient Rome for a parallel, because their immediate predecessors among the intellectuals of 1890 afford a splendid example of how to escape from the world by means of drinks and drugs. The despairing 90's were, in fact, an extraordinary parallel to the disillusioned 1920's, and the feeling that nothing was important and nothing was worth doing, except to drink and to write a few small poems, arose in the 1890's without the pretext of a great war. If anything was responsible then, it was the success of the materialism which became popular with the triumph of the Darwinian theory. Men of the 1890's were just as contemptuous of religion and politics, and made just the same erotic drawings and despised the same bourgeois virtues as similar temperaments did thirty years later. In fact, one suspects that the 1890's were perhaps more honest in their unhappiness, because the poets of that period drank themselves to death or committed suicide, whereas their parallels today are content to find solace in a psychoanalyst's confessional.

From its own point of view, the lost generation met its real tragedy when the bottom dropped out of disillusion, just as surely as it had dropped out of faith. These Nihilists, who had not even the ambition to throw bombs, lived on from day to day and presently stopped being Nihilists. They started out with a powerful feeling that nothing was worth doing, and that a man would be a fool to spend three years writing a novel, or ten years looking for a new chemical element, or one day making love to an unwilling young woman. They said they needed to live only in a small way with small emotions, "in order to forget." Those that could not afford to be drunk most of the time went into newspaper work, because it was a daily grind and had no great ideal future, or into business, because it was a low form of human activity and at least provided them with the comforts of life, or they got married and decided to raise children, because, after all, the bourgeoisie had triumphed and one might as well make terms with the victor. If they went in for art, they did so not because they loved painting or music, which gave pleasure or aroused the emotions, but because they said art was as impersonal and as cold as science. And before they knew it, these men were becoming extremely good newspapermen and were writing a novel or a play on the side, or had begun to be caught up by the excitement of beating other people at business, or had grown interested and absorbed in the children they had helped to bring into the world, in spite of the fact that the world was such a terrible place. Even those who felt that there was no such thing as sin began to act as if a code of decency and a code of honor could take the place of a code of morals.

By 1925 some of them were back at the old stand, worshiping Nietzsche and Napoleon, while others, slandering Mr. Babbitt, were becoming prosperous and a little bald. The ones who had given themselves entirely to drink and who ran away from their obligations and pampered their nerves, probably did not recover, but the significant thing is that the impressive members of the lost generation—the men who seem to give voice to the unexpressed thoughts of thousands of others—had shed entirely the black cloak of pessimism and despair in which they shrouded themselves. The plain business of living from day to day imposed on them some of the very illusions they thought themselves most definitely freed from.

A Rift in the Gloom

For about ten years all of them had been satisfied merely to say, "This is the way things are," and the way was always ignoble and mean; but no one ever said, "This is the way things should be," because that implied faith and morality. They said that a man had to surrender to the spirit of the time, and they took Oswald Spengler's word for it that the spirit of the time was mechanistic and left no place for fruitfulness and emotion and the creation of great art. And then, forgetting this, they devoted themselves with passion to being fruitful and emotional, and to producing works of art which stand a fair chance of resisting oblivion. What is more, they began to say or imply that things ought to be—and that people ought to do——. They did not agree as to what ought to be and what ought to be done, but, at least, they had moved to the point where they were no longer satisfied with recording or making fun of things as they were. The same Mr. Eliot who wrote The Waste Land in 1922 could say, six years later, that "It is doubtful whether civilization can endure without religion." And Mr. Edmund Wilson, one of the most influential of the young generation of 1921, could answer him with, "We have got to make it endure." Mr. Thomas Beer expresses his weariness with the people who grovel before life without having the courage and the intelligence to say that we must change it. Mr. Lewis Mumford entirely rejects the idea that human beings have to abdicate in favor of mechanical powers. Mr. Paul Rosenfeld has made himself the prophet of those men and women in all walks of life who believe in having life abundantly. Mr. Burton Rascoe sees a new dispensation after the emotional exhaustion of the war—"a new vision of dignity and purpose."

The younger critics—some of them so young that even the lost generation seems old to them—declare in favor of authority and discipline.

Old-Fashioned Thoughts to the Fore

The young poets refuse to believe that because love has its source in the appetites, it is necessarily low. Dr. Irwin Edman expresses the thought which thousands of other people have held, when he says, "We may be fated animals crawling anxiously through the palpitation, brief and confused, that we call life. But that chaotic interval is at moments clear with wonder or beauty.... Love, we are told, is merely a matter of glandular secretions. But to admit the truth of this physiological fact is far from denying that love exists. . . . Suppose we accept the contributions of recent science as to the mechanical conditions and the animal basis of life. The miracle of the spirit that protoplasm generates and matter nourishes is not rendered any the less varied, singing or wonderful." This is old-fashioned, and the significant thing is that it is the thought of a thinker who is not old-fashioned. When Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch summarizes The Modern Temper in terms of despair, the generation which used to make a religion of despair rejects him. Mr. Mumford, for instance, refuses to be frightened by the bogy of science, and says it is impossible to remove human conditions and desires from science, and that the impersonality of science is only a fable. Like most of the men who passed through the period of despair, Mr. Mumford is not attempting to create a rosy optimism. "Man," he says, "is still subject to accident and evil," but he insists that man can control some, at least, of the conditions in which he may be happy, and that he has already produced an environment in which great and beautiful things can be created.

Actually, we can see things being created much more rapidly in the field of art than in science or technology or industry. The reason is that a single sensational book or song or painting may bring a very young man into exceptional prominence, whereas the apprentice stage in the sciences and in business is much longer. Scientists and business men are also a little less the beneficiaries or the victims of publicity, and the world does not keep in its mind the name of a man who discovers a new way to make synthetic drugs or a new process of welding as well as it remembers the name of a new novelist or a new playwright. We have to take it for granted that the young men working obscurely in laboratories and over engineering blue prints have recovered the same faith and vitality, and the same respect for order, and the same trust in life, that the more expressive artists have given utterance to. Ten years ago you could not say that these artists were expressing the feelings and thoughts of the multitude, because they insisted that they were only expressing themselves. But now a sufficient number of them would admit that they are, as artists have always been, representatives of their period. They are, perhaps, more highly organized, and they certainly have the technic of expression which the others lack; but the raw material, the general feeling about life, they share with the hundreds of thousands who never give voice to their emotions.

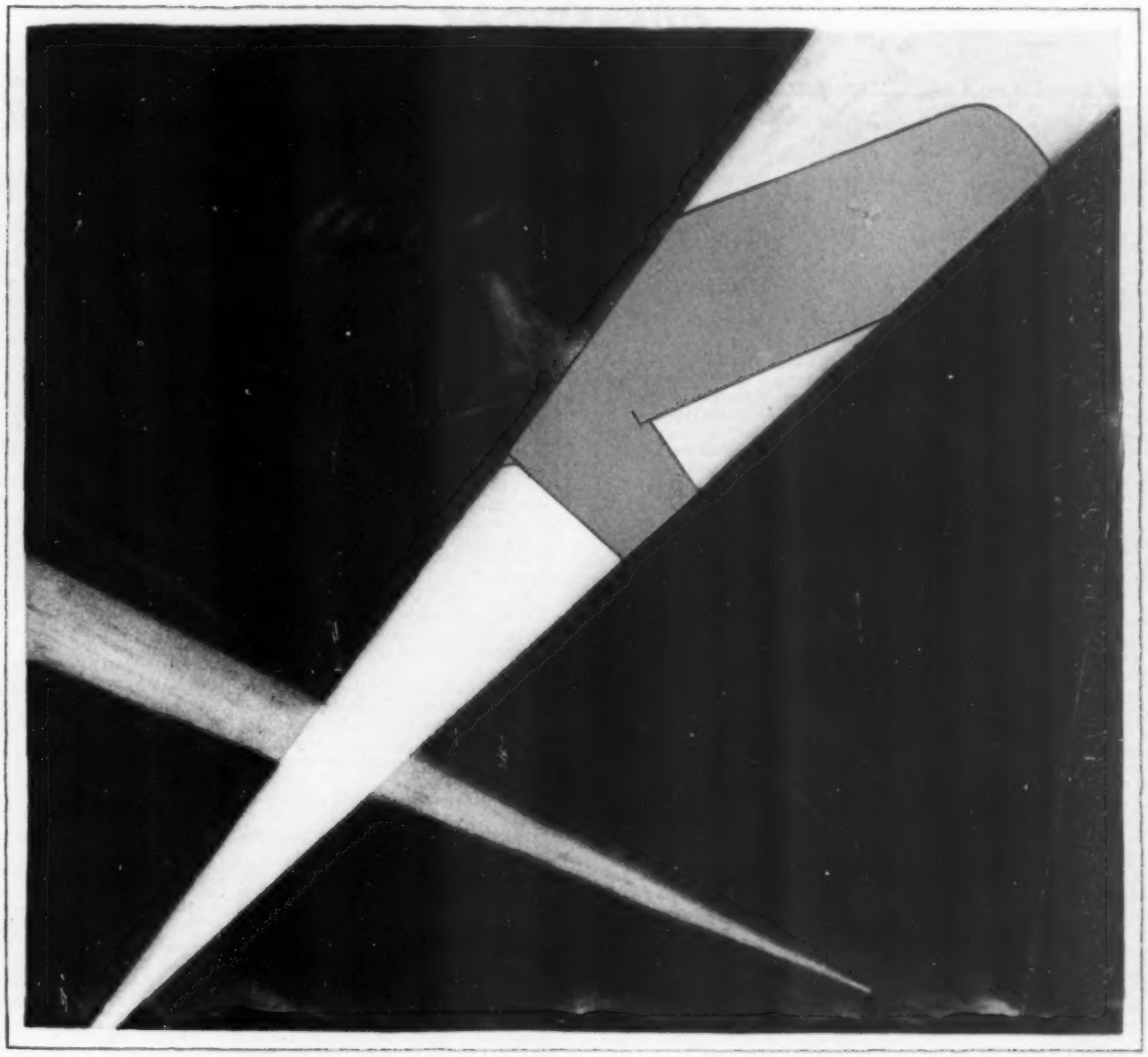
I can find no ground for believing that the mastering emotion is still one of despair. When Mr. Waldo Frank protested, a few years ago, against "the dreary litany of a decaying Europe," and when Mr. Rosenfeld, at about the same time, told me he was tired of the people who were going about saying that the whole game was up and that life had no meaning, they were ahead of their time—at least they were ahead of a great many of the young thinkers of their time.

It seems probable that the average recovered more rapidly than the artists did from the effects of the war, either because the average man was not sensitive enough at the beginning, or because he was better balanced at the end.

One remarkable thing is that so many of the moral and physical crashes that followed the war were experienced by men who hadn't actually been in the war. The victims of those waves of collegiate suicides which swept over European capitals and some of our American institutions were, after all, boys and girls who had had nothing whatever to do with the war. It was noteworthy also that the typical American accounts of the war, written by soldiers, have a gayety and light-heartedness as compared with the accounts written by ambulance men. The tone of Three Soldiers, The Enormous Room, and A Farewell to Arms, all written by Americans who were not in the infantry's front line, is very close to the tone of All Quiet on the Western Front, which is written by a German soldier who was in the front line. Whereas War Bugs and even What Price Glory?, both written by combatants, have a lift and, at least, an ironic humor, and seem to be expressive of the war feelings of the American Army. Yet even the tragic books about the war give sufficient indication that the philosophy of despair has exhausted itself, because they also have an enormous vitality and gusto. The brutality of the war scenes in A Farewell to Arms only serves to emphasize the tremendous passion—a kind of passion which, ten years ago, would have been considered beneath the intellectual dignity of the disillusioned generation.

Coming Awake

Ten years from now that same generation will be moving from the prime of life to middle age, and will, therefore, begin to dominate the various fields in which it is active. It may distress some people to think that some of the effective members of this group are violent communists, but the significant thing is that they have the energy and the faith to be violent about anything. They threatened ten years ago that they would not allow themselves to be interested in the fate of the world, and now they are doing their best to stave off the downfall of Western civilization. For every communist there are not only a thousand business men but at least a hundred new believers in the authority of the church, or of the state, or of the old traditions of liberty. The specific direction they take may appear to us unhappy, but no one can be more surprised than themselves at the thought that they had will power enough to go anywhere at all. They insisted that their nerves had been shot to hell, and thought it was not worth while making an effort to recover. Except for a few who prefer cadging for money with which to buy drinks in the obsolescent cafés of Paris or Vienna, most of them have recovered their nerves. They have even begun to believe that a highly organized nervous system is a better sign of human superiority than the capacity to get lost in a world which no longer misses them.



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ALCOA ALUMINUM

GUESSWORK

(Continued from Page 13)

planking. The chief stopped to put it out and Tope suddenly got out of the car and walked around to unfasten a bit of string tied to one of the girders on the upstream side.

Procter looked at him curiously; and Tope said: "Another piece of that fish line. See!"

But the chief was inattentive. The house yonder was a roaring furnace. It stood no more than a hundred yards away across the stream, and the stone walls made a chimney through which the flames leaped toward the sky. The wing toward the river was all ablaze, but the firemen were already at work on the rear wing, with some hope of saving it. The solid stone walls made it just possible they might confine the fire. Tope and the chief got in the car again and drove on across the bridge.

As they alighted, Tope asked, "Where would this crippled brother be?"

"In the wing toward the river," the chief explained. He continued, as they hurried up the knoll toward the burning house: "That's all afire now. He had a bedroom on the first floor, right over the garage." And he added bitterly: "They kept gasoline in the garage. I'd warned them it was dangerous. And there was an elevator from the garage up to his bedroom, so he could get down to the car easy when he wanted to take a ride. Unless Torrence got him out quick, he's gone."

They found Torrence a moment later. He was a tall, bony old man with the wistful smile of the deaf. Procter shouted questions into his ears, and Torrence answered them. He had been in his room. The bell which Mr. Bichel used to summon him did not ring. He had heard nothing. His first alarm came when he saw the shadow of the smoke on the ground outside his window and ran out-of-doors and discovered the river wing all ablaze. He tried in vain to get to his master. His eyebrows, Tope saw, were singed, and his face was red as though burned by the sun. Mr. Bichel must have perished in the first rush of the flames.

While the firemen brought the fire under some control, David Bichel appeared, driving that ancient car. He met the situation here with a stony calm.

Chief Procter spoke to him commiseratingly. "Your brother ——" he said in a rueful tone.

But David Bichel shook his head. "His own fault," he exclaimed. "He was a spoiled, headstrong old man. You remember, chief, you and I both wished to shift the garage; we argued with him fruitlessly."

The chief made introductions, and Bichel spoke to the old inspector courteously. Then Chief Procter wondered how the fire might have started, and Bichel suggested defective wiring.

"Ernest was penurious, you know," he pointed out. "Our wiring was antiquated, needed repair, but he would never consent to the expense. He had an electric bell by which he could summon Torrence. He must have been conscious long enough to press that button, but the bell did not ring. That makes me suspect a short circuit in the wires." He added thoughtfully: "It is even possible that when he pressed the button for his breakfast, the short circuit produced the spark that started this fire! There would be irony in that."

Inspector Tope looked at him thoughtfully, but he made no comment on this suggestion.

Later, they developed another more sinister theory. When the fire had been brought under control and confined to the river wing, they invaded the rooms which had escaped the flames, and Mr. Bichel discovered that there had been marauders here. He called Chief Procter to see.

He led the chief—Inspector Tope followed them—to a sort of armory or gun room adjoining the machine shop where he pursued his hobbies.

"Three of my rods are gone," he pointed out. "And a box of flies, and my rifle. Perhaps the thieves set the fire!"

"Last night?" Tope asked.

"I don't know," Bichel confessed. "I didn't come into this room this morning. But if they set the fire, it was after I had left."

"When was it you left?" Tope suggested.

"Half-past eight," the other said readily. "I was due in your confounded court." He looked at Chief Procter furiously. "Due there at nine!"

The chief said, "It might have been boys, or tramps. Professional thieves wouldn't bother with fishing tackle."

And Bichel cried, "I remember Torrence said the other day there had been some petty thieving around here lately."

Tope proposed that they ask Torrence more about this. The deaf man explained that he had missed a few things—a ten-quart pail, a jug of vinegar, an ax. But he had seen nothing of the thieves.

Tope asked Bichel, "Did they take anything out of your shop?"

And they all went into the machine shop at the rear of the main wing of the house to see.

There were lathes and furnaces and dies and files and thread cutters and every conceivable mechanical device; there was a forge, and an anvil, and a tub of oil for tempering, and a plumber's outfit—torch and iron and lead and solder. Tope asked many questions, and Bichel, his enthusiasm in such matters shining in his eyes, explained this and that, told them something of the work that occupied him here.

"A hobby, nothing more," he admitted. "But it gives me pleasure too."

"Your brother have any hobbies?" Tope asked thoughtfully.

But Bichel shook his head. "A hobby would have made him more human," he declared. "He would not even read; demanded constant attention; demanded forever to be entertained. I had to play chess with him, and take care always to lose to him. Frankly, gentlemen, though I must express some polite regret at the manner of his taking off, I feel as though a load were off my shoulders, a new existence opening before me now."

Inspector Tope nodded. "Play chess with anyone else, did he?"

The other shook his head. "He saw no one but me and Torrence. And he never spoke to Torrence; hated the man's deafness. No, he and I ——" His face twisted. "Gentlemen, he had devoured my time and my thoughts and my energies for years!"

There seemed nothing to say to this. They went out-of-doors again, and around the house. The fire engine was pumping streams of water into the charred embers of the river wing, but it was still out of the question to make any search there.

"The fire must have started in the garage," Chief Procter decided. "Once it got started it would run up the elevator shaft like a chimney."

The garage doors were open. Inside, there was only a tumbled chaos of charred beams and slate from the roof and smoking débris and glowing embers. But Inspector Tope noticed something on the drive just outside the door of the garage; he touched it with his foot. A large, flattened piece of tin with ragged edges.

"That's one of the cans they kept gasoline in," the chief decided.

"Flattened out so?"

"The gasoline probably exploded," Procter suggested, "when it got hot enough. The explosion blew the can open, threw it out here."

Tope peered into the garage. Across the heaped débris he could see the upper part of a window, and beyond, the tree tops across the river. He could even catch a glimpse of the steel framework of the bridge.

Then David Bichel came up beside them, and Tope looked around at him and asked:

"Keep much gasoline here, did you?"

"Usually half a dozen cans," Bichel explained. "Ernest had to miss his ride one day because we were out of gas, and he swore he'd fire Torrence if that ever happened again." He pointed into the litter within. "You can see one of them there."

The can he pointed out was flattened by falling beams, but it had not exploded, and Tope looked at it thoughtfully. Then he asked the man beside him, in a thoughtful tone:

"What kind of rifle was it they stole?"

"Springfield Sporter," Bichel told him readily.

Tope nodded, and he turned his back on the garage and looked in the other direction. Below them lay the gorge of the Cascadia, running straight away for almost a mile, the steep banks rising high on either side. The old man surveyed this scene with a slow attention for a while; and Bichel, here beside him, said:

"It is beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes, beautiful," Tope agreed. "And—bold water!"

"Full of trout," Chief Procter remarked.

"I noticed," said Tope quietly, "that there's a deep pool under the opposite end of the bridge; kind of an eddy there, and a falls coming in."

Procter chuckled. "Deep, yes," he agreed. "There was some soft-rock formation there, I guess. The falls have dug a pit so deep that you can't get bottom. I've tried. The current sweeps your line downstream."

"Strong current, eh?" the old man commented. "Won't a rock sink in it?"

"Not even a lead weight, if it's hanging from a line," the chief assured him.

"Must be strong," Tope assented. He stood quietly, and his hands swung a little at his sides, to and fro. Their palms had a trick of turning forward in a curious fashion, as though this little man were poised and ready to leap and grip and hold. He stood there, and his head nodded, and he swung at last to look at David Bichel thoughtfully. But Bichel was watching the embers here, drenched now, yet still emitting lazy coils of steam from the dying fire.

"Well," Tope said at last. "I guess you and I can go fishing, can't we, chief?"

"Nothing to do here now," the chief agreed. "There'll be fire in that heap till dark anyway. Let's go along!"

So Inspector Tope and Chief Procter went fishing. Inspector Tope suggested that they try the gorge below the house and Bichel gave them permission, but the chief negatived this. There were better pools, more easily fished, a few miles upstream. He and the inspector returned to Procter's car and they drove away.

On the bridge, Tope wanted to stop and look down at that deep, swirling pool. He got out of the car and they leaned together over the bridge rail. There was a stone abutment just below them here; a narrow ledge, big enough for a foothold for a man, if his head were a steady one. Water had spilled somehow on this narrow stone, and Tope pointed this out. The water was drying in the sun, but some still remained.

"Didn't rain last night, did it?" he asked; and Procter shook his head.

"How would water get there?" Tope wondered. "Any way you know?"

"May have been a heavy dew," the chief hazarded. "There's a lot of spray from the falls."

"There's only part of the ledge that's wet," Tope argued. "Dew or spray would be more even, all over it."

And he lifted his head and looked across toward the smoking ruin of the river wing of the big house. Through the window of the garage he could see a gleam of light where the door stood open beyond.

"The glass was gone out of that window," he remarked, half to himself.

"Fire would crack it," Procter agreed.

And Tope assented. "Yes, you can blame that on the fire."

The chief looked at him in a rising curiosity. "What are you getting at, inspector?" he asked.

Tope hesitated, but he said at last, "Let's go fishing now."

So they drove up the river road for miles, and they stopped at last and left the car and descended to the stream. Chief Procter had asked other questions. But Tope only shook his head, refusing to answer them. Yet when they came to the water, before he set up his own rod, he took out of his pocket the two pieces of enameled line which he had found that morning—one on David Bichel's car, the other affixed to a girder of the bridge. And he compared them thoughtfully. This was a tapered line, varying in size from the thickness of the lead in a pencil to a slender thread; and one end of the longer fragment corresponded in size to the other, as though it had been broken at that point. Tope perceived this fact.

The chief was ready to fish; he called to the older man: "What are you doing, inspector? Come along down. I want you to try this pool."

Tope strolled down the bank toward him. "Chief," he said, "I'll tell you a pool I'd like to try: That deep one under the bridge. I'll bet a good fisherman could get something there."

Chief Procter laughed. "Too much current," he retorted. "You can't sink a line."

"Sink a pound of lead, couldn't you?"

"Not if it were hanging. I've tried it."

Tope considered, wagging his head. "Any power projects on this river?" he inquired.

"Higher up, yes," the chief assented. "There are three or four dams, up toward the headwaters, to store the water; and they let it out on an even flow all summer."

"Guess if you shut down those dams, it would stop the flow enough so you could fish that pool?"

Procter chuckled in a faint impatience. "You can't go to all that trouble just to catch a trout," he protested.

"Might catch something bigger!" Tope suggested; and Procter stared at him, and he asked at last in a hushed tone:

"What are you talking about? Catch what?"

"Catch a murderer," said the old inspector equably.

Chief Procter and Inspector Tope stopped at the big stone house above the river on their way home to Maddison that evening. The embers of the burned wing had surrendered at last to the flood of water poured upon them; and men were at work cautiously removing the débris to find what must lie buried underneath the charred mound of timbers and cracked and blackened slate. David Bichel watched these workers; he seemed to superintend the job. There were two or three firemen from the village, and deaf old Torrence, and half a dozen volunteers.

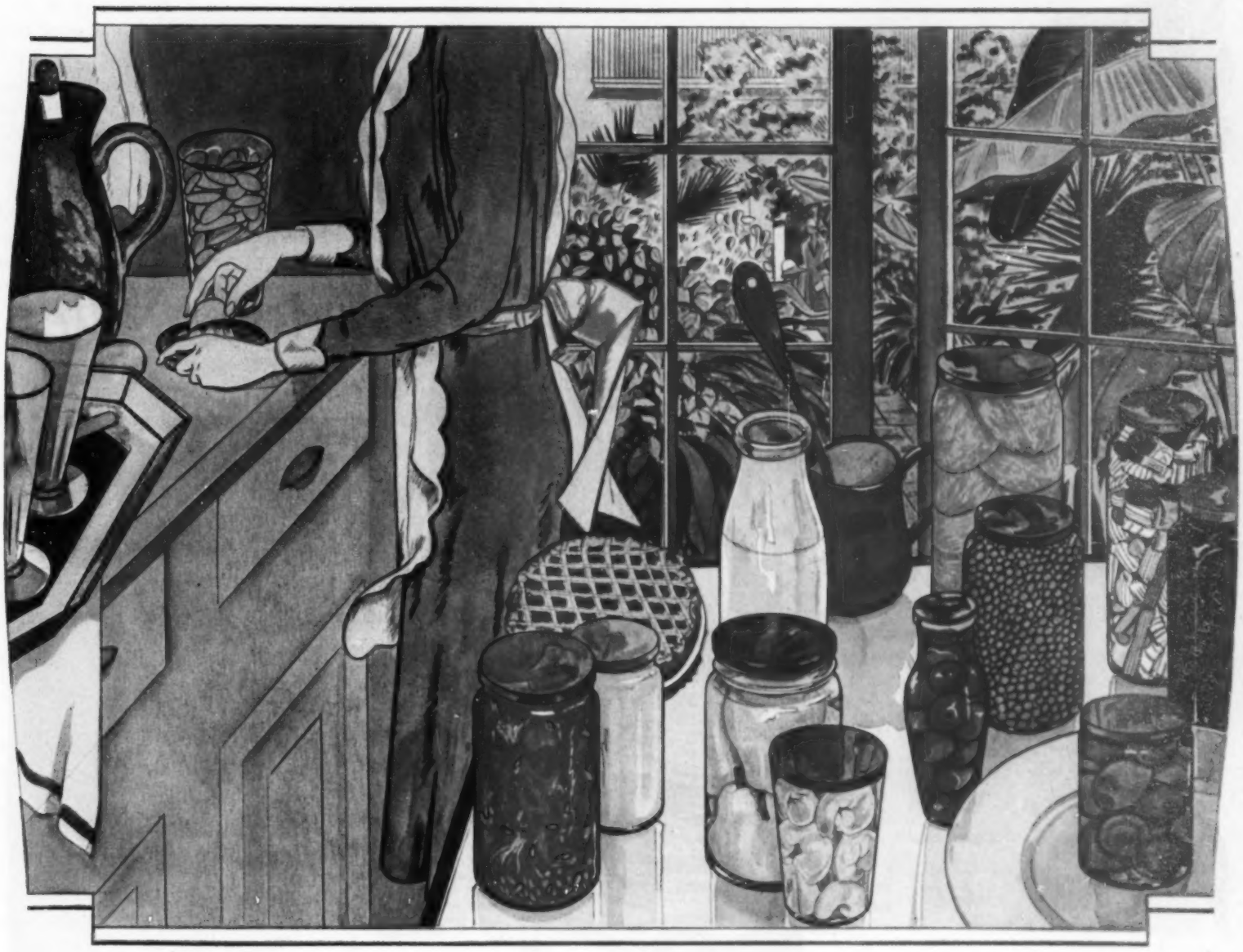
Tope and the chief joined Bichel on the ash-littered driveway, and Chief Procter asked in a hushed tone:

"Found your brother yet, Mr. Bichel?"

The irascible old man shook his head. "Not yet," he returned. "There's a tangle of rubbish there. It will take hours. I'm planning to work by lantern light tonight."

That ragged sheet of tin which once had been a five-gallon can containing gasoline lay at one side of the drive, still a little apart from the charred rubbish the men had been removing from the garage; and Tope walked over to where it lay and picked it up, and his eye ran thoughtfully along the torn circumference. David Bichel

(Continued on Page 77)



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* * *

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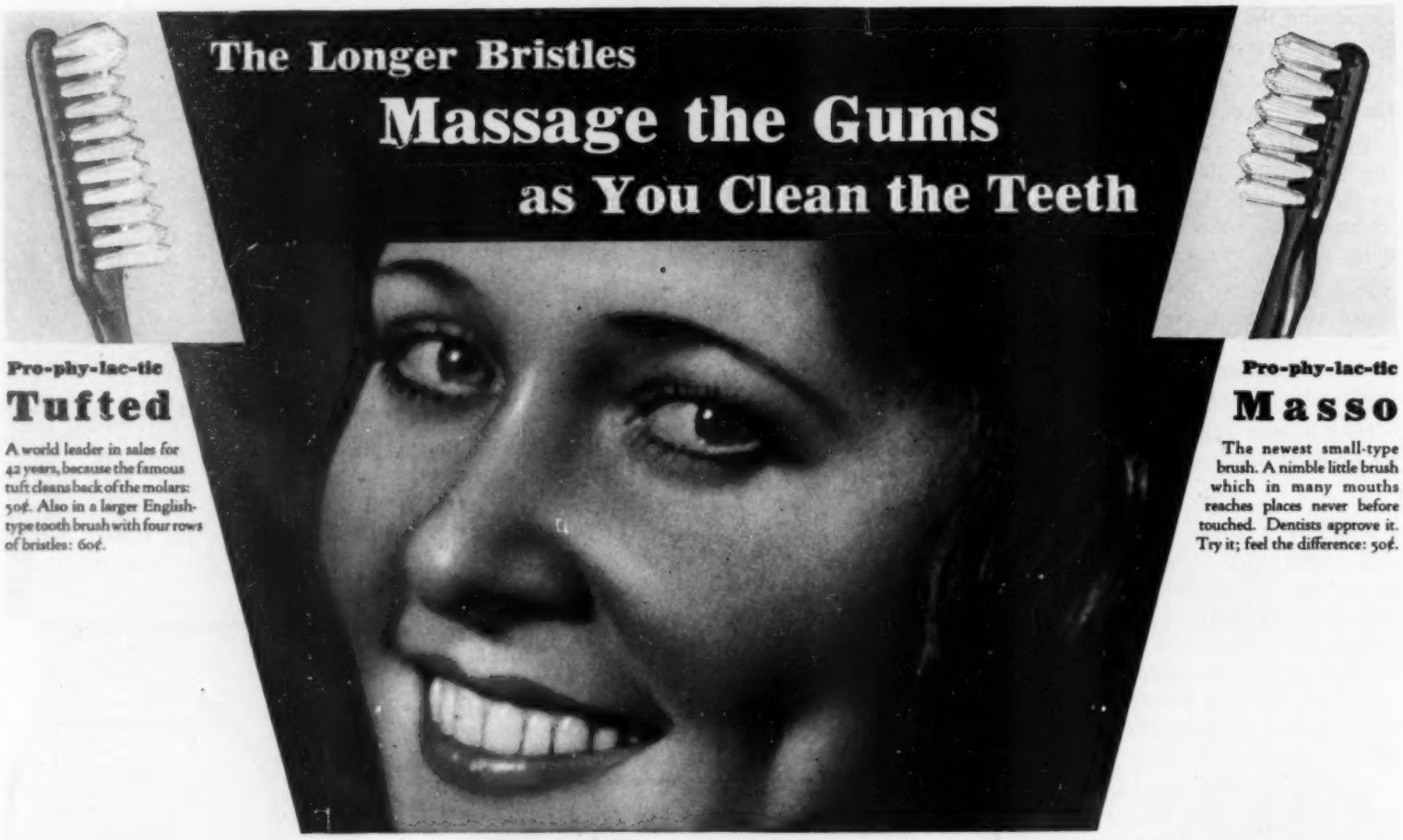

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(Continued from Page 72)

looked that way, and he and the chief crossed to where the old inspector stood and watched him curiously. Dusk was already descending in this deep gorge; the white foam on the river below them shone against the blue and green of the water. The cloak of spruce and hemlock and pine along the rocky banks was dark as a pall, and purple shadows seemed to flow with the stream.

Bichel asked at last, "Why does that can interest you, inspector?"

Tope looked at him with mild eyes. "Why, you see," he explained, "I was on the homicide squad down in Boston for a good many years. When someone gets killed, it's instinct with me to start wondering and noticing and guessing."

"Homicide?" Bichel protested. "You suggest my brother was murdered?"

"I'm just wondering," Tope answered equably. "I don't know as it'd be murder anyway." He still turned this flattened sheet of tin in his hands gingerly, lest the jagged edges cut his fingers. "You see," he continued, "when a man's murdered, it's usually by someone that knew him mighty well. I mean legal murder, premeditation, and so on. And there wasn't anybody as intimate as that with your brother. Except you, of course."

He paused, and the still dusk seemed suddenly to listen. But Bichel only smiled, and Tope went on in a cheerful tone:

"Of course, it might be the other kind of murder. Somebody might have killed him in the course of the commission of a felony. The ones that stole your rods and gun, for instance. Your brother might have heard them; maybe they killed him to keep him quiet."

He looked at the tin in his hands again. "I'm just guessing," he confessed. "But there are three or four things. Did ever you shoot at a can of tomatoes with that Springfield of yours, Mr. Bichel?"

Bichel shook his head; and Tope explained: "When you do, the can explodes. The high-velocity bullet creates so much pressure in the can that it just blows up. Now, this can of gas might have exploded from the fire. But if it was full of gasoline and the cork in tight, it might have exploded if someone shot a bullet into it, too. And if it did, it'd look about the way this piece of tin looks. I've seen a tomato can the same." He added absurdly: "Or a can of baked beans, or anything—a can of peas. Only tomatoes make a better show when they bust." And he appealed to David Bichel. "You've got enough imagination so you can guess how it would look," he remarked.

Bichel said harshly, "Imagination! I'm a scientist."

"Well," Tope demurred, "you told us maybe your brother's ringing the bell for his breakfast might have started this fire. That was imagination, Mr. Bichel."

"Not at all. That was a hypothesis that might occur to any scientist. That's not imagination; it's knowledge!"

"All right," Tope agreed. "Call it knowledge with me too. I know how a tomato can looks after you shoot a bullet into it, and so I imagine this can here might have been shot into the same way."

Chief Procter bit off the end of a cigar and lighted it carefully. David Bichel laughed again, seemed about to turn away.

"I'm a scientist myself," Tope said slowly; and Bichel hesitated, then turned back again.

"A scientist is a man who knows things," Tope explained. "Well, I know some things about crime and killing, and so on. Anyway, this business has started me imagining things." He nodded cheerfully. "Here's what I'm imagining, Mr. Bichel: I'm guessing that whoever took the stuff out of your gun room had to kill your brother. So, to cover that up, he set some lighted candles or something in the garage. And then he propped a can of gasoline up where he could see it, and went off a ways and shot into the can. The can exploded and the gasoline sprayed all over and caught fire from the candles, and there you are."

Bichel chuckled. "That's an elaborate piece of guesswork, I should say," he commented.

"They could stand over yonder on the other end of the bridge and shoot through the garage window," Tope pointed out.

"We'd find the bullet hole in the door! The window's right in line!"

Tope shook his head. "Not if this happened while you were in court," he argued. "You left the garage door open, didn't you?" Bichel nodded. "So the bullet would go on down the gorge and drop in the river, or maybe on the bank somewhere. Not much chance of finding that. No, sir."

Bichel shook his head. "You're rather fantastic," he argued. "They needn't have been so elaborate. They could have set the fire while they were here."

"Maybe they'd want to be somewhere else when the fire started," Tope urged. "You see," he added, in an apologetic tone, "I always begin guessing and figuring. We'll say they took that gun of yours and put it in a rest of some kind, on the abutment of the bridge over there, and rigged something to make it go off after they'd gone." He spoke in a calm monotone, yet with a certain eager interest, too, like a child explaining a new toy. "We'll say they rigged it some way so that water would run into a bucket hung on the trigger, for instance, till it was heavy enough to pull the trigger. You see what I mean? And the recoil from the shot would jerk the whole contraption off and it'd fall into the water out of sight. Water's deep down there in that pool under the falls."

"Someone would have heard the shot," Bichel pointed out.

"Nobody around but old Torrence," Tope retorted. "He's too deaf."

"You can hear that rifle two or three miles."

"Well, they might have had a silencer. You didn't have a silencer, did you?" Bichel shook his head. "They might have had one," Tope insisted, "or made one. A man that knew how and could work metal could make one, I guess. I expect you could make one yourself, Mr. Bichel, if you were a mind to."

Bichel smiled grimly. "Your imagination does you credit, inspector," he remarked. He looked toward the river below. "It's too bad we can't test your theory. But no one has ever been able to get bottom in the pool down there. It will keep its secrets, I'm afraid."

Inspector Tope shook his head. "Why, no," he returned, in a cheerful tone. "I always did follow up my guesses when I could. I was telling the chief here this notion of mine, and he's interested. So he's going to have them shut down the dams, up above here, for a week. By that time the water will fall low enough so a diver can go down and see what he can find."

"Shut the dams?" Bichel ejaculated; and he coughed suddenly. "You take your guesses seriously, don't you?" he said, when he could speak.

Tope assented mildly, "I've always played my hunches through."

Bichel coughed again. It was almost as though there were a hand at his throat, as though the man were strangling. Torrence was just going around the house toward the kitchen, and Bichel saw him.

"Torrence is going to cook dinner," he commented. "Won't you gentlemen stay and dine with me? We may find something this evening to confirm your—theory, inspector."

Inspector Tope said, "Why, we might stay." He looked toward Chief Procter.

"Yes," the chief agreed. "I ought to be around anyway."

"I'll go tell Torrence to prepare for you," Bichel said cordially. "We can discuss this dream of yours at more length over a good dinner, gentlemen."

And he turned away, following the deaf man toward the rear of the house.

Procter and the inspector looked after him; and the chief said in a still whisper: "You're right, old man."

Tope nodded. He fumbled in his pocket and produced those two fragments of fishing line which he had found that morning.

"Look here," he said earnestly. "This piece was caught on his car. It's all guesswork. But here's my guess. Bichel made a rest for the rifle to hold it on the abutment over there. Probably made it of iron. Then you remember Torrence missed a ten-quart pail. Bichel hung that pail on the trigger. Then he rigged the vinegar jug full of water above the pail with this fish line, to hold it right side up."

Procter said grimly, "I'd think you were crazy if I hadn't seen his face a while ago."

Tope nodded. "Watch him when he comes back," he directed. "Stand near him, ready. I'm going to show him these pieces of fish line, tell him the rest of it." And he continued, under his breath:

"He drove sixty-five on purpose, so he'd be summonsed, have an alibi. Then he rigged this contraption so that when he drove across the bridge on the way to court, his car would break the line and let the jug tip down and leak into the pail. By the time the pail got heavy enough to pull the trigger, he'd be in court, miles away."

He shook his head, commiseratingly. "If he'd been an ordinary man he'd have used a club or a gun, and we'd call it burglars. But he had to make it complicated. That's the trouble with a scientific mind."

"He ought to be coming back," Procter said, and licked his lips. And after a moment he added: "I'll go meet him."

He went away along the side of the house. Tope stayed where he was. He even turned aside to sit on the lawn overlooking the gorge below. His eyes were calm, his apple-cheeked countenance serene.

Later, at a step behind him here, he looked up and saw Chief Procter. But the chief was alone.

The old man read the younger's eyes.

"My guess was right, eh?" he asked quietly at last, in a hushed tone.

The chief nodded. "Right, yes," he agreed. "And he's fixed it so we won't have to ask them to close the dams."

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Floorwalker (on Vacation): "Where You Looking for Something, Madam?"

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The Ford Truck serves many businesses

The Ford 1½-Ton Panel Delivery

THROUGHOUT the country, Ford trucks are serving a large number of businesses, under the widest possible variety of conditions. Whether delivering merchandise promptly for smart retail shops, or moving gravel by the cubic yard, the Ford truck gives value far in excess of the price. It is a sturdy truck, always ready and able to hurry a load to its destination . . . and to do it at low cost.

The Ford truck has a good engine. It develops its full 40 horsepower at 2200 r. p. m., which is but a medium engine speed. Wear on moving parts is thus reduced, and many miles added to the life of the truck.

Because the fuel, lubrication, ignition, electrical and cooling systems are simple in design, their operation is highly reliable. Bearings and reciprocating parts are held to close limits of accuracy in size and weight, by means of precision-gages in the hands of expert workmen. For example, the diameter of piston-pins is held within three ten-thousandths of an inch. The result is decreased wear, longer life, and improved performance.

Other features of the truck, which increase its ability to serve you both long and well, are the 4-speed transmission, which provides a wide range of speed and power; the new rear axle, which has a spiral bevel gear with straddle-mounted pinion; the option of two gear-ratios; the larger brakes; the heavier front axle and spring; and the dual rear wheels available at small additional cost.

Standard bodies are the panel, stake, and platform types, all of which are sturdy and good-looking, with ample loading space. Both the open and enclosed cabs are available with the stake and platform bodies. These bodies are mounted on the chassis with 131½-inch wheelbase. For carrying loads of greater bulk, a chassis with 157-inch wheelbase can be supplied. Go to your Ford dealer today, and examine this truck in detail.

Ford

THE CRUISE OF THE GREYHOUND

(Continued from Page 4)

I had decided to go below—one step—and wrestle with the alcohol stove. I had already experimented with it. One turned on a burner and lighted something which, when hot enough, lighted something else. Then one stooped to look into the ice box, and when one straightened, the blaze was gone and a small steady stream of denatured alcohol was taking the varnish off the woodwork.

The galley was dainty, perfectly appointed, but very small. Thus, when I turned to pump water into the sink, some portion of my clothing was likely to smell slightly of scorching. Also, Dick was still hanging by beak and claws to the roof of his cage, which means that even when we did not roll we were certainly vibrating; and my experience with stoves has of recent years been small, and of vibrating stoves practically negligible. Thus, both the coffeepot and the teakettle rattled themselves into cool corners far from the blaze, and I hereby offer gratis to all makers of small boats my own later invention of wires to hold these utensils in place.

I had meant to have bacon and eggs that day, but after preliminary wrestle with the stove I changed to sardines; to sardines and sliced tomatoes and pickles and cheese and preserved fruit and cake. While the coffee was percolating—I could manage that—I laid my table very neatly, but these matters require skill and experience. Later I was to gain confidence in the stove also; properly managed, it was a very good stove. But never in my dishes. In the brief interval of getting the coffeepot I went back to destruction. The neatly folded paper napkins had sailed away, the plates were huddled in a corner, and the precious cream bottle had upset over everything. Never before did a pint of double cream go so far, or last so long. Indeed, we still have some on the cushions and green-satin pillows of the cabin.

Only Dick would not eat. He watched the crew eating in relays, and gave all the indications of extreme *mal de mer*. Inward convulsions twisted his green body, his beady eyes were filmed. I offered him a cherry, and his spirit was plainly broken, for he made no attempt to bite me.

All Quiet Along the Potomac

Always we were rushing ahead in the bright sun. The boat began to have a used look, which was to increase gradually as the days went by. A small wave lifted itself against an open port, and my hotel hat began to curve in the wrong places. The doubts about the sunburn oil, also, by two that afternoon were certainties. I was curled in the bow again, hoping that Mr. Glenn would have a heart and offer to do the dishes, and he on the bridge was eying me with the same thought in mind. I decided to forget the dishes and enjoy myself. I could go on like this forever—no telephones, no callers, no dressing for dinners.

The skipper came forward, in his white trousers and beloved old yachting cap.

"Like it?"

"Adore it."

He wandered back to the bridge. These other men had only themselves to look after, but he had a wife and a parrot. He studied the charts again.

It is approximately a hundred and ten miles to the mouth of the Potomac, and from there up the bay to Annapolis, some sixty-odd more. The great bay, however, was behaving well; treacherous as it can be on occasion, on that afternoon it was on its best behavior.

It threw its futile little splashes at us, like a child in a pond. But these waves were salt now; they left small briny deposits on the windshields, on my sunburn oil, on our bright mahogany. As we passed Point Lookout and turned into the bay, we had the wind on our quarter, and I glanced at the chronometer. At this rate we would reach the Severn River by five, and our hotel in Annapolis before six.

But suddenly it seemed to me, forward in my splendid isolation, that the pace was not what it had been. The distant shore line, viewed through the glasses, was not moving with any rapidity. The vibrations were less marked—that is, I had ceased having an ague and was merely shaking like a bowl of jelly in a nervous hand. I uncurled and went back to the bridge.

"What's the matter?"

"Gas is a little low. That's all."

The Bounding Main

But was the gas low? There were seventy gallons in the two tanks. Besides, the skipper did not believe that the gas was low. He considered that there was plenty of gas; the others said that the gas tanks were tilted, and that they might show seventy gallons at the after end, but that they fed from the other. However, as time was passing and Annapolis still some sixty miles away, the argument was settled by a decision to run in to Solomons Island for gas and inspection. A bit of luck, that, for there is not one of that party who does not believe that the trip to Solomons Island that day saved our lives.

But we were very cheery when the inspection there revealed the filter caked with a thick layer of dirt; and after cleaning it and taking on gas we turned once more down the Patuxent River, where the island lies, and headed north once more. That extra ten miles had cost us time, and somebody on shore had predicted a storm, but what was that to us? The engine was going full power again, the sunset had been wonderful, and somewhere fifty miles ahead lay a good hotel and hot food and a bath and bed. True, it was growing difficult to see the thousands of poles put out by fishermen for their nets, and ahead of us loomed a bank of clouds which looked rather odd; but the engine, the beautiful engine, the wonderful engine, was being fed now, and we were shooting forward at twenty-five miles an hour.

"Dinner at half-past eight," said the skipper.

It was almost seven o'clock when the storm broke. A curl of white water under a wall of black moved toward us with incredible speed and engulfed us. One moment we could see the gray twilight of a rainy June evening; the next we were blinded, engulfed, rushing on through that wall, but headed nowhere. In the few moments between the sight of that wall and our engulfing the canvas had been placed over the forward cockpit, or we should have been instantly awash. And now, with no lessening of the cloudburst, came the wind. It howled about us, tearing up portions of the great bay itself and hurling them at us. On the bridge where the four of us stood even shouting was hardly audible. Clear in our minds were the recent newspaper accounts of similar storms, and little boats never again heard from. Driving ahead as we must or founder, we listened to the engine, faithfully working for us. But that driving ahead, too, was dangerous in the blackness. There were islands about, nests of fish poles. Once, indeed, as though we had struck the calm center of a tornado, the blackness lifted for a moment, and I saw that we had driven through such a nest—a miracle of escape, since to have been lifted on a wave and crashed down on one was destruction. A minute later the tempest was on us again.

For three hours we fought the storm, steering by compass, but totally ignorant as to just where we were. There was something horrible about that onward rush of ours into the unknown; yet to slow down was dangerous, to stop would have been fatal. Mr. Glenn was at the wheel, his eyes on the compass. The skipper would go below, examine the charts, come up again. All of us were listening to the throb of the engine, which meant life to us. It seemed incredible that we had laughed that day, or had ever laughed. We were cold, drenched, shut in with canvas against which wave and rain beat steadily, rushing ahead because we dared not stop, into a thousand dangers which defied our imaginations.

At last, however, the cloudburst settled into a heavy rain, although sea and wind continued. By nine o'clock we were still completely lost, with the Severn River to find, and no certainty that we had not passed it long before. The incredible blackness and pouring rain persisted, shutting out all lights and channel marks, but we had learned one thing. We had learned that the Greyhound was seaworthy. It had taken a battering which would have destroyed it, otherwise. It was seaworthy and reliable. Not once in that imminence of tragedy had the engine missed a beat.

For a power boat lives by its engine. When in such a situation as ours the engine dies, the boat dies. Broadside to the waves, it fills and sinks.

At something after nine we saw lights, moving lights, and knew that it was the Claiborne ferry making for Annapolis. We were miles away, but we headed for it, and on its tail we found the Severn; the Severn, peaceful as a mill pond, and with docks, real docks, where a battered little boat could tie up and go to sleep.

Hunter's brother-in-law was on the dock. He had been there for five hours, and for the last three he had given us up. He had tried running his car down the coast in the faint hope that we had found a port somewhere, but the storm had fairly washed him off the road. In the lights of the dock we could see him running about and waving his arms. Running about on land; beautiful land, steady, dependable land. I was so anxious to get onto it that I stepped onto an after hatch, and it promptly threw me and bruised me in a dozen places. I hardly knew I had fallen.

"Had a bad storm, eh?" said the brother-in-law, refraining from kissing all of us out of sheer relief.

"Storm?" said Mr. Glenn. "In nineteen years at sea I've never seen such a storm."

And so it rests now. When anyone mentions a storm to me, I begin:

"You should have been with us in the Chesapeake! Mr. Glenn, who has been mate on liners all over the world, says that in nineteen years at sea ——"

A Study in Scarlet

By ten o'clock we were at the hotel, which rocked and swayed alarmingly, and at 10:15 the skipper and I were trying to persuade our plates of ham and eggs to remain in one spot long enough to get a fork into the food. All night long our beds rose and fell in a hot mist which arose from our drying garments. Mine were stained a deep scarlet, and the place looked like a shambles. All through the storm I had for some reason clutched to my bosom a book of no importance whatever, bound in vivid scarlet. When I reached the hotel I still had a death grip on it.

When last year we decided to take to the water, it was with the avowed purpose of finding a means of relaxation to supplement the automobile. The pleasant rambling along country roads of the early days of motoring had definitely gone, and the car had become not so much a pleasure vehicle as a means of transport. Through the week and all day on Sunday we drove in lanes of traffic; the soft odors of the spring became the acrid fumes of carbon-monoxide gas and overheated oil, and with the increasing irresponsible ownership of cars catastrophe might be lurking around every corner.

What remained, for people who loved the outdoors? Horses in the East require bridle paths or open country, and after attempting

(Continued on Page 81)

Good Looking

as a smartly tailored suit

SOME men want a sweater for real warmth and good hard wear. Some want it merely as a smart, attractive sport jacket. For either type, a Tom Wye is the best bet. Warmth and ease, freedom and comfort are woven into Tom Wye Sweaters by a company long famous for its faithful workmanship, yet not one iota of style is ever sacrificed!

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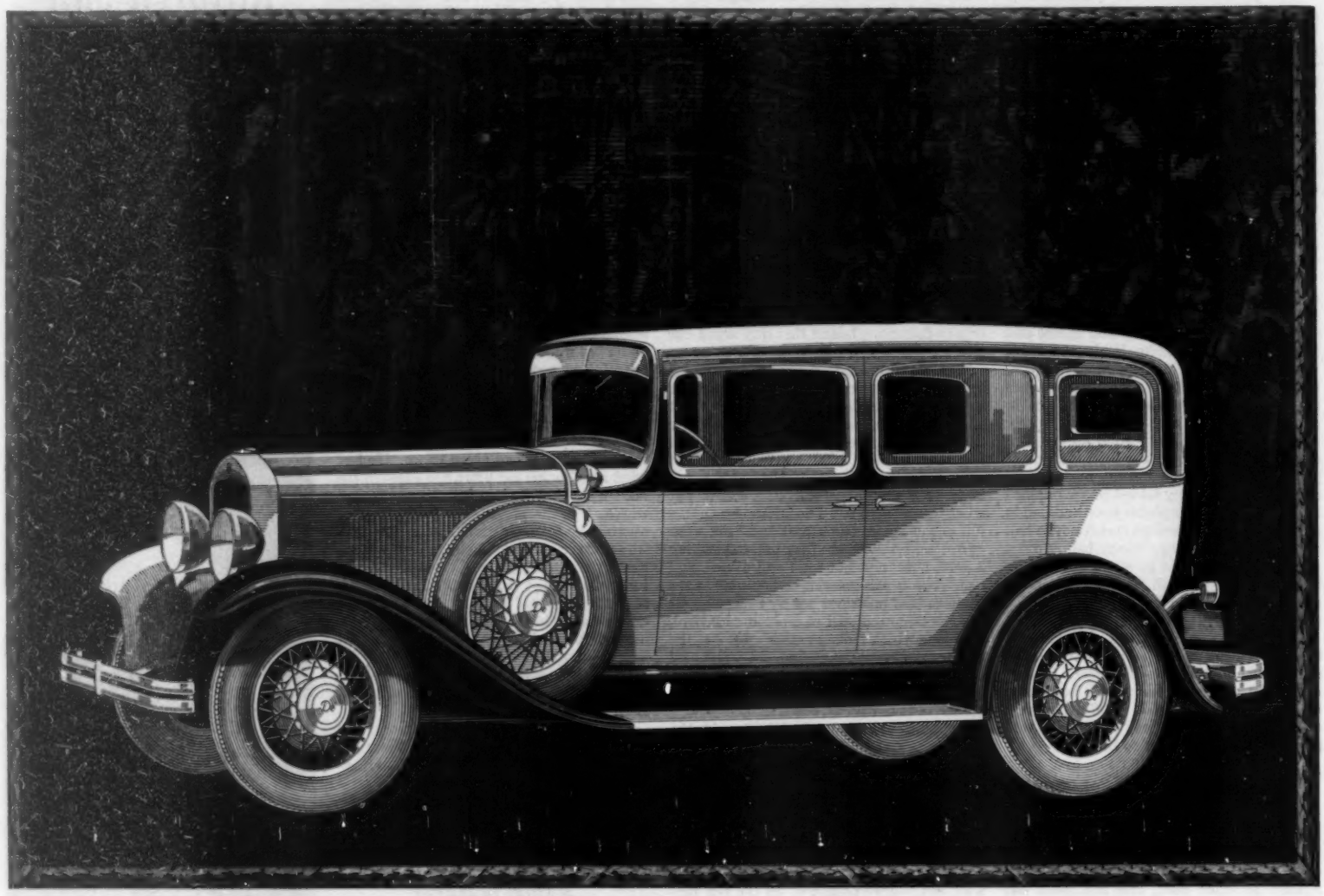


$965 AND UP, F.O.B. FACTORY

It isn't price or binding that stamps the literary merit of a book, but the interest of the material and the skill of the writer. The principle is much the same in the case of an automobile. It is the science and the skill of the maker that count most in the final analysis. Good engineering produces good cars, but *great* engineering produces *great* cars. A fine example of this is the Chrysler-built De Soto Straight Eight. Here, quality materials, advanced engineering and efficient manufacturing have achieved a motor car of charming natural grace, faultless good taste and thrilling performance. It is one of the lowest-priced Eights ever built —but the whole world thinks of it first of all as a motor car of *quality*.

De Soto Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order. Ask for a demonstration.

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 79)

to keep our own regularly exercised against the pressure of city living, we had given them up.

Then one day, in a window, we saw a motor launch, and idly went in to look at it. The immediate result was the Cygnet, a substantial twenty-eight-foot cruiser of modest speed but great comfort, and for the first year that sufficed. But all the world seemed to have discovered the rivers, as we had; and while we were never crowded, it was annoying to see the fast boats on the water running about us in circles, and allowing us to rock in their wash.

Hence the thirty-eight-foot Greyhound, with its powerful engine, and this small trip.

One of the first things we had learned had been the enormous extent of America's waterways, and their cruising capacity here, there and everywhere to boats of small draft. Also the amazing comfort of these small boats. The Cygnet—meaning little swan and the skipper's selection; I had held out stoutly for Moby Dick or the White Whale, so we had compromised on Cygnet—the Cygnet drew only twenty-eight inches of water, would carry any number of people and sleep four in bunks and two more who were not too particular.

To assist all water travelers, we discovered also that the Government had printed an incredible number of charts, infinitely detailed and showing depths of water practically everywhere.

I may say here that salt-water depths are generally in fathoms, a discovery which greatly relieved us once when we were shooting forward at twenty-five miles an hour in what looked on the chart to be a foot and a half of water.

So famous are the hydrographic charts made by the Federal Government that a British captain once told me that they were the best in the world. We were at sea at the time, on the Arabic, and it was the last time the Arabic used them. She was torpedoed by a German submarine on her next trip, and sunk.

But the Government has done much more than that. It has built canals every here and there to unite the great waterways, and where similar canals have been built by private enterprise, is engaged in taking them over. Thus not long ago the Cape Cod Canal passed into Federal keeping. It is therefore possible for the owner of a small boat in the East to travel from Massachusetts to Florida with only two stretches of outside sea. In the North this consists only of some sixty miles from northeast of New London to Buzzard's Bay, and in the South of some one hundred and eighty miles off the Carolinas.

A Boat's-Eye View

For the past few years the Government has spent lavishly on the development of inland waterways, and while this is almost entirely a development for commerce, it opens up an entirely new field for pleasure and relaxation. Tolls for small boats through privately owned lock canals are very low, and the government canals are free. Also the ability to run such craft is rather less than that required to run an automobile, gas expense is not high, and an entirely new country is open to the boat tourist. Unspoiled country, not littered with advertising signs and with the refuse of the untidy American picnicker; strange country, too, from this new vantage point, however familiar it otherwise may be.

Who has known Philadelphia who has not seen that imposing waterfront of hers, clean and orderly, with its terminals which reveal her trade with all the world? Or Baltimore? Or New York, looking up from a foot or two above the water at its gigantic buildings, or feeling under her bridges like some toy a child has thrown into the water? Or who has ever welcomed the Statue of Liberty as we welcomed her, coming in from the sea and at last seeing her looming ahead, with food and bath and bed somewhere behind her?

But that was later. Three days later, to be exact.

We were in excellent spirits the next morning. The Greyhound had shown its quality, and save that the paper which came with breakfast revealed an appalling amount of damage done by our storm, all was well. In a bright hot sun we headed out once more into the bay, but incredible bay, now so smooth that a canoe might have crossed it. So gay and bright a day was it that some young idiot in a plane decided to take a shot at us. He almost struck us, banking steeply, and there was not more than a foot between his landing gear and the cabin as he passed. Twice this was to happen during the trip, and at last I took to standing up in the bow with the field glasses and pretending to take the number of any plane which approached. As it took me five minutes with them to find even a stationary object, this was pure bluff, but apparently it worked. They would soar near us, contemplating us with temptation written large all over them. Then a figure would rise and level the glasses at them and they would move off, as though they had never contemplated mischief.

Nevertheless, these planes may be and sometimes are a serious menace to the small cruiser. Only the week before, one had overturned a boat in Long Island Sound, and the people, after saving themselves, had saved the pilot. I hope I should show a similar altruism; but why? Never are such accidents the result of necessity; always they are out of pure mischief, the desire to frighten the people below, the desire to shoot at a swiftly moving target.

Canals That Get Lost

In the brilliant sunshine I got out my notebook again. The last entry in it read as follows:

"Up the Patuxent to Solomons Island for gas. Strainer dirty."

It had been in my pocket during the storm, and was still very damp, but legible. Under that I wrote:

"Second day. Morning bright but hot. Plane comes at us within a foot of cabin roof. Glenn forward coiling rope. Did not see it until it was on him. Scared the wits out of him. Pass Sandy Point light. To port is Baltimore. Our course north by east to Wilmington. We have come one hundred and eighty-four miles."

That day I abandoned the oil and wore a pair of black spectacles and a handkerchief tucked under the nosepiece and held firmly in my teeth. I was a dreadful sight, but at least I saved such skin as remained.

And now we were searching for the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. Odd about these canals; one would not think that one could, so to speak, mislay a canal. But we managed twice to do so. The fact seems to be that as erosion from passing boats wears away their banks, they are hidden from all traffic as carefully as possible. It is a sort of game; you wander about disconsolately, shouting at deaf people on boats and wharves. They stare at you blandly and go on fishing, or whatever they may be doing. You wave your arms, and they wave back pleasantly. You mutter a few words and move along, and at last somebody on a boat listens to you.

"Where's the canal?"

"Canal? What canal?"

In desperation, you start up a creek. Quick! Stop! This is no canal. You back out, abashed, and start again.

At last that morning we slowed up by a barge, and a tall thin man and a fat woman in a boudoir cap pointed in its general direction. Then we were in it; we knew this to be the case because the signs said, "Speed limit eight miles an hour." Also, at frequent intervals: "Bridge ahead. Blow whistle."

Ah, but what a contrast to the night before! Like that of the British matron who, after watching the stormy scenes between Antony and Cleopatra, sighed and observed, "How unlike the life of our late

Schooling Raises Pay

Statistics show that, on the average, high school graduates earn $1.00 for every 72 cents earned by boys with merely elementary education.

© 1930 M. L. I. Co.

"Dad, I want to get a job. Lots of rich men didn't go to school any longer than I have."

"My boy, you have heard about only the rare exceptions. You don't know how many millions of men have been barely able to keep body and soul together because they were only half educated and unable to compete with better trained men. You'd better go back to school."

MAYBE it is the boy next door—perhaps it is your own boy—who is eager, restless and ambitious, who would like to quit school and go to work. He is looking forward to the day when he will have more spending money and more independence.

He has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

Tell him that if he had a chance to talk to one of the big, self-made men of whom he has heard, he would probably be told, "While I was earning a place for myself in the business world I studied at night trying to keep up mentally with my old school friends—even those who went through college."

Before he is permitted to leave school it would be a great thing if he could talk to some man or woman in charge of employment for a big company. He would learn that the better educated boys and girls are given preference, from the outset, over those who quit school too soon.

In almost every kind of work, whether manual, mechanical, business or professional, higher wages and salaries, in the overwhelming majority of cases, are earned by the best educated and best trained.

Apart from the greater enjoyment of books, arts and science gained through education—and just as a matter of cold dollars and cents—education pays the best dividends.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

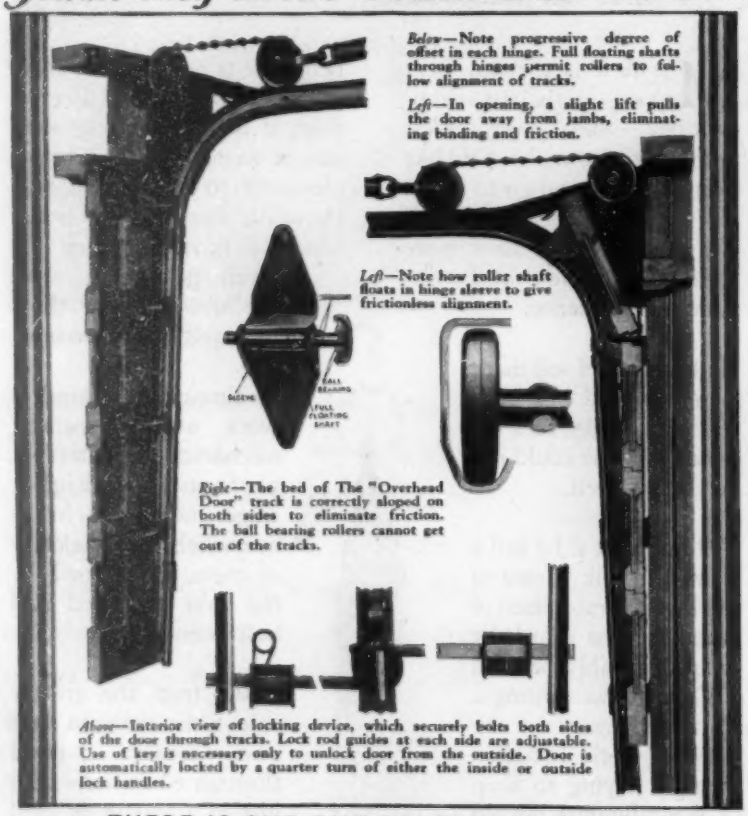
The "OVERHEAD DOOR" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FOR
Garage · Factory · Warehouse

THE "Overhead Door" for the modern garage opens UP—*completely out of the way*, harmonizes with and adds beauty to the building, makes available every inch of floor and wall space, and may be had in any size or design, to conform with any architectural trend. It is adaptable to OLD as well as new buildings.

The "Overhead Door" is so perfectly counter-balanced that it can be easily operated by a child. It cannot blow open or shut, cannot twist, sag or scrape the floor.

There is a skilled "Overhead Door" representative in your community eager to serve you. May we send you his name, together with our new catalog No. 16?

Exclusive Hardware Features found only on The OVERHEAD DOOR



Below—Note progressive degree of offset in each hinge. Full floating shafts through hinges permit rollers to follow alignment of tracks.

Left—In opening, a slight lift pulls the door away from jambs, eliminating binding and friction.

Left—Note how roller shaft floats in hinge sleeve to give frictionless alignment.

Right—The bed of The "Overhead Door" track is correctly sloped on both sides to eliminate friction. The ball bearing rollers cannot get out of the tracks.

Above—Interior view of locking device, which securely bolts both sides of the door through tracks. Lock rod guides at each side are adjustable. Use of key is necessary only to unlock door from the outside. Door is automatically locked by a quarter turn of either the inside or outside lock handles.

THERE IS BUT ONE "OVERHEAD DOOR"
IT IS MANUFACTURED BY
OVERHEAD DOOR CORPORATION
HARTFORD CITY, INDIANA, U. S. A.
(Dept. 304)
Made in Canada by
OVERHEAD DOOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, 3, ONTARIO
© 1930 OHD. CORP.

dear Queen!" Here all was peace. Three blasts of our horn, and great bridges rose politely; a man pulled a lever, wheels revolved, the span rose. And we, who could have traveled comfortably through a large city sewer, moved on with majesty while traffic halted and bells rang.

We have already shouted out our official tonnage and draft. "Greyhound, six tons, thirty-one inches." Now we move along, past bathers who crave the imitation surf of our wake, past a yellow dog swimming across alone in businesslike fashion, past banks which here and there are buttressed with bags of something—sand, cement, we do not know. Dick has descended from the roof and is asleep on his perch, Mr. Glenn brings some waste and wipes the forward windshield, and I realize that most of our bright beauty is gone, hidden under a heavy deposit of salt from the storm.

At twelve o'clock I looked at the clock—the chronometer—and by descending one step went below to the galley. But the quiet of the canal had made me ambitious. We would have a real meal that day, and so I fried eggs and bacon, heated canned asparagus, sliced the remainder of our tomatoes, and, having still some of that Christmas fruit cake, placed it with fruit for the dessert. The coffee was strong, the eggs and bacon hot. So, too, was the frying pan, and in attempting to pour the grease over the side out into the canal I blistered my left hand badly. In my notes I find: "Have now lost left knee and left hand. Heaven protect my other side!"

And so, full fed and slightly lethargic, at last we came into the Delaware River some miles below Wilmington. But was this the Delaware, this vast expanse of water? It was, but the Delaware carrying off the waters of that cloudburst which had sent a portion of Philadelphia into skiffs, had caved in sewers and stopped traffic; a Delaware which not only was carrying off a flood but which was going out on an ebb tide. In other words, a Delaware which ran like a muddy mill race, or like the river below Niagara Falls.

And at that moment, six miles below Wilmington and help, the pump broke down.

The skipper had relinquished the wheel and was in the bow lighting his pipe. Dick was muttering to himself: "Hello, hello. How are you?" I turned to look at him, and there were clouds of smoke coming from the hatch cover over the engine. At that moment Mr. Glenn also saw it.

"Fire!" I shouted. "We're afire!"

Ships That Pass in the Day

But we were not on fire. What we had was a broken pump and an engine heated to the danger point, but we were not burning. Of the next few minutes I have very little recollection. To shut off the engine entirely in that flood was out of the question. Possibly we might have anchored, but our ropes were short and the channel deep, and none of us believed that our anchor would hold in the center of that torrent. Just ahead of us, however, was an enormous red iron bell buoy, and over an arm of this, with the skipper jockeying for position against wind and wave, Mr. Glenn finally managed to throw a rope. Thus we clung to safety by that one small rope, six tons of us against a dizzy swirl of water, and pondered what to do next. Shut off, the engine hammered and knocked as it cooled, and I stood with the field glasses searching the distant shore to port for some hospitable dock, some small sanctuary into which we might creep. But there was nothing.

Aft, the men were stooping over the engine. A man in a small speed boat came around a bend from the direction of Wilmington and headed toward us. We waved our arms, shouted and blew the horn, but when it seemed that he must both see and hear us he decided to go back home and eat his evening meal. I watched him with hatred in my heart. I hoped that he would choke, or that some day he, too, would be tied up to a bell buoy in a raging stream, and I could pass him by. But actually, our situation was far from amusing. Already it was sunset, and the prospect of spending the night dangling midway between Delaware and New Jersey, the latter hardly more than a line on the horizon, was more than I could bear. And as if to add to the sense of peril, the buoy itself continued to ring its melancholy alarm bell. It was tilted but still strictly effective.

Then came what I felt was the last straw. A majestic liner swept up to starboard and passed us. No one so much as glanced at our little craft, hanging there by the neck, and this was irritating. But following it came the unexpected. The huge wave of its wake spread fanwise and caught us; it threw us up at the buoy and brought us down on its broad base, to slip off it, fortunately, but not without leaving some scars. So narrow was the escape from crushing our bow, so unexpected was the occurrence, that I could not even shriek the alarm, and the men still remained bent over the engine until it was over.

No Parking Here

One hope I had. The liner had a wireless and perhaps on board some compassionate soul who would report our plight; an engine which would not go and was still red hot, night coming on, a raging flood, and a bell buoy which had changed from an instrument of safety to one of peril. I focused the glasses on the broad river ahead and waited for help. And at last I saw it.

"There's an official-looking boat coming," I called back. "They'll tow us somewhere."

It was coming, a large tug and moving very fast. It came directly at us, and hope, which had been entirely dead in me, now revived. I was buoyant and cheery. I straightened my gay sport hat, breathed deep; I had been using only the top of my lungs to that point. I prepared to smile. Then came a bellow through a megaphone from the tug.

"What are you doing tied to that bell buoy?"

"Our engine's broken down."

"Haven't you got an anchor?"

"Yes, but we can't ——"

"Fifty dollars fine for tying to a bell buoy. Get off it," bellowed the voice, and a bell rang. The tug moved on and left us.

Here and now I register a protest against the failure of that boat, whatever it was, to inquire into our real situation. Here were three persons facing a night in stormy water, with a high wind and a broken engine. For all this man knew we might have been in even worse straits. He went off and left us, with a distant shore for sanctuary if we could reach it, which at the time looked extremely doubtful.

In the boiling rage which followed that abandonment we were silent. There was nothing to do but to stay where we were, law or no law, until the engine cooled. After that we could discover if we had burned out our bearings. And stay we did. Then at last, the engine smoking viciously but turning over, we managed to edge out of the channel and into shoal water, and there to drop an anchor. Of the slow progress still later up the shore, of the final discovery of a haven, a small basin belonging to one of the du Ponts, and of the hospitable welcome we received there, there is little to record.

We were at New Castle, that quaint old town five miles below Wilmington; and at Wilmington I went to bed and stayed there for thirty-six hours, while a new pump was installed in the Greyhound and until the bed had ceased to heave and hurl itself at innumerable red bell buoys, and a voice shouted at us to let go.

We left Wilmington late on the afternoon of the second day, and after four miles of canal were in the river again. But the flood waters had gone, and although it remained a great river, it was not sinister. Engine and pump were behaving magnificently, and although the sky was stormy the

(Continued on Page 85)

LOOSE

DANDRUFF

what it is . . how to remove it

quick relief for infected, burning and itching scalp

Great dermatologists declare that a normal, healthy scalp is extremely rare. Some go as far as to say that there is no scalp that is not troubled in some way, to some degree.

The most common—and humiliating—condition is loose dandruff.

Infection makes fat glands overactive

Dandruff is caused by overactivity of the fat glands of the scalp—which expel a greasy whitish substance known as sebum.

This overactivity is the result of infection, many dermatologists claim. They advise immediate treatment. Whatever the cause, this activity should be checked lest the condition continue and cause eczema, falling hair, and baldness.

Why Listerine checks dandruff

Frequent shampoo, vigorous massage, and the use of an antiseptic constitute effective treatment for ordinary cases of loose dandruff.

The success of Listerine in combating this condition is due to certain unusual qualities.

Since it is a safe though powerful germicide (see panel at right) Listerine combats any irritation that may be present on the scalp.

It dissolves and removes incrustations of sebum from the hair and scalp, assuring antiseptic cleanliness. It produces on the scalp an astringent effect, exhilarates and invigorates the tissue around the hair roots.

It allays itching, and soothes inflammation and eruption frequently associated with dandruff.

Results achieved quickly

You simply use Listerine as a part of the shampoo, or independent of it. Douse it on the scalp full strength and massage vigorously.

Keep the treatment up, using a little olive oil if the scalp is excessively dry.

You will be delighted to see how quickly you get results. Frequently loose dandruff disappears after one or two treatments. Sometimes however, if the case is stubborn, a week or two and perhaps more will be required. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

Reduces germs in mouth 98%

Listerine's principal use is that of a mouth wash. It differs from ordinary mouth washes in that it possesses rapid and powerful germicidal action.

Repeated laboratory tests show that even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 are killed in 15 seconds.

In the mouth this potency is instantly apparent. Used full strength as a mouth wash, Listerine reduces germs from 95% to 98%. This was proved by methods employed by Bacteriologists in Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania and Yale Universities.

REO

Through the first quarter-century of a new industry, with its uncharted roads in business and design, the founders of *Reo Motor Car Company* have remained together, and constitute today the administrative group for their 12,500 stockholders spread over the continents of the world.

With a record of over nine hundred million dollars' worth of product, the company represents today one of the soundest institutions in a notable industry.

. . Practically half of its working capital is in cash.

For 24 years it has not had bonds, debentures, or preferred stock ahead of the shares owned by its common stockholders.

It has seldom borrowed money from banks for even its seasonal needs . . . . . .

It possesses the unique record of 25 years of earnings and dividends.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY

LANSING, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 82)

weather was cool at last. I sat once more in the bow and dreamed. Somewhere ahead was Philadelphia, the home of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I thought about my friends on the POST, home-faring now on solid land, not knowing that I was a-pleasuring toward them in a little boat; not realizing that I had a new streak of gray in my hair as a result of that pleasuring. Or that I had planned a pleasant reunion for that evening.

At Camden after some jockeying the Greyhound finally came to rest beside a comfortable old dock just above the bridge, and belonging to a shipyard. We carried off our bags, the caretaker telephoned for a taxicab, and suddenly uptown Philadelphia seemed far away. Too far. We went to the Walt Whitman in Camden, an arrangement which would have been more satisfactory had not the Veterans of Foreign Wars decided to do the same thing. They were holding a convention there, and it was enthusiastic. There is really nothing so enthusiastic anywhere as a convention of veterans.

The next morning we were up at dawn and off to an early start. We had left Washington on Tuesday, and this was Saturday. As the skipper said, he could have kicked a barrel farther in that time! Not only that, but that day we had a variegated program. We were to go up the Delaware to just below Trenton, and there turn into the canal. After being locked through its fourteen locks, we must be out of the canal before six that night or remain in it over Sunday. And if, *Deo volente*, we got out by six o'clock, we still had the corkscrew Raritan River through the New Jersey flats to negotiate, to go outside of Staten Island, and eventually, taking a bearing on the Statue of Liberty somewhere ahead, to find the East River, go up the East River, and there pray for a friendly dock in New York City.

True to form, we overran the entrance to the canal and found ourselves in Trenton with nowhere to go. With time suddenly important, we had to retrace our way for six miles, shout to a deaf gentleman fishing on a bank, and finally discover that what looked like a fish pond was really the entrance to the Delaware and Raritan Canal.

One Up, Thirteen to Go

Our welcome to the canal was friendly, far more friendly than our departure. A smiling gentleman charged us twenty-eight dollars for the entire canal, a modest sum indeed, and sent us on our way. He said nothing about the twenty-nine bridges ahead, to be swung by man power, although he did refer to the thirteen remaining locks.

"You'll have to make time," he said.

"How fast?"

"Six miles an hour."

At six miles an hour we were to cross New Jersey, being lifted by seven locks to its high point there, and lowered by seven more. The skipper looked at his watch and shook his head, for already we had learned that going through a lock is a deliberate matter. We would see one ahead, whistle three times, by the simple expedient of Mr. Glenn's striking the horn with his hand while the skipper pressed a button—it was temperamental, that horn—and jockey the boat into position. If the wind was right, we might remain in position; if not, no. The process would then be repeated, and someone would appear at the lock with an expression of amazement, and look us over. "Why, here's a boat. What's a boat doing here?"

This individual would then go to one end of the lock, and with an instrument resembling a bent poker unscrew a variety of gadgets. By this time we would be too close, and would reverse and repeat the jockeying process. After due time the individual would move to the other end of the lock and repeat the screwing or unscrewing process. Then, having lowered a small bridge by hand to enable him to cross the lock, he did similar things on the other side. Finally, having raised his bridge by a windlass, he would lean against the long wooden arm which opened the gates, or back against it, depending on which portion of his anatomy seemed most equal to the task, and slowly the gates would swing open.

All that complicated process, for fourteen locks, was by man power and nothing else. Sometimes, in addition to the lock, there would be a bridge to swing as well.

Inside the lock we sank or rose, as the case might be. One moment we were on top of the world, looking at the thin stream of the canal below and beyond; the next we were being buried in a cool graystone grave. Its walls rose above us, dank and oozy. Then the dripping gates opened before us, we cast off our ropes and moved on.

The Winding Raritan

It was the bridges, however, which made us frantic. We had known about the locks, but who had known of those twenty-nine bridges? Who would have believed that practically every street in that portion of Trenton had a bridge over the canal, and that traffic must stop, street cars wait, dogs and children and good folk hurrying home to a Saturday half holiday be held up to allow us to get on, on and out of the canal by six o'clock that night?

But would we make it? Time was flying. There was no end to Trenton; it went on forever. It spread over the world and covered it. We were still in Trenton when I prepared the luncheon that day. We ate in Trenton. In Trenton I washed the tea towels and hung them out to dry. Good heavens, we knew people in Trenton. Why hadn't we wired them? But why wire them? Why have anything to do with Trenton anyhow? And then, about to escape and afraid to look at the clock—chronometer, I should say—came another wait while the man at the drawbridge held us another half hour.

Small wonder that when at last ten miles of canal stretched ahead of us, with bridges to be raised or turned but no locks, the skipper put on the gas. Small wonder also that he paid no attention to an irate gentleman in a gray suit leaping up and down on a high bank and shaking his fists at us. But we were to hear from him at the next lock, and at all the other locks after that, so that we became notorious that day.

A stout woman was waiting for us at that next lock, and she indicated by signs that she would have speech with us. She approached along the bank, her eyes flashing, her breast heaving.

"We have just had a telephone call about you," she said, "and if you don't slow down you won't be allowed out of this canal."

"We never expect to get out anyhow," we told her, and with that she went away.

Somebody apparently stayed on the telephone until the bitter end, for at the very last lock the lock keeper eyed us and smiled.

"Looks like the Greyhound's been moving right along today!" he said. "I've just had a message to watch you folks."

The canal itself was charming. It wound in long level stretches through meadows and woods, a narrow, shining ribbon, reflecting like a mirror the trees which bent over it. Small black turtles sunned themselves on rocks; water snakes swam across, with a wary head lifted to the beat of our engine. At one lock a delightful little Irishman with a wide smile and a fine set of artificial teeth made us welcome, at another a dour individual had to be roused by a boy who accomplished what our raucous horn had failed to do. Once, just ahead of us, a veritable Niagara Falls of hay was seen to be pouring onto the bank, a mystery only explained when a lad of ten appeared and gazed disconsolately at his broken-down hay wagon.

One of the bridges had been listed as "Piller *(sic)* of Fire" and we awaited it with anticipation, but there was no pillar of fire in sight. Only a sign which read: "Zarephath Bible Institute," and beneath it something which I recall as "Home of the Pillar of Fire," or words to that effect.

Then, with a half hour to spare, we were through the last lock and on our way to New York City. Not that we were there. We had still some three hours of fast traveling; we had still the winding Raritan, crookeder than a long worm on a short hook, as the skipper put it; we had still Staten Island to conquer and the long approach from the open sea to the city itself. But we were very cheery, winding for miles along those flats, only to find ourselves within shouting distance of buildings we had passed long before.

The skipper showed relief and, coming forward for a rest, sat down and lighted his pipe. Suddenly there was a dull thud, and we stopped. We were aground. Six o'clock in the evening now, and aground. It was a shocking feeling, coming on top of that complacence which we had earned through a long day. And was the propeller bent? Because a bent propeller was nothing to have in those marshes. But something was happening. The stern was swinging a bit. The stern was free! We could get into reverse and maybe pull off.

Pull off we did, and although it seemed to me that we vibrated rather more than usual thereafter, we were at least free to vibrate around Staten Island and head once more for a hotel. Later on we were to take off that propeller, and to find it bent beyond belief. Bent and broken; but not then.

By seven that evening I had picked up the Statue of Liberty through the glasses, and by 7:45 she was on our port side, and we were heading for the Battery. Now, however, with those great white battlements looming ahead, our smallness and our homelessness became painfully evident. Somewhere in the East River was the New York Yacht Club and a mooring, but where? The skipper argued for Twenty-third Street, I for Fifty-fifth. In the end, however, it made no difference, for we never discovered it at all.

Like a lost child the Greyhound doggedly pushed up against the traffic and the astounding current of the East River, evading logs and other perils, on each side only high forbidding walls and great cement docks where, if we took refuge, at any moment some gigantic ship might wander in and never even see us. It was late now, and dusk had fallen. Were we to wander up and down that river all night, from Hell Gate to the Battery? And would some leviathan crush us in the darkness and a life preserver marked Greyhound be all that told of our tragic end?

New York, Port of Call

But no. What is that over there? There's a small boat over there! Quick. There's a small boat over there! We headed across the river to the New York side, and here was the unbelievable; a towering apartment house, with a yacht club occupying the lower floor or two, and a float for weary travelers, and a real sailor in a white suit to catch our ropes. We had never heard of that club, at Fifty-second Street and East River, but here and now I thank them, for their float and their sailor, for their lift to the street level and a taxicab, for being where they are and what they are.

When a portion of the family marched into our hotel at nine o'clock that night they found the skipper and myself in our beds, with a hearty beefsteak on a table between us. I was a trifle cool, however, to their plan to accompany us as far as New London the next day. It seemed to me a little like putting all the eggs in one basket, and that basket liable to certain—well, let's call them vicissitudes.

They went, however, and that run up Long Island Sound to New London stands out as the best day of the trip. Here were sun and little, crisp waves, and hundreds of other pleasure craft. For six hours we sped along, light-hearted and gay. My faith had returned. All was well with us; all would be well.

At three o'clock, however, and some five miles from the shore, our speed began perceptibly to slacken, and at last we stopped,

Now there's a new thrill in New York

From your room in The New Yorker, almost a tenth of a mile above the street, the whole vivid panorama of New York lies at your feet in an animated magic tapestry. Far below you are the flaming lights of Broadway and the midtown shopping district. Just a few blocks away is the Hudson with its great steamship piers. And the Pennsylvania station, connected with the hotel by a private tunnel, is only two minutes from your room • When you come to New York be sure to stop at Manhattan's largest and tallest hotel. Four cool, pleasant restaurants await every whim of your appetite and a regiment of 2000 servants is within reach of your telephone • Every one of the 2500 rooms has Stromberg-Carlson radio; both tub and shower, Servidor, circulating ice water. Suites are $11 and up and some have their own private roof gardens. Rooms are $3.50 and up for one person, $5 and up for two, with thrifty reductions to permanent guests.

SPECIAL OFFER: Send $2 to Dept. 1-S for a 1 lb. gift package of New Yorker Bonbonettes, the famous new French candies. Add 15c for points outside United States and West of Rockies.

THE NEW YORKER

Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
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RALPH HITZ · Managing Director

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TEN minutes' time . . . a Las-Stik Polishing Cloth . . . and again your car has that showroom look. Gone all mud, dust, dirt. No mess, effort, or drudgery.

Can't harm finest finish. Superfine material, chemically treated, absorbs all dirt. Costs but 50 cents and gives 50 or more washings.

In handy red, white, and blue metal can that prolongs cleaning and polishing qualities indefinitely. Get one for car, another for home. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. If your dealer can't supply, we'll mail postpaid for 50c. The Las-Stik Manufacturing Co., Hamilton, Ohio.

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When words fail!!! start the Crosley ROAMIO

What married man or lovelorn swain doesn't recognize this picture? A quarrel—a misunderstanding—a late arrival at the appointed place—yet the CROSLEY ROAMIO helps solve them all. Parking, spinning along the highway, driving through city traffic—this greatest of all automobile radio receiving sets will do its stuff unfailingly. Thousands are already in daily use—and you'll get the kick of your motoring life out of your CROSLEY ROAMIO.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO is extremely selective and sensitive. You'll easily get your favorite programs. The automatic volume control maintains a practically uniform volume, even on distant stations. You lock the CROSLEY ROAMIO just as you do your automobile. It uses Screen Grid tubes, Neutrodyne circuit, and employs the latest type Crosley dynamic-power speaker.

The CROSLEY ROAMIO can quickly and easily be installed in your car no matter what its make. It fits snugly and conveniently under the dash, entirely out of the way. It will give you hours of satisfying pleasure and delightful relaxation. Consider too, that the price of this marvelous set is amazingly low—only $75.00, less accessories—installation extra. Go to your nearest Crosley dealer today—see the CROSLEY ROAMIO—hear it—drive with it. Or write for circular and name of nearest Crosley distributor who will arrange for installation. The CROSLEY ROAMIO is recommended for use in motor boats and cruisers.

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1310 Arlington St. CINCINNATI
Home of "the Nation's Station"—WLW

Also manufacturers of Crosley A. C., D. C. and Battery Radio Receivers and the famous AMRAD RADIO

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$400 KEI-LAC MACHINE EARNED $5,040 IN ONE YEAR. $160 machine earned $2,160. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 527 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago

rocking placidly on the bosom of the deep. And the deep here was lonely, for we had outrun the traffic. "Is it the gas?" I shouted. "Has the engine broken down? I knew this was too good to last."

Hasty measurements revealed that we still had gas, but there again came the question of the tilted tanks.

"We feed from the front of them and measure from the back," I explained to the family. And the family looked at its watches, and thought of the New London train back home.

The engine would start, we would go a few yards, then stop again. A mile or two to starboard some men were fishing, and we finally got within hailing distance. They had an outboard motor, but they did not know how we could get gas. And when we said gas we meant gas; we meant a hundred gallons or so, and nothing that could be carried in a can.

There was, however, a dock now in sight and, lacking any other haven, to that dock we inched. It turned out to be a bathing pier, crowded with children, but we managed to get some ropes out, and then began the search for gas. There was a garage half a mile or so away, and to that garage went certain of the male portion of the party. We sat and waited; inside the cabin Dick heard the children, and roused from his despair to shout "hello" to them, in the exact voice used by Andy when he telephones to Madame Queen. An hour passed, a hundred hours. Then far back on the long pier our party hove in sight, rolling before them a fifty-gallon drum of gasoline and triumphantly bearing a garden hose. And through that hose the Greyhound received its nourishment. It was a narrow hose, and our fifty gallons trickled in with maddening slowness. At last, however, it was done; and so at last we entered the Thames at New London, and in that paradise of pleasure craft found a welcome and a night's lodging.

The following day was the last. The family had gone, having marked our destination on the chart.

The Perils of the Deep

"There's a breakwater there, and small boats are moored behind it. Why go on to the harbor?"

Which, as will be seen, we obeyed literally, almost causing a heart attack to the one son who, armed with field glasses, had spent several hours watching for our appearance around a point.

The day was fine but gusty, and as we were now in the open sea, wind and rollers made steering difficult. To avoid the markers for innumerable lobster pots, whose ropes could work havoc with our propeller, we remained well out from the coast—five miles, sometimes ten. In my capacity of watchdog I still sat in the bow, eternally barking. Now and then I would stand up, to be visible from the bridge, and make despairing gestures. Whether the bridge watched me or not, I thus relieved my own mind.

But once that day I barked to real effect. Just ahead of us suddenly appeared an odd white breaker, and an instant later the hulk of a large derelict. We avoided it just in time, and although the bridge maintains that it saw it first, I have my own conviction. Again, however, the bridge avoided something I failed to see. This was a ten-foot shark, apparently sound asleep and directly across our bows. We might have damaged him considerably, but what he would have done to us would never have been recorded.

Once, fishing in a small boat some ten miles off the coast of Maine, suddenly we were surrounded by a school of small whales, disporting. Now my personal idea of the place not to be is in the midst of a school of disporting whales. They rocked our boat about and generally enjoyed themselves, but the fun was theirs, not ours.

We were watching the chart now; off there is Watch Hill, here is Newport. The last time we were in Newport we sailed in in a real yacht and had luncheon at a club. Luncheon! I look at the clock—the chronometer. Why eat now? Why not wait until we land, and eat at home?

"I hope nobody's hungry?"

"We can wait," said the bridge.

Quite a sea now. Two great cruisers steaming out of Newport; we pass under the stern of one, and see the men's blankets—I think they were blankets—airing on the rail. We roll and pitch and toss, but Dick has his sea legs now, and with a death grip on his perch is inventing a new opera. I get out my note book, and study for the tenth time the post card I picked up in Wilmington, addressed to me. It had lain there a month, and is from some unknown, saying that she has revised her third chapter as I had suggested, and—also as I had suggested—had wired me at the McAlpin Hotel in New York.

Now the fact is that I had never stopped in Wilmington before this trip, and that I have never been in the McAlpin Hotel in New York. This therefore brings up a matter which has been troubling me for some years. Who is this woman who uses my name, who has gone to the round-up in Cheyenne as myself, has camped in Alaska as Mary Roberts Rinehart, and who for all I know to the contrary may now be using my reputation to give or sell literary advice? Once, when all my boys were in America, a youth masqueraded in Paris as my son, but this is worse. Here, as a matter of curiosity, is the post card, addressed to me:

Dear Mrs. R.: Wired you care McAlpin as you suggested, that copy would be in mail by June 1st. Hope trip to New York proved pleasant. You are most kind, and I thoroughly appreciate it. Will write you later.

I certainly have wrestled with that third chapter, and at times it seemed hopelessly so. Sent wire collect hoping it would certainly be delivered. Gratefully,

M. S.

It is a mystery. Or perhaps not such a mystery. But it must be cleared, or I shall become the usurper, and she become myself.

I put the post card away, for now we were nearing the end of the trip. I got the glasses, and surely that was the point. It was the point. The skipper was at the wheel and heading in. Two miles, three miles, and we could see the breakwater, and beyond it a small dock. We were there, or almost there. Did I, or did I not, see a tall young figure waving its arms vigorously?

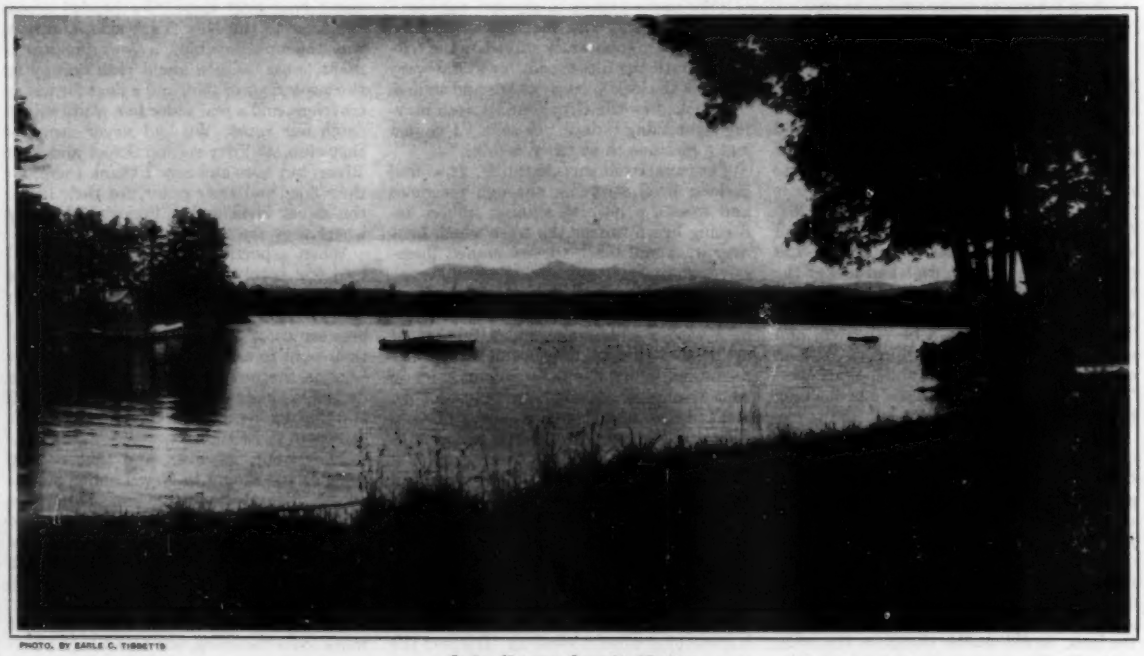
The End of the Trip

The engine slowed down, and carefully, very carefully, we moved toward the dock. One strange man seemed rather excited; he was waving a handkerchief vigorously, and two youths were coming in a hurry along the beach. But we had no time to notice them. Quick now, throw out the ropes!

We were tied up. We got out and stretched our tired muscles on that blessed little dock. And not until our suitcases were out, and Dick's cage, and another portion of the family had arrived in breathless haste, did we learn that we had landed where no boat could land, had missed a rock, and were now safely floating in what should have been, by all the laws of wind and tide, less than two feet of water.

It was a great trip. Now that I have ceased to peel I can say that. The Greyhound, newly varnished and in beautiful order, is in a safe harbor. Now and then we get into the car and go to it, and then we circle about the bay, and we pass everything in sight. The local papers have photographed her, and even published a statement from Mr. Glenn that in nineteen years at sea he never saw such a storm as that in the Chesapeake. Also he has been good enough to praise my courage.

But sometimes we put on our bathing suits, the skipper and I, and we slip down to our own pier and get into an old-fashioned flat-bottomed skiff and just row around. Somehow we like it.



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aboard these luxurious Pennsylvania Flyers . .

WHAT a relief it is when your luxurious Pennsylvania train leaves the hot cities and plains behind and starts its smooth journey through the beautiful wooded valleys of the Appalachians. Cool mountain air—blowing down across miles of forest—smooths out the cares of travel—brings deep and restful sleep.

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And when you plan your vacation, let the travel experts of the Pennsylvania help you make all arrangements. Many special low vacation fares to the National Parks and the West are offered during the summer months. Call your local Pennsylvania agent and he will explain these special tours in detail.

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St. Louis and New York

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St. Louis and New York

LIBERTY LIMITED
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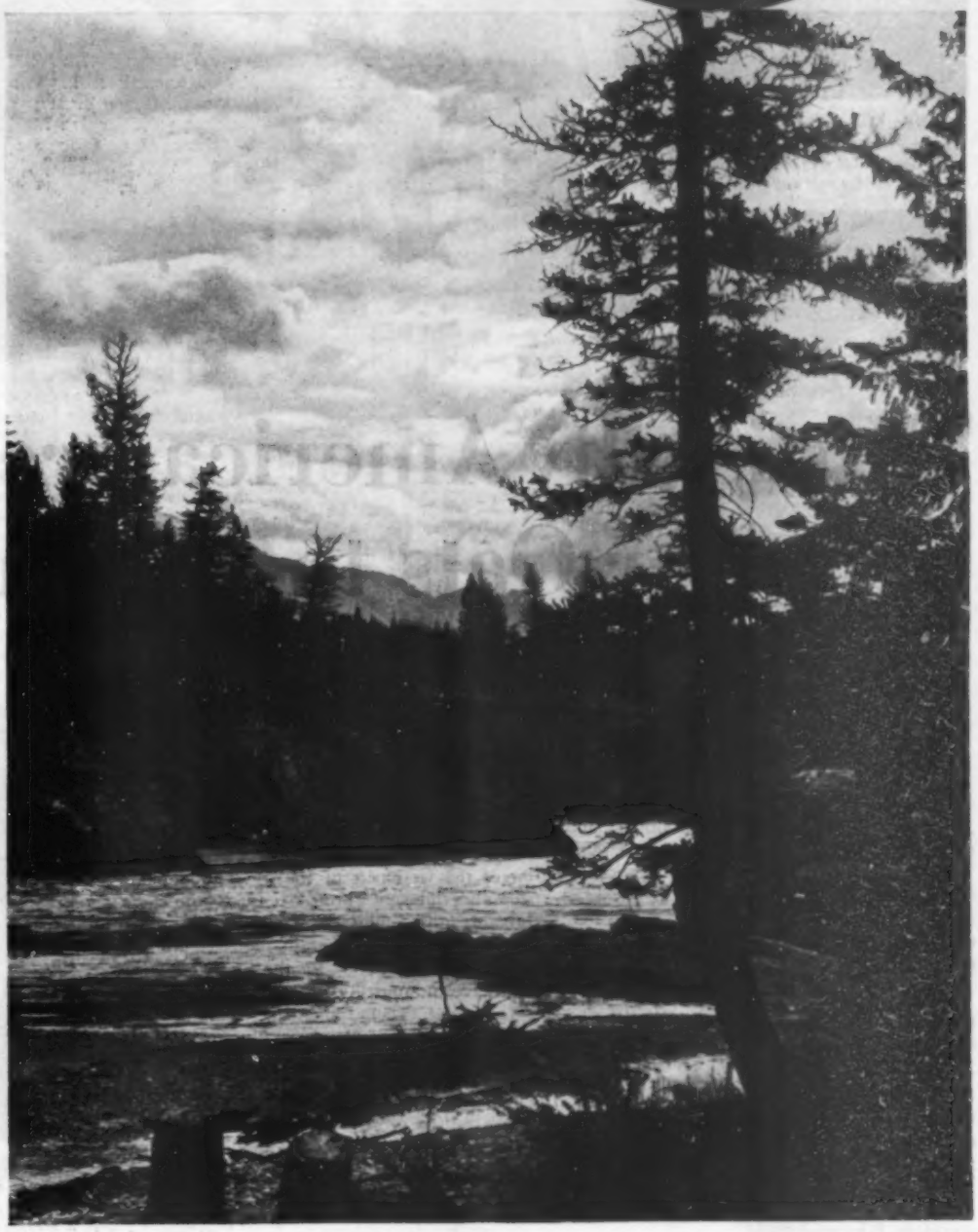
(IN BOTH DIRECTIONS)



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This is why America prefers Quaker Oats to ordinary oatmeal

To prepare for the 4 morning hours, when 70% of the day's work is done, this energy breakfast is urged above all others.

MORNING hours are the most strenuous of the whole day, say authorities. Into them is crowded 70% of the entire day's work! This is why the kind of a breakfast you choose is such an important matter. For breakfast should stimulate you. Keep you active and alert, mentally and physically. Give you energy to go on, all morning long.

According to nutritionists, no cereal grows that is more nutritious, provides more lasting energy, than Quaker Oats.

Not like ordinary oats

Quaker Oats is made of choicer, more flavory oats to start with. These selected whole oats are not only heat-seasoned in closed containers for 36 hours, but in addition, *and this is of utmost importance,* they are roasted in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness.

This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat. It gives Quaker that luscious, nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Most important of all, Quaker retains every bit of the vital part of the oat, where nature stores her three great protective foods—minerals, proteins and vitamins. 16% of Quaker is protein . . . the precious element in foods continually demanded by the body for the repair of worn-out nerve and muscle tissues. 65% of Quaker is energy food. There's abundant vitamin B . . . iron for good, red blood . . . plus roughage to make laxatives unnecessary.

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Don't fail to protect busy mornings with this great energy breakfast. Remember it cooks done without fuss or bother . . . faster than toast or coffee! Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Both packages give you one-third more oats than most millers pack. Look for the Quaker name and figure on the package. They are your guarantee of finer flavor . . . richer nutrition. The Quaker Oats Company.

"There's just one way to start the day right, and that's with the right kind of a breakfast," says Miss Helen Lehrkind, youthful but successful manager of the Renting Department of McMenemy and Martin.

Unsurpassed in nutrition qualities

1 *"Most nutritious* of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

2 *Fastest* of all quick cooking oats. Done 2½ minutes after the water boils.

3 *Health qualities unsurpassed* —16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 *Rich flavor.* Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Just as Quaker Oats are superior—all Quaker products are superior to others of their kinds. If you do not agree, we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package. Try *Quaker Puffed Wheat* and *Puffed Rice* . . . cool, crisp . . . enticingly delicious for hot weather breakfasts, luncheons or suppers.

Quaker Oats . . . *two kinds* . . . Quick Quaker Oats

Getting On in the World

Profits in Marketing

I WAS born and grew up in the city of New York, lived on the water front and was a longshoreman. I was a good one, too, for I was a winchman, and they have more responsibility than anybody else in the gang, not even excepting the foreman.

When I got to be twenty-five I was engaged to a very fine Irish girl, but we had set the date a long way ahead and spent the greater part of the time trying to decide whether we would do light housekeeping in one room on Eighth Avenue or use two on Eleventh.

It was rather unfortunate for us that we delayed the wedding so long, for, in 1918, some gentlemen requested me to attend a conference that they were holding daily. Without a dissenting voice, they agreed that my services were needed badly in France, and they very kindly offered me the proper training, equipment and free transportation to the Western Front.

When I was discharged in 1920, my girl was still waiting, but my job was gone and I had a hard time to make a living. We got married anyway, and I got a job as captain on a coal barge.

After six months of that, I decided that we would do something else. I remembered reading once about some great editor—I have forgotten whether it was Charles A. Dana or Horace Greeley—who advised young men to go West.

To do that took train fare—a thing that I was short on. We traded our bed, oil stove and the balance of our furniture for an open boat that was twenty-two feet long and had a good one-cylinder engine in it. We compromised with that editor and went South instead of West. Today I am glad I did, for the girl often makes the wood-pulp magazines and occasionally the slick papers, and I have built up a business that will keep any old couple as long as they can hope to live.

With our open boat, we had to go ashore every night to put up our tent, so we, naturally, saw lots of the country as we passed along on our Southern voyage. When we were about twenty-five days out of Hoboken, New Jersey, our home port, as shown by our ship's papers, we tied up for the night and Sunday in one of the beautiful rivers in Virginia. We spent Sunday in taking a long walk up in the land, enjoying the lovely spring flowers. On the shore we made the acquaintance of a very old man who was engaged in an activity that was new to us. When the tide was very low he would take a basket and go along the edge of the water and dip up crabs that, to him, had the sign that they would, within the next five days, shed and be soft crabs. More to pass the time than anything else, I went along with him and carried the basket, and I let him talk all he cared to. He told me all about what he did with the peelers, which are the crabs that are nearly ready to shed. He told me everything that he had learned about crabs in the forty years that he had been handling them.

I acknowledged to him that I believed that he knew more about crabs than anybody else in Virginia, for he insisted on my agreeing that he did. I found out from him one other thing, too, and that was that, after he got the crab and nursed it along until it shed and was a soft crab, he did not know how to find a market for it. He depended solely on somebody's coming along and wanting it for bait to catch a fish with. As he was in a very remote corner of the world, it was very unlikely that he would sell many. He was not near a city or highway, or anything else that would bring him in contact with a buyer, so his business was limited.

I had never forgotten a time when I was flush and took my girl to lunch in one of the large department stores on Thirty-fourth Street and she ordered soft-shell crabs, and they brought her two about as big as well-grown spiders and soaked me fifty cents for them. I decided that these stores might be potential customers and that I would communicate with them. I announced to the old gentleman that it was necessary to overhaul my engine; so he showed us a small island that he owned in the river, and we occupied a shack that was on it while I put the Opondolocon up on the shore to dry out, so I could overhaul her.

I wrote the department store a nice long letter and was soon gratified at receiving all the information that I needed—all about whom they bought soft crabs from, how much they paid for them, and the quantity that they purchased. I was then sure that they lost money on the order that I had paid fifty cents for.

While I was waiting for the letter I had been cultivating the friendship of the old man. He was as bright as a dollar, but terribly contrary. It was a hobby of his not to let his countrymen know how he could tell a peeler that was within the five-day limit, but he told me and showed me until I was really quite proficient at it. I had also got acquainted with other people in the neighborhood. They were all oyster and fisher folk, and had only a superficial knowledge of business, but they knew their line well. I noticed that they all had large families, so it occurred to me that if I could find a market for the crabs the labor question was well taken care of by the large number of young boys and girls.

I immediately wrote the market man who was furnishing my department-store friends, asking about prospects for furnishing him soft crabs. A prompt reply brought me an offer to buy daily about five times as many as the old man had ever had, at prices that I thought were too high to be true.

To check up on him I wrote to two large hotels in Western cities, and they wanted larger shipments and offered slightly better prices. I realized that I had found a gold mine, if there was not a joker somewhere. Twenty-five days on a put-put had sickened both of us on that mode of travel, so we were willing to take a long chance on anything.

I formed a partnership with the old man by putting in the boat as my part and using it to take the crabs the ten miles to the express office. I made crates the rest of the day, out of boxes and barrels that had drifted ashore from the battleships that lie in the river.

When we made our first shipment, it was seventeen dozen, and my partner assured me that they were as fine as he ever saw. They must have been, for when the check came they doubled their order and included a demand that we must without fail make prompt shipments, just as if we had a way to make a crab shed, whether he wished to or not.

Some people say that crabs shed according to the moon, but it is my own personal opinion that a crab does not even know that there is a moon.

My partner died in 1926, but he had made enough money to buy himself a small car, and had hired it driven as far as Washington, and came very near seeing the President—an adventure that he was fond of telling us about. I continued the business after his death, and now I have seven men who do the packing and use two trucks to take the shipments away to the express offices, and one truck that goes daily to the near-by cities.

I use all the boys and girls that are available, to do what they call baiting—that is, finding the peelers. They all know the sign now, and there are several of the girls that make as high as two dollars on a tide. We have sixty floats where we put the peelers to shed, and they have the constant attention of two men twenty-four hours daily. My income-tax return tells the balance of the story.

—FRED LE GATE.

THREE-AND-ONE THIRD GALLONS PER MINUTE

or Ten Thousand Gallons per Hour

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FRESH running water — at the turn of a tap or the opening of a valve — has become as much a necessity in modern business and production as it has in modern homes. It is no longer something that one can easily do without. Modern processes — in work and play and life — demand it.

Today every city has its water mains. Beyond the reach of these — in suburbs, small towns or out in the country — you may turn with confidence to MYERS Water Systems to supply fresh running water in abundance. Whether you need only a few gallons per minute for domestic purposes, or thousands of gallons per hour for some big institution, there is a MYERS installation to meet the requirements. *Models for deep or shallow wells; for operation by hand, windmill, pump jack, engine or motor—the most complete line of modern water systems on the market.*

Let us know your needs. Interesting booklet sent on request.

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Pumps, Water Systems, Hay Tools, Door Hangers

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"Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys took old Fort Ticonderoga without a fight, Jack... And this good old Ticonderoga pencil licks all other pencils just as easy."

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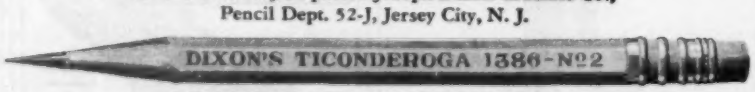
"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

An extraordinary 5c *pencil.* Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Pencil Dept. 52-J, Jersey City, N. J.



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5¢ each

Look for this Fort Ti-con-der-oga—Ethan Allen display at your dealer's.

Buy Ti-con-der-ogas by the dozen—in this distinctive box.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 22)

HE: A girl named Bertha Crunch. Know her?

SHE: Do I! My dear, I know her intimately, no less!

HE: What's she like? I've never met her.

SHE: Well, my dear, she's terribly sweet, only she's the last person in the world you'd ever think Algie would fall for—do you know what I mean?

HE: Isn't she attractive looking?

SHE: You might think so. I mean some people like that type—sort of mousie and goody-goody—do you know what I mean?

HE: Oh, yes. Hardly the type you'd think Algie would care for.

SHE: Exactly, my dear! I couldn't be more amazed!

HE: Gee, that's funny! I had an idea she was a knock-out. I wonder if there's anything in this rumor that Algie was crazy about some other girl who turned him down?

SHE: Well, my dear, that's just the sort of thing that would explain his leaping off and getting engaged to a girl like Bertha, because, I mean, he'd prob'ly be all hot and bothered at a time like that and wouldn't know what he was doing, sort of, and, I mean, Bertha's the type that would grab the first man that asked her, my dear, because she's never had any attention—do you know what I mean?

HE: You really think he was in love with some other girl who wouldn't marry him?

SHE: My dear, it's the only logical thing to suppose.

HE: Gosh, that's tough! I wonder who it could have been?

SHE *(innocently):* I've no idea. . . . You know, it was screaming last summer, my dear, because ev'rybody kept incinerating Algie and I were engaged because we were always together such a lot. Can you cope with it?

HE: Really?

SHE: Isn't that a riot, my dear? I mean it was so perf'ly ridic because we were just good friends, my dear; because, I mean, I simply never thought of Algie as any more than an awfully good friend—I mean, I simply never could think of him in any other way than that, because I don't think you can, even if you try your darndest, unless—well, you know what I mean. *(She looks pensive.)*

HE: Oh, sure!

SHE *(hopefully):* But maybe it'll be all right—his getting engaged to Bertha, I mean. Don't you spose it will?

HE: No, not if he's in love with another girl.

SHE: But if the other girl isn't in love with him—I mean, I think loads of men take a second best, sort of, don't you?

HE: I suppose so.

SHE: But it's awfully too bad about Algie, because he's the sweetest boy, I think. I mean, you just sort of hate to see anybody like that sort of throw themselves away—do you know what I mean?

—LLOYD MAYER.

The Lion's Share

EACH time a millionaire is bored
To Africa he hies;
Each time a millionaire is bored
Another lion dies!
It seems to soothe his restless soul
To shoot a lion dead;
To stand, imperious and proud,
His foot upon its head.
Why does he crave a lion skin
To hang upon the wall?
A lion without chest or chin
To trip on in the hall?
But when you see a lot of men
All yawning in their clubs,
You'll know that pretty soon there'll be
Some orphan lion cubs.
Ho, Leo! Grand old king, what ho!
They've picked you out to pay
The bored bills of the whole wide world.
How do they get that way?

—Ruth Plumly Thompson.

THE GLASGOW KEELIE

(Continued from Page 7)

I served my time in the old wind bags, the same as you. You are proud of it; I am not. More than half me life was spent in them cursed hell wagons, with men like you in command, to kick, and beat, and badger the hands and make 'em eat dirt if they looked cockeyed at ye. I am opposed to everything you stand for!" The keelie's eyes flamed. He was intensely earnest. "The old days at sea is gone and the world is awake. Soviet Russia ——"

"Soviet Russia! Pfaugh!"

"Aye, ye can spit, but spittin'll not put that fire out! Equality o' man. That's what I want! You think you're a god because you're in command. I been to sea as long as you have, I dare say, and although I got me master's ticket I never got command. Why? Because I'd a mind o' me own and spoke it! And now I don't want command. No man has a right to be set above his fellows, particularly wi' the powers that shipmarsters have took to theirselves. What I'm fighting for is equal rights for all men!"

"Humph!" Captain Hardy leaned forward and looked the keelie squarely in the eyes. "McKinnon, I'm going to tell you something. Somehow, your notion of things has become dislocated. But you're a seaman, and I've never met an old sailing-ship man yet that, down in the heart of him, didn't rate his vessel first. And for all your silly socialistic argy-bargy, that truth'll be buried somewhere in your carcass too. Now, I've no time to bandy words with you further. I expect obedience from you so long as you're an officer in my ship."

"I'll do my duty, and nothing more. And I'll do it my own fashion, Captain Hardy."

"Save that claptrap for them what's interested. And now get out o' your bunk and up into the chart room."

"I've already pointed out to ye ——"

"And I'm pointing out to you that there's six months of corrections to be made to charts and sailing directions that was neglected by your predecessor. As second mate you are now responsible for getting them up to date. That ought to occupy most of your spare time off watch for the rest of the voyage. It's one of them duties ye agreed to do. Would you care to refuse?"

Captain Hardy regarded the other sardonically, but the keelie did not reply.

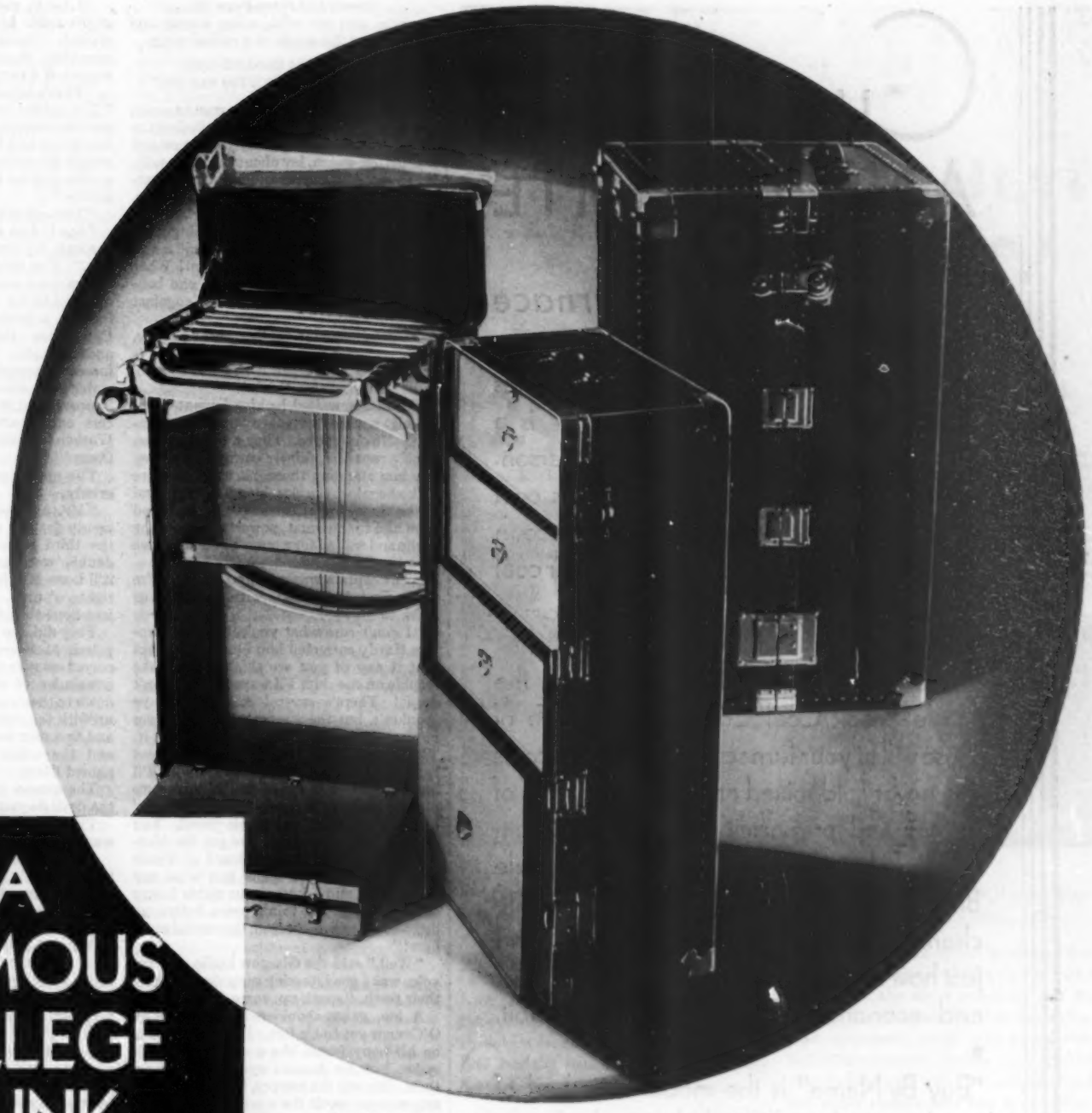
"I thought not. Now, remember; you kick up any more trouble such as your insolence on the poop last night, and you'll repent it."

"Will I?" replied the keelie, swinging his feet out of his bunk and reaching for his socks. "Don't forget I've a shot or two in my locker, as well as you."

By the time the Bhutan was in mid-Atlantic, trouble among the men was making itself felt in a score of small but irritating ways. Disaffection in a ship will spread, swift, like a plague, from one man; and although the master was aware of its source, he could not make sufficiently certain to justify action, until he watched the Glasgow keelie as he came off watch at eight bells one afternoon.

The keelie went aft along the waist. The weather was fine, most of the men off watch were under the poop-deck awning, and there the keelie joined them. They welcomed him with a subdued cheer. A meeting of sorts was held, with smoking and raucous

(Continued on Page 92)



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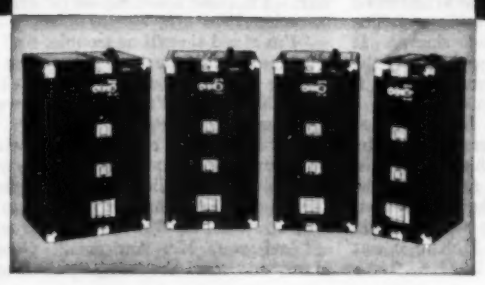

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Producers of Dependable Anthracite

JEDDO · PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 90)

laughter, and the mild, warm breeze carried forward the words of a radical song:

"Raise the scarlet standard high;
Beneath its folds we'll live and die."

Captain Hardy was not the man to evade issues. He went swiftly aft and climbed the ladder to the poop. A group of firemen and seamen, off watch, lay about the deck, talking animatedly and occasionally expectorating in the general direction of the waterways. A week back they would have arisen and spat over the side in proper seagoing fashion. The master addressed the second mate:

"So this is your game, McKinnon! What do you mean by coming aft here and hobnobbing wi' the men? You know it's against ship's discipline!"

"Discipline," the keelie returned easily, "has no place on a vessel where men is equal. And if ye think it has, ask some o' these men what they think."

The master waited, looking down at them, his big, square-hewn face without expression. No one spoke. They were ill at ease, faintly resentful, faintly cowed, when they saw him standing there, his capable figure bulked against the sky, long legs apart and riding the swing of the ship. They looked from him to the squat, powerful body of the keelie and waited for a cue. The keelie gave it to them.

"The captain wants to know what we're up to, lads," he said, with a humorous quirk to his lips.

"I don't care what you're up to," Captain Hardy corrected him bluntly, "except that if any of you are thinking to make trouble on the ship, I'll warn ye now, don't do it! There's several reasons why ye shouldn't, but the strongest is in a drawer in my cabin, and I'll not hesitate to use it. The second mate here says you will not have discipline. I tell you that ye will. I'll be fair with you, and if you've any complaints I'll hear 'em, but I'll have none o' this red-flag nonsense on this vessel. You are here to obey orders. I've got the Merchant Shipping Act and Board o' Trade rules behind me. I know just what my powers are, and I know your rights better than you do. So think twice before ye listen to any more jaw from the second mate here!"

"Well," said the Glasgow keelie, and his voice was a goad, teasing surly dogs to show their teeth, "speak up, some o' ye!"

A big, gaunt-shouldered stoker named O'Connor got to his feet. His clothes hung on his bony frame like a shirt on a hand spike, but his fanatic eyes had fires in them. His was the hungry, lupine type that responds to revolt the world over.

He said insolently: "We take our advice from McKinnon there. He's been in Arcos boats where work and grub is shared, whack and whack, from the captain to the ship's boy, and no man is better than his mate. That's what we want here. What'd you and the rest o' the midship crowd do if we refused to turn to, eh? Where'd ye be then, wi' all your airs? We want equal treatment, and we're goin' to have it before this voyage is through!"

"You're a fine spokesman to talk about equal work, ye lazy scamp!" the master told him. "You never pulled your weight on watch in your life, and it's a marvel to me some of your mates hasn't got on to ye! Now, that'll do. I've had my say. This nonsense has got to stop, so make up your minds to it, or I'll make them up for ye, and quick too!"

There was an angry murmur as he turned on his heel, but nothing was said aloud. The thrust at O'Connor had been shrewd. It made them less sure of themselves, and the Glasgow keelie put in a strenuous half hour of talk before the effect was destroyed.

Before supper, Captain Hardy opened his door to the chief engineer and the mate.

"We'll have to do something about this, sir!" the mate announced angrily. "The men's taken to giving us the slack o' their tongues now, and even the bos'n is afraid to open his trap to them. McKinnon's at the bottom of it, blast him!"

"I know, and he's being careful not to step outside his legal rights," the master replied. "Fools like him is bound to slip up sometime, though. I'd disrate him in a second, if I properly could."

"That's not all," the chief put in, sourly. "The second told one o' the trimmers to get his tobacco pouch from his room, and the sweep had the sauce to inform him he wasn't his valley. The second fetched him a wipe and he threatened to tell the committee."

"The committee ——"

"Aye! And see what somebody shoved through my door whiles I was down below." The chief dug into his pocket and abstracted a crumpled slip of paper heavily outlined in red crayon. "The lunatics has formed a Soviet Sailors' and Firemen's Committee—that's what this is headed—and it reads: 'Meeting in the firemen's forecastle tonight at 5:15. All hands not on watch will attend. Purpose: To discuss improvement in grub, attitude toward officers and shorter watches. Signed, the Workers' Council—McKinnon, O'Connor, Olsen.'"

The master considered; then he smiled grimly.

"Mr. Anderson, you'd better be feeling poorly for the next week or so—you and the third mate. I'll put McKinnon on double watches—he daren't refuse—and it'll leave him less time to think about the rights o' man. As for the committee—I just hope they do kick about the grub."

They did, but in a manner quite unanticipated. McKinnon, evidently with purpose, stayed away from the evening meal. As the remainder of the midship company sat down to their suppers, an altercation sprang up with the steward in the pantry outside, and two men entered. One was O'Connor and the other a hard-featured seaman named Olsen.

The master jumped to his feet. "What the devil do you mean by coming in here?"

They were uneasy, but obstinate. "We want ——"

"I don't care what ye want. Get out o' this saloon!"

"We're inspectin' the grub on behalf o' the foc'sle," O'Connor answered truculently. "You got roast beef and cabbage and carrots and rice puddin'. All we got's a lot o' fried liver and spuds and tapioca. It ain't right. We demand the same as you."

The master was on him like a flash, pinning him by the throat and battering his thick skull against the door. Olsen, after one frightened glance, fled. Captain Hardy was a driver for work, but patient enough at normal times, and even-tempered. Aroused, he was a hard case. Eventually the chief and the mate had to drag him off. They kicked the rebellious fireman whimpering into the alleyway and aft along the deck.

"I'll 'grub' them!" the master promised, his voice shaking with fury as he resumed his seat. "They'll go on straight Board o' Trade food scale from now on. . . . Steward!" And when the steward appeared he gave instructions.

"Pound and Pint, beginning tomorrow, for all hands aft. No more fresh meat. Dry vegetables. No more fresh bread; issue Liverpool pantiles. That'll give 'em exercise for their jaws. Chicory coffee, without sugar or milk. Marmalade in place of jam or butter, and prunes only, for dessert, once a day. Give them the bare ration of each, mind, and not the shaving of an ounce more. Put the lock on the galley pump and issue the bare legal allowance o' water once a day. I'll show them monkeys' orphans something!"

"I'm afraid there'll be trouble, sir."

"Fine! That's the name o' the thing I'm looking for from now on. . . . Chief, when that sculpin O'Connor goes on watch again, make sure he's well sweated."

"I will, sir!" the chief promised briefly. "I'll have the engineer open up the main stop valve on his boiler and screw down his mate's, and he'll bust his heart tryin' to keep up steam. He'll sweat, right enough!"

"And you, Mr. Anderson," Captain Hardy addressed the mate, "put Olsen to

work cleaning out the deep tank in No. 3 thwartship bunker. It's had oil in it, and if that chore don't retch the innards out of him, I'm a tinker! Send some of the men bilge diving; set others to cleaning winches—that'll be pleasant, after the phosphates we carried last voyage—and have both well decks chipped and oiled. Drive 'em! The old hell ships are going to be a Turk's heaven alongside this wagon. Think they're abused, do they? I'll show 'em what deep-water hazing is!"

Captain Hardy generally did not bother the bridge after midnight, when at sea, but this night he was restless and unable to sleep. After tossing in his bunk for some hours, he arose, dressed and went out upon the bridge. The night was dark and clear, moonless, but brilliant with stars, and the black water bubbled aft along the vessel's worn plates and mingled with the faint cream of her wake. The sound of it was soothing; so was the gentle rise and fall of the ship over the long, Atlantic rollers, and the fresh night air.

Automatically, the master's eyes scanned the horizon, passed idly along the arc of the water and then, abruptly, shot back. His gaze became fixed upon one point and lines of speculation appeared between his brows. A tiny red star flickered and waned on the dark line of sky and sea.

Quickly he stepped forward. It was the Glasgow keelie's watch, but he was nowhere in sight. As Captain Hardy passed the wheelhouse door he smelled tobacco smoke and heard the soft murmur of conversation. McKinnon was inside, chatting with the man at the wheel, and both were smoking—direct violation of a fundamental seafaring rule in Anglo-Saxon ships.

Ignoring them both for a moment, the master snatched a pair of marine glasses from a box and again went out to the bridge. For a long minute he leveled them, peering into the dark. He returned with set, grim face to the wheelhouse and spoke sharply down the engine-room tube. The deck began to beat to the increased revolutions of the screw.

The Glasgow keelie had dropped his cigarette and ground it under his heel. He sensed the urgency in the old man's bearing and watched him anxiously.

"What's the matter, sir?" he asked—the "sir" was involuntary.

The master gave the wheelsman directions for changing course; then he turned to the keelie. "Come out on the bridge," he said quietly.

On the bridge the master glanced forward at the forecastle head; then he looked at the keelie, regarding him with eyes of stone.

"Where's the lookout?"

"Lookout? Why, he's on the foc'sle——" But the Glasgow keelie saw then that the lookout was not at his post, and he knew that the master had him.

Captain Hardy repeated, quietly still, but with emphasis: "Where is the lookout?"

A dark form moving up along the forward well deck toward the forecastle head provided the answer. The master summoned a man on stand-by.

"Relieve the lookout. Tell him to report here to me."

They stood in silence until the man appeared.

"Where was you?" the keelie began; but the old man cut him short. He turned to the lookout.

"Why did you leave your post?"

Realizing his guilt, and without the support of his mates, the man was frightened.

"I—I on'y went to the galley for a mug o' tea, sir."

"Did the second mate give you permission to go?"

The man glanced quickly at the keelie; took refuge in a lie:

"Yes, sir; he did."

"That's all. You'll stand double watch tonight, and I'll tend further to you in the morning."

When the man had gone, the master addressed the keelie.

"I knew I'd get you, soon or late, mister," he said dispassionately. "You clever blokes always overstep yourselves. You were smoking and talking to the man at the wheel while on watch, and while you were off the bridge the lookout deserted his post, knowing full well that you, being a friend o' mankind, would not rough him about it. And while the two of ye were about your own affairs, there's a burning ship lying out off the starboard bow!"

"A burning ship!"

"You are not deaf, I take it!"

The keelie's hard face turned, his small eyes concentrated in a pin-point stare on the horizon. Then he saw it—it was nearer now—and he felt that deep, foreboding thrill that comes to seafarers at sight of the most dreadful of the ocean's perils.

"I didn't know, sir! And I never gave that man permission ——"

The master waved his protestations aside.

"Probably, but the man says different, and I'll cast no doubt on his word when you're up for suspension of your ticket. I owe you that much for what ye tried to do on my ship!" Gradually, Captain Hardy was slipping his iron restraint. "Ye call yourself a Glasgow keelie! Ye may be! But you're not a seaman, McKinnon, and ye never were! The days o' sail bred men, not radical-bloated skunks the like o' you!"

He stepped closer, lifting his big hands, thrusting his formidable jaw into the keelie's face. His voice rose to a passionate roar:

"You're a tough twister in your own opinion, Mister, but I could snap ye in two pieces if I let meself go, and I'll welcome an excuse! That's what I think o' you and your blowgut! Now, before I forget meself, get off this bridge! You are relieved o' your duties. Ye can go to your cabin and amuse yourself humming the Red Flag."

The mate was called, and he roused out all hands. The men tumbled out of their bunks, grumbling and sleepy, then noisy and excited as they lined the rail. The master's voice cut into their talk and gesticulation, ordering them to belay the racket. They glared up at him and maintained sullen silence for a time. Then someone laughed and they broke out again. But the master had gone forward on the bridge, his mind busy with other things. A half hour passed.

White water leaped in the Bhutan's wake as she raced over the calm ocean. As the steam pressure crept up she quivered in every plate and the engines rocked in their beds. The burning vessel was a crimson splash in the night, rapidly growing more distinct; and as the Bhutan approached, it was seen that the forward part of her was ablaze. Clouds of heavy smoke billowed upward, shot through with sparks that pelted the sky with golden snow. Every detail of her sinister pyrotechnic glory was mirrored on the still surface of the sea.

The Bhutan's wake curved in a white scimitar of foam as she circled the burning vessel. The heat moved in waves through the still air. A dull, explosive boom rolled across the water and a lurid glare painted the night with flame. Captain Hardy and the mate, watching her through glasses, lowered them suddenly.

"Hatch gone! Get a boat swung out," the captain ordered.

The mate went down the ladder to the waist. The hands were grouped there. They eyed him sullenly and made no response to his brisk, "Come on now, lads; let's get a boat over. Smart's the word."

He was about to address them further, when again the master's voice hailed from the bridge:

"Mr. Anderson, there's a boat from that steamer coming alongside. Get a ladder over! Lively!"

A long black shape, like a gigantic lame beetle, was silhouetted on the scarlet water—a crowded lifeboat, pulling for the Bhutan's side. The boa'n threw over a pilot ladder from the forward well deck, and amid confused chatter and wild, excited gestures, the occupants scrambled aboard. The mate, who had gone forward to receive them,

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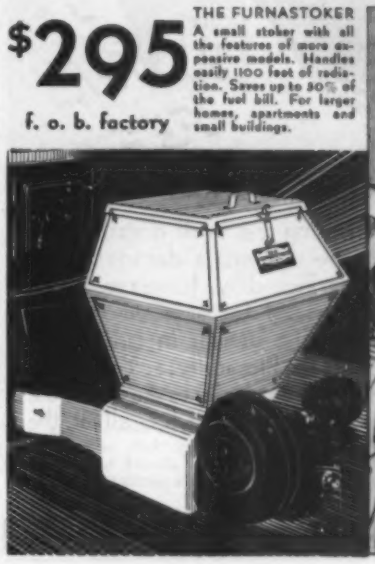

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called suddenly for the wireless operator of the Bhutan:

"Biondo! Where's Biondo? These people are Italians."

Biondo appeared. London born, he knew his mother's tongue imperfectly. He asked questions, received hysterical replies, spoke and interpreted with difficulty.

"There's men still on board her, sir," he told the mate. "They could only get this one boat away, and it's overcrowded. She's the Ventimiglia, of Genoa, from Galveston and Bayonne, with cotton and general for'ard, and case oil in the after holds."

The information was relayed to the master on the bridge. Again he roared aft:

"Shake a leg down there, and get that boat swung out!" He came quickly to the after end of the bridge and looked over. "What's the matter, Mr. Anderson? What are the men standing idle in the waist for? Shake 'em up and lower that starboard boat!"

"Shake yerself up, ye Barbary Coast stiff!" the seaman Olsen hurled back at him. "Think we're going to risk our skins for a lot o' lousy Dagoes?"

The mate jumped for him, but someone snatched up a bunker-hatch batten and laid the mate out. They milled around, excited, uneasy and dangerous, waiting for further developments. These came from an unexpected quarter.

The Glasgow keelie appeared, his broad, stumpy frame filling the alleyway entrance. They greeted him eagerly, sure of support.

"Here's McKinnon! Good old keelie! Now we'll see something!"

He answered harshly, "You're off on a wrong tack, men. This is no time to start a row. There's a job for us yonder, and no time to lose."

"What?" Olsen shouldered forward. "What's the matter wi' you? This is the chance you've been workin' for. 'Wait for the moment, then seize it!'—that's what you've been tellin' us right along! Well, this is it, and we can show them blasted crimps midships something. You ain't lettin' us down, are ye, keelie?"

"Ye don't understand! It's not a question o' this ship now, ye donkey! There's men—workin'men like ourselves—over on that burning vessel, and they've got to be taken off, like the master says!"

"But they're Eyetalians. And she's got case oil in her. When the fire hits that I'm goin' to be some place else. What say, mates?"

Beneath the Glasgow keelie's hard exterior slow fires began to burn. He argued, threatened and cajoled, without effect. The men would not budge. The undying instinct of a seaman to help those in danger afloat welled up within him, bursting through the shell of radicalism that adversity had laid upon him, but it met a stubborn, unassailable wall of argument—his own argument, turned against him. Vainly he assaulted it with words. The men were adamant and ugly tempered.

"What about equality?" someone growled furiously at him. "That was always your shout. Equal work and equal risk! Let the officers and engineers man the boat if they're so keen to frizzle! That vessel's due to go sky-high any minute!"

"Then, if ye won't go, I'll force ye! Get up on the house there and swing out that boat!" The keelie stripped off his coat and moved toward them.

"You blasted traitor!" Olsen snarled. "What kind o' workin'man's friend are ye?"

"That's the stuff, Olsen! Hurrah for Soviet Russia!" a bullet-headed ordinary seaman yelped.

The Glasgow keelie lost his head and his temper.

"To hell wi' Soviet Russia, ye stinkin' alley cats!" he roared. "What kind o' men do ye call yourselves, that'll stand and watch other men burn to death without liftin' your hands? Get up there and get that boat over, afore I yank ye apart!"

He launched himself among them like a typhoon, his pile-driver fists smacking left and right, punching, kicking, driving them to the ladder that led to the top of the engine-room housing; his sandy hair a disordered mop and wild Celtic curses on his lips. Some few strove to oppose him, but he swept them up the ladder like chaff. Bleeding and cowed, they busied themselves at the boat, spurred on by lusty kicks and a hurricane of sailing-ship compliments that curled their scrubby ears.

"Tail onto them falls, some of ye!" he boomed. They heaved, held, and the boat swung out on its davits. "Easy for'ard! . . . Lower away aft! . . . That's well. Now then, into her ye go!"

When the boat was manned and waiting, the Glasgow keelie looked up to the bridge; saw the master standing at the top of the ladder, while the mate, gripping the hand rail for support, staggered up toward him, plain in the ruddy glare of the blazing Ventimiglia.

"Boat's ready, sir!" the keelie hailed.

The master looked toward him, then at the mate, obviously unfit for duty. He nodded.

"Take her over, Mr. McKinnon," he shouted back, "and do what ye can!"

The Glasgow keelie dropped like a cat into the boat.

Twenty minutes later the boat returned, its crew scorched and blackened, their clothing in charred, flaking patches. But they were triumphant. They lifted three unconscious bundles up the ladder and ready hands drew them over the rail. The Bhutan's boat dipped and rose lazily alongside; then, in response to a word from the Glasgow keelie, it shot abruptly away again.

The master's voice followed it: "Mr. McKinnon, how many more are there?"

The Glasgow keelie's voice floated back out of a black-and-scarlet void:

"That's all, sir. There was two more, but they was dead o' burns and we put them over the side."

"Where are you going, then? Come back here, you fool!"

There was no reply. The boat's crew pulled with powerful strokes back into the dragon's breath of the burning steamer.

An hour passed and still the boat did not return. Dawn lifted the sky and spread its glory swiftly over the broad Atlantic, filmed with soot and water-drenched débris. In the center of it floated the Ventimiglia, gaunt and rusty, a five-thousand-ton tramp, enveloped still in smoke and darting flame, and rolling lazily on the deepening blue of the sea. The Bhutan's longboat rode to her painter at a Jacob's ladder hung over the stern, and through his glasses the master of the Bhutan could see the figures of the keelie's men darting into the pall of smoke forward, reappearing, staggering and vanishing again.

"The idiots are fighting the blaze!" the mate growled, from his post alongside his captain. "And it looks—by George, it does!—as if they'll turn the trick!"

The captain said nothing; he was wrapped up in the Trojan battle of the Glasgow keelie and his men. The fire was concentrated mainly in the forward end of the ship, and by almost imperceptible degrees it was being fought under. Smoke rolled forth in gigantic clouds, but the flames, no longer threatening the after part, leaped in occasional abortive puffs, then died away. The vessel was by the head, her bows nearly awash, and her stern was canted until the propeller boss was almost clear of the water. The keelie had flooded the forward hold.

A stumpy, wide-shouldered figure, with beef-raw face and hands, and seared eyeballs, appeared for a minute in the field of their glasses, climbing from the after well deck to the poop. He looked toward the waiting Bhutan and waved.

The mate banged the rail. "He's done it!" he grunted. "He's got the fire under. If only she'll stop afloat and we can tow her in, she'll make a tidy bit of salvage."

The Bhutan's radio operator appeared with the mate of the Italian tramp. "He wants to know if he and his men can return to their vessel, sir."

(Continued on Page 96)

Doug Davis, pilot of the Mystery Ship, sensation of 1929 national air races at Cleveland; holder of world record five-hour flight between New York City and Atlanta.

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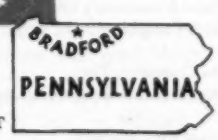
The same reasons that make Kendall a better oil for aviators also make it a better oil for motorists—and vitally important to successful motor performance. Good oil must come from good crude—and Kendall is refined *entirely* from Bradford grade—the costliest of all fine Pennsylvania crude oils. Modern refining is also imperative—and for Kendall, special processes have been developed that bring out to the *n*th degree the native richness of this oil.

For the sake of your motor, try Kendall and get *extraordinary* mileage—2000 or more miles on a single filling. Merely maintain the proper oil level. Let the familiar red and white Kendall sign be your guide to "where to buy oil." KENDALL REFINING CO., BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

35c PER QUART



HIGHER IN SOUTH AND WEST

There's always one best in everything—even among all the admittedly fine Pennsylvania oils. Up in the hills near Bradford, Pa., is nature's richest oil field, producing the finest and costliest crude oil in the country. Kendall is the only nationally used motor oil made wholly from this finest Bradford grade crude.

USE THE AIR MAIL

KENDALL OIL

THE 2000-MILE OIL

Merely maintain the proper oil level

(Continued from Page 94)

The master shook his head. "I'm sorry. The vessel was abandoned and my men are aboard. We're going to take her to port. She is lawful salvage."

Captain Hardy turned to the mate.

"Tell the third mate to get a smallboat manned and relieve McKinnon."

The third mate's boat pulled over to where the Italian rolled her charred plates to the deep breathing of the sea. He swept alongside and hailed the deck. A haggard, blackened face thrust itself over the bulwark. It was Olsen.

"Where's Mr. McKinnon?"

"Wait a bit; I'll call him," the seaman croaked. He reappeared with the Glasgow keelie.

The skin of his face was peeled off in great raw patches; he had neither brows nor lashes, and the front of his sandy thatch was burned away. But a wild light gleamed in his crazy eyes as he stood, holding to the bulwark for support against overpowering fatigue.

"What do ye want?"

"The old man says you're to return on board and I'm to take over here."

The Glasgow keelie grinned until his scarred face cracked.

"Tell him I'm too busy putting her in shape. She's not so badly damaged. The holds was equipped wi' steam jets for fire fighting, and there was steam in the boilers. I turned the steam off the main engines and into the holds, and that soon did the trick. If her crew hadn't got so panicky they could ha' done it theirselves. If the old man'll give me some o' the black gang off the Bhutan, I believe she'll make port under her own steam. I'm going to have a try, anyhow. I can't leave her without me men, and they won't leave without me. Is that right?"

He turned to his charred tatterdemalions, who clustered around him.

"That's right enough!" one agreed.

"That's right enough—what?" the keelie growled.

The man hesitated. "Right enough, sir!" he amended.

The third mate returned to the Bhutan with his message. A half hour later, when the fire was completely downed, a boat pulled to the Ventimiglia with the second

(Continued on Page 98)

Every step she saves

...saves you money!

THAT'S literally true. Inadequate and badly arranged files cut down your file clerk's efficiency tremendously. She wastes her time getting material . . . yours waiting for her to get it.

Filing problems differ in different lines of business . . . and Art Metal supplies the solution to all of them in the 80 or more varieties of Art Metal vertical file cabinets . . . all planned to promote efficiency . . . to conserve floor space.

The Sectional Counter Files shown above, for instance, save the time that's wasted in footsteps from counter to files and back. They save the costly floor space that's wasted in files—when the files themselves could be your counter . . . and save the time of customers waiting for records to be located.

Art Metal Counter Files combine businesslike counters with readily accessible files in any desired arrangement or combination of 24 different types and sizes of units.

There are 24 standard units of these Art Metal Sectional Counter Files. They can be arranged in any combination to meet your special requirements. In addition, there are 14 other drawer inserts that can be substituted for standard drawers so that the files will *exactly* fit your needs.

Besides files, Art Metal makes a complete line of equipment for the modern office. It's all of enduring steel construction, finished in beautiful wood graining or rich olive green.

We shall be glad to furnish information on equipment for your type of business. Or if you need more equipment for your present office, just check below the kind you want and we will forward a catalogue.

Art Metal Construction Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

☐ Desks ☐ Upright Unit Files
☐ Plan Files ☐ Counter Height Files
☐ Fire Safes ☐ Horizontal Sectional Files
☐ Shelving ☐ Postindex Visible Files

A few of the prominent users of Art Metal Equipment

People's Gas Co., Chicago
Travelers Insurance Co.
Underwood Typewriter Co.
Armour & Co.
Packard Motor Car Co.
Otis Elevator Co.

Art Metal
STEEL OFFICE EQUIPMENT

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

Who Clips Advertising Coupons? "*I do*"...

says the hostess whose table is never dull. . . . . .

says the man whose garden is the envy of his neighbors . . . . .

says the superintendent whose plant is operating efficiently . . . . .

says the professional man whose anteroom is furnished in good taste . . . . .

THE advertising booklets now offered by manufacturers in their advertisements are generally developed in interest far beyond the immediate article to be sold.

If the article is a rug or a chair, the catalog you receive is a guide to decorating a home or an office. If it is bricks or stucco, the literature discusses period architecture or building a factory. Each is an authoritative treatise on the subject.

The merchandise may be merely talcum powder or billing machines, but the booklet is about baby's health or modern business systems. If it's coffee or tapioca, the response to your coupon is a book prepared by a dietitian.

Send for these books when you see them advertised. Get them and read them.

No expense is spared to make them helpful and beautiful. The text is written by an authority. The printing is usually excellent. Color is freely used. A good printer, good printing paper, and modern high-speed printing presses make drawings and photography crystal clear.

It is the business of the S. D. Warren Company to make printing papers on which the text will be easily read, the pictures clear and convincing, and the colors faithful to the merchandise.

Our program starts with producing better papers in volume at low production costs. It includes a plan for cutting the cost of printing through a simplification of the number of paper sizes formerly held necessary.

In addition, many of the uncertainties of press-work and printing are overcome through a series of scientific tests of each run of Warren's Papers. These tests, made at the mill, insure standardization of printing, folding, and binding qualities.

The result is better printing on better paper at lower costs to printers and buyers of printing.

So, when a good printer suggests the use of Warren's Standard Printing Papers, he is thinking not alone of a better piece of printing, but also of the savings that will result.

If you are a printer, or if you sell with the help of printing, our coupon clipped and returned will bring details of this Warren program, and a series of mailings that will help in the planning and preparation of printed pieces.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding.

S. D. Warren Company, 89L Broad St., Boston, Mass.
Printer ☐ User of Printing ☐
Send details of the Warren Simplification Program which shows how to save time and money in planning printing.

*Name*_____

*Firm Name*_____

*Firm Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT

PRECISION STEEL

—guards the nation's wealth —protects skin health

"PHYSICAL tests of the new Valet blade reveal a steel of outstanding superiority. Research men in our laboratory—intimately familiar with fine precision steel—prefer the new Valet because its keen, smooth shaving edge is easier on the face." *Diebold Safe & Lock Co., Canton, Ohio.*

* * * *

Diebold steel craftsmen recognize in the new Valet blade their own advanced precision standards. The triple-hardened Valet steel is finished to a micro-perfect edge of marvelous keenness. Magnetic testing and magnifying mirror inspection reveal the slightest flaw—assure unvarying uniformity.

Physicians and dermatologists everywhere prescribe the new Valet for the correction of skin troubles caused by harsh shaving. They say that the Valet is easier on the face. It glides lightly without irritating the skin. Thus men who know faces confirm the preference of men who know steel.

The new Valet blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Use the new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., 656 First Avenue, New York
Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

(Continued from Page 96)

engineer of the Bhutan and nine of his men, their dunnage and that of the Glasgow keelie and his crew. The propeller of the Bhutan turned lazily and she moved within hailing distance of the Italian's poop. Captain Hardy megaphoned across:

"Have you your master's ticket, Mr. McKinnon?"

"I have, sir!" the reply came faint but clear. "Although little good it's ever done me."

A roar of steam broke from the Bhutan's funnel valve.

The master waited until it ceased. He hailed again:

"Think you can navigate her to Cobh?"

"I'll follow ye to Tyneside if ye say the word, sir."

Captain Hardy's square face was lighted by one of his rare half smiles.

"We'll stand by for a few hours to make sure you're all right, then we'll proceed." He added dryly, "You might let me know, when you rejoin us, how ye like having command."

"I can tell ye now, sir," the keelie bellowed back emphatically. "It's just grand!"

The Glasgow keelie stood on the deck of his salvaged prize an hour after noon, as the Bhutan, with three farewell blasts of her siren, swept past on her interrupted voyage. He gave three hoarse toots in reply and waved to the white-clad figures on the Bhutan's bridge. Then he turned briskly to his scarecrow crew.

"That's that! Look lively now, ye soldiers, and get some o' this muck cleared off the decks. Time enough to brag when we're under way. Jump to it!"

One of the men looked up. "Well, we got a ship of our own now, eh, keelie? Equal rights for all men!"

The keelie pinned him with his eyes.

"That game had its chance," he told the man savagely, "and it couldn't come up to scratch. Old ways is good enough for me from now on! And if any one o' you says any more about it, I'll crack him open. Now get away to your work!"

He stretched his arms contentedly and roared, in a deep, cracked bass:

"Oh, we'll put the boss in overalls and
sign him for a trip,
And work him in the hell holes that
constitute a ship."

"What about yourself, then?" one of the men questioned. "That don't sound much like old ways."

"That?" said the keelie heartily. "Why, that's only a song. It don't mean a thing!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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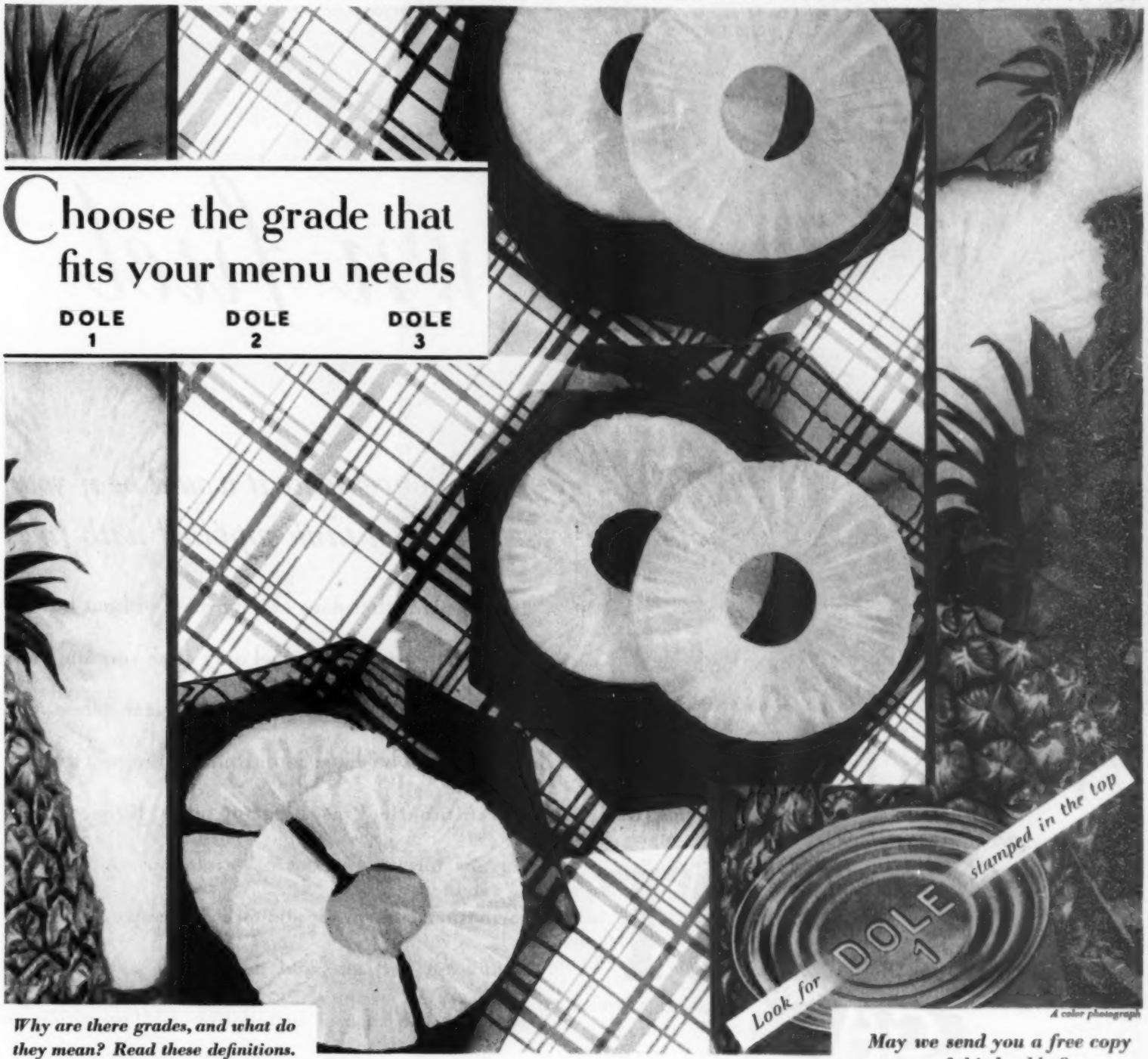
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

Choose the grade that fits your menu needs

DOLE 1 **DOLE 2** **DOLE 3**



A color photograph

Why are there grades, and what do they mean? Read these definitions.

DOLE 1 Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—packed in the same rich syrup as above.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

DOLE 2 Grade 2

Also comes in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. Grade 2 syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

DOLE 3 Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

That's the modern way to buy pineapple—the DOLE grade-marked way—from the number *stamped in the top of the can.* There are three grades of DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple—a grade for every occasion—every need. Each grade is described in the column on the left.

Look for the name DOLE stamped in the top of the can. Look for the number 1, or 2, or 3 beneath. Then you will be certain of getting just the pineapple you want—just the grade you want—for every menu need.

You can thank "Jim" DOLE for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*properly graded and marked*—so you can know the grade you buy.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY

Honolulu, HAWAII ***Sales Office:*** **215 Market Street, San Francisco**

May we send you a free copy of this booklet?

Would you like to have 39 of the tastiest, prettiest recipes you ever found? They are in this booklet—prepared by four famous food editors of women's magazines. Just fill in and send us the coupon. The booklet is free.

Mail to
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215 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

S-30

Bryant Gas Heating

"even orders its own fuel"

What a marvelous convenience it would be if your automobile kept its own tank supplied with fuel!

HERE'S a heating plant that does exactly that, without human attention—and you pay for the fuel only after you and your family have benefited from it. * Make 1930 the year when you join the satisfied thousands who have found out in the past twenty years that Bryant Automatic Gas Heating ends furnace room slavery forever. * Let us send you complete information. Then, if you are interested, you can secure an accurate and dependable advance estimate of the cost of installation and operation in your home—without obligation on your part.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MANUFACTURING CO.
17894 St. Clair Avenue •• Cleveland, Ohio

BRYANT GAS HEATING

For steam, vapor, hot water and warm air systems in new houses and old residences, large and small

With Bryant Gas Heating in your home, you can—throw away your coal shovel—junk your ash can—eliminate all fuel storage of any kind—make a single match your winter's kindling—tend furnace by the calendar, not by the clock—greatly lighten the daily housework—save rugs, paint and upholstery and postpone redecorating—do away with dangerous ups-and-downs of inside temperature—hold temperatures constant within a single, thermometer-measured degree—live in a warm house, sleep in a cool one—laugh at blizzards—enjoy winter—*and let your pup be your furnace man!*

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On top of the World~A Face That's Fit

"Ever fly? You'd like it. Great sensation. Sitting on top of the world!"

And when you know your Face is Fit—clean, smooth, well groomed—don't you feel *then* that you're sitting on top of the world?

Men need Face Fitness these days. *Need it.* And for it, literally millions of them turn daily to the Williams Shaving Service—Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

The Williams lather for a close shave. Quick. Comfortable. Above all for a cool shave. Coolness that comes from a blend of proven ingredients. Pure—no doubtful dye. Mild—like real cream.

Then a splash of Aqua Velva. A real thrill. Best of all an effect that lasts all day.

Made especially for after shaving Aqua Velva cares for tiny nicks and cuts, mostly unseen. Helps to make skin texture firm. Conserves the skin's natural moisture, essential to a good complexion. *Keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather *leaves* it, flexible and Fit!

You're missing something until you give this Williams Shaving Service a trial. If you like, let our Free Sample Sizes show what they can do for you in a week. Use the coupon. Or send a post card.

Have you tried Williams Shaving Liquid? Very quick. Very cool. Very new. Ask your dealer.

A COUPON—*For the face that would be Fit!*

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. P70, GLASTONBURY, CONN.
CANADIAN ADDRESS: 3552 ST. PATRICK ST., MONTREAL

Send me Free Trial Sizes of Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva. I will use and observe them.

.....

.....

.....

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

KODAK *Film* Corrects your Errors

Simple Picture-making Test

shows how Kodak Film allows for misjudging time

Picture *Number* 1

Picture *Number* 2

Picture *Number* 3

Picture *Number* 4

Picture No. 4 received only one-tenth as much light as picture No. 1. But Kodak Film made up the difference . . . both pictures are excellent.

Only one of the four exposures was right. Can you tell which one, by looking at the pictures above?

LOOK at these pictures . . . carefully. Compare them. Analyze their clarity, crispness, detail. Would you call them good pictures . . . satisfactory snapshots?

Would you say that any one of them had been incorrectly made?

As a matter of fact, only one of these pictures was made with exactly the correct setting for time!

Three out of four deliberately were made with the wrong exposure, to show you how far Kodak Film will go in correcting errors any amateur picture-taker might make. How it actually helps you, by minimizing the danger of incorrect exposure.

The four pictures were made in quick succession with the same camera. But only Number 3 has the theoretically correct exposure. Number 2 has twice the exposure of Number 3 and Number 1 has five times the exposure of Number 3. Number 4 received only one-tenth as much light as Number 1. Yet, due to the latitude of Kodak Film, both produced excellent prints. Kodak Film has a range of sensitivity, of feeling, that enables you to get good pictures even if you do not judge the light as correctly as you should.

This does not mean, of course, that setting your camera for the correct exposure is no longer important. It is important.

But it does mean that with Kodak Film you need not worry about professional exactness. The film corrects your errors . . . makes up for lack of experience in judging light conditions.

And brings you good results where otherwise you might have had an unsatisfactory negative.

Put this special feature of Kodak Film to work protecting your snapshots. It at once insures good pictures and simplifies picture-making. All you need do is insist on the film in the familiar yellow box —Kodak Film—the film that only Eastman makes —the film that gets the picture. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Only Eastman makes Kodak Film—the film that gets the picture

Always ask for KODAK *Film*

in the familiar Yellow Box